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THE

GERMAN NOVELISTS:

TALES

SELECTED FROM

ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS

IN THAT LANGUAGE:

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD DOWN TO THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINALS:

WITH

CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1826.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE object of the following publication is to present to the English novel reader a succinct view of some of the more favourite prose fictions current in Germany, such as they have been preserved from age to age, even previous to the invention of printing, down to the present period. It is well known, indeed, that no nation is more attached to this class of popular compositions, both in a poetical and a prosaic form, while no country can boast of writers who have more abundantly produced, or more zealously treasured them up. Some of the least national of these, whose origin it is difficult to decide, have already become familiar to us through the medium of more modern versions, and seem to have naturalized themselves in almost every country, whithersoever they have migrated; of this character, perhaps, are the Adventures of the Travelling Jew, of Fortunatus, Reynard the Fox, the Horned Siegfried; opposed to others of a more national cast like Faustus, Howleglass,

Henry the Lion, &c. In respect to their generic qualities, as distinguished from those of other countries, we cannot convey an idea of them more clearly than in the words of Mr. Weber, in his Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, when treating on the subject of Teutonic poetry and romance.

"When we compare these Teutonic romances with those of France, England, and Spain, we are immediately struck with the want of chivalrous courtesy in the knights, and with the praises bestowed upon the most savage and ferocious among them. We have not here that constant obedience and attention to the ladies, who are indeed frequently more savage than their lovers. The peculiar diablerie of their romances is, perhaps, their most striking feature. The dwarfs who, by the French minstrels, were represented as mere naturals, and humble attendants upon the knights, are here exalted into creatures of great cunning, having dominion over the interior of the earth, consequently possessing incalculable riches, in gold and gems, and having the stronger but less sagacious race of giants entirely under their controul. The history of the creation of those three great classes, the dwarfs, giants, and heroes, is given by the

author of the Preface to the Book of Heroes in the following manner:

"'It should be known for what reason God created the great giants and the little dwarfs, and subsequently the heroes. First, he produced the dwarfs, because the mountains lay waste and useless, and valuable stores of silver and gold, with gems and pearls, were concealed in them. Therefore God made the dwarfs right wise and crafty, that they could distinguish good and bad, and to what use all things should be applied. They knew the use of gems; that some of them gave strength to the wearer, others made him invisible, which were called Fog-caps.* Therefore God gave art and wisdom to them, that they built them hollow hills; he gave them nobility, so that they, as well as the heroes, were kings and lords; and he gave them great riches. And the reason why God created the giants, was, that they should slay the wild beasts and worms (dragons and serpents), and thus enable the dwarfs to cultivate the mountains in safety. But after some time, it happened that the giants became wicked and unfaithful, and did much harm

* Nebel Kappen.—In the romances themselves, they are not represented as gems, but as a kind of veil, which rendered every thing covered by them invisible.

to the dwarfs. Then God created the heroes, who were of a middle rank, between the dwarfs and giants. And it should be known that the heroes were worthy and faithful for many years, and that they were created to come to the assistance of the dwarfs, against the unfaithful giants, the beasts and the worms. The land was then waste, therefore God made strong heroes, and gave them such a nature, that their mind was ever bent on manhood, and on battles and fights. Among the dwarfs were many kings, who had giants for their servants; for they possessed rough countries, waste forests, and mountains near their dwellings. The heroes paid all observance and honour to the ladies, protected widows and orphans, did no harm to women, except when their life was in danger, were always ready to assist them, and often shewed their manhood before them, both in spirit and in earnest. It should also be known that the heroes were always emperors, kings, dukes, earls, and served under lords or as knights and squires; and that they were all noblemen, and no one was a peasant. And from them are descended all our lords and noblemen.'"*

* Illustrations of Northern Antiquities; Ancient Teutonic Poetry and Romance. pp. 41. 2.

We here close our extract, as it is not intended to make trial of the reader's literary patience or taste for black letter research, at the expence of more agreeable requisites. To combine the two, as far as was conceived quite agreeable to the primary and more popular purposes of all fiction, amusing narrative and novelty of incident, has been the aim of the following pages, however inadequately accomplished. It would have opened too wide and unbeaten a field of enquiry, and would have been too little in unison with the light and popular materials of the text, to have attempted any detailed analysis and illustration of the individual origin and ramifications of the specimens here selected from a rich storehouse of traditionary reliques. Far, therefore, from presuming to encroach upon the ancient domain of learned commentators, either of this or a preceding age, all that the editor has, at most, adventured upon, has been to hover a little round the outskirts. To have attempted to introduce his readers into all the learned labyrinths of those ancient and secluded regions of romance, "from time immemorial, set apart for the old wizards and heroes of the north," would have been on his part far too ambitious an effort.

It is due, in fairness to himself, that the editor should disclaim any pretensions to the more recondite learning and patient research which characterize the pursuits of the genuine antiquary. Nor would he feel himself justified in calling for that painful attention so requisite on the part of the reader, for a proper appreciation of such labours. He would not, however, be understood to insinuate the slightest depreciation of such works; works, which throw light and splendour upon by-gone days, and conjure up forms of living beauty, or of glory, which were fast disappearing in the mists of antiquity. He would rather avow that he hangs with delight over the pages of the gifted illustrators of our old poetry and drama, or of the living successors of our Ritsons and our Wartons, authors who have gone far to complete those great outlines of antiquarian learning and research chalked out by their predecessors. To the united efforts of Scott, of Weber, of Jamieson; of Herbert, of Douce, of Ellis, and of Dunlop; of Percy, of Johnstone, of Heber, and of Lockart; all of whom conjointly, or severally, have so ardently engaged in unfolding to us the concealed treasures of the past,—we are indebted for that proud distinction to which

England may still lay claim, in the highest walks of learning, as well as of art; a distinction which need not shrink from a comparison with that of the most famed academicians of France, or the still more recondite and laborious efforts of the Germans.

It is scarcely necessary further to observe, on the part of the present editor, that he has not indulged the ambition of aspiring to any share of those honours, which have been so amply reaped by names like the preceding; though he may perhaps be held excused for attempting to glean a few scattered flowers growing in the same fields, stretching so widely around the northern side of the "Temple of Fame."

"Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.
There huge colosses rose with trophies crown'd,
And ruin'd characters were graved around:
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies:
There on rude iron columns smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood:
Druids and bards!—their once loud harps unstrung,
And youths that died to be by poets sung."

POPE.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION iv

REINEKE FUCHS. (Reynard the Fox) numerous authors and editions of it 3

THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF REYNARD THE FOX.

CHAP. I. How the Lion proclaimed a solemn feast at his court, and how Isegrim the wolf and his wife, and Curtise the hound, made complaints against Reynard the fox 9

CHAP. II. How Grimbard the goat spoke in favour of Reynard before the King..... 14

CHAP. III. How Chanticleer the cock complained of Reynard the fox 18

CHAP. IV. How Bruin the bear sped with Reynard the fox 22

CHAP. V. How the King sent Tibert the cat for Reynard the fox 33

CHAP. VI. How Tibert the cat was deceived by Reynard the fox 37

CHAP. VII. How Grimbard the goat was sent to bid the fox a third time to the king's court 40

CHAP. VIII. How Reynard was shrived by Grimbard the goat 43

CHAP. IX. How the fox came to the court and how he 48

CHAP. X. How the fox was arrested and adjudged to death 50

CHAP. XI. How Reynard made his confession before the king 55

CHAP. XII. How Reynard the Fox was honoured above all other beasts by the king's express command .. 67

CHAP. XIII. How Kayward the hare was slain by the fox, who sent him by the ram as a present to the king.. 73
CHAP. XIV. How Bellin the ram and his lineage were given up to the bear and the wolf 78
CHAP. XV. How the king took counsel for revenge, and how Reynard was forewarned by Grimbard the brock 81
CHAP. XVI. How the fox, repenting his sins, makes his confession and is absolved by the goat 86
CHAP. XVII. How Reynard the fox made his defence before the king, and the king's answer 93
CHAP. XVIII. How Reynard apologised for Kayward's death, and answered all other imputations..... 101
CHAP. XIX. How Reynard made his peace with the king, and how Isegrim the wolf accused him again 114
CHAP. XX. How Isegrim proffered his glove to Reynard to fight with him, which Reynard accepted, and how Rukenard advised the fox to bear himself in the fight 118
CHAP. XXI. The fierce encounter between the wolf and the fox, the event, passages, and victory 123
CHAP. XXII. How the king pardoned Sir Reynard in all things, made him the greatest lord in the land, and how he returned in triumph home, attended by all his kindred 134
CHAP. XXIII. Reynard returns to Malepardus 138
HOWLEGLASS, THE MERRY JESTER.
Introductory notice 14
How Howleglass was three times baptised on the same day that he was born 149
The answers made by Howleglass to a man who enquired his way 150
How little Howleglass, riding behind his father on horseback, shewed much cunning and malice 151
How Howleglass fell from the tight rope into the water, and how he took vengeance on those who had made him fall 153

How the mother of Howleglass admonished him, that she might engage him to learn an honest trade 155
How Howleglass was kidnapped while he was asleep in a bee house; how the robbers left him, and he became a gentleman's servant 157
How Howleglass hired himself to a priest 159
How Howleglass being in want of ready cash to pay his host, found a substitute 162
How Howleglass caused the inhabitants of Meyburgh to believe that he was going to fly 163
How Howleglass administered physic to a doctor 164
Howleglass, being a physician, cures all the sick in the hospital of Nurembergh in one day 166
How Howleglass hired himself as a servant to a baker.... 170
How Howleglass served as a castle-warder to the lord of Ambal, and next became a soldier 173
How Howleglass journeyed to the landgrave of Hesse, and pretended to be a painter 175
How our hero disputed against the rector and learned doctors of Prague 180
How Howleglass enters into holy orders 182
How Howleglass wishes to be repaid for the trouble he took in dining 184
How Howleglass journeyed to Rome where he had an interview with the Pope 186
How Howleglass obtained and carried off the parson's horse by making known his confession 189
How Howleglass became apprentice to a blacksmith..... 193
How Howleglass hired himself to a shoemaker 195
How Howleglass imposed upon the tavern keeper of Lubeck 197
How Howleglass took upon himself the business of a spectacle maker 201
How Howleglass entered into a merchant's service, in quality of a cook 206
How Howleglass was invited to dinner, and what he did .. 208
How Howleglass by false witnesses obtained a new piece of cloth 210

How Howleglass took occasion to place his hostess upon a seat of hot coals 215
How Howleglass pretended to bestow twenty florins on twelve blind men, as a signal act of charity 218
How Howleglass put another landlord to rout by the sight of a dead wolf at Islebec 217
How Howleglass flayed a little dog and made a present of its skin to its mistress, the hostess, to settle a part of his score 221
How Howleglass farther mocked the same hostess, by making her believe that he was taken prisoner and stretched upon a wheel 225
How Howleglass deceived a Dutchman with a roasted apple 226
How Howleglass prevailed upon a woman to destroy her own earthen ware 228
How Howleglass broke the chapel steps of the holy monks going to sing matins, and what ensued 230
How Howleglass grew very sick at Mullen; how he treated the apothecary, at whose house he was; how he was carried to the hospital, and what he said 233
How Howleglass once purchased some buttermilk, and the manner in which he paid for it..... 236
How Howleglass entered into the order of St. Antony, and preached at a village near Barcelona, in Catalonia; and exhibited relics to the people which he had brought from the Holy land 237
How Howleglass, becoming a miller, extricated the parson of the village out of a great dilemma 243
How Howleglass was imposed upon by a blind magistrate, and how he treated him in his turn 249
The subtile vengeance taken by Howleglass when he embraced the party of some Frenchmen against a Spaniard 250
How Howleglass growing infirm makes his will, and departs this life 253
His Epitaph 255

Doctor Faustus.
Introductory notice 256
History of that renowned arch sorcerer Doctor J. Faust,&c. 270
Doctor Faustus becomes a physician and conjures up the Devil 274
Different audiences between Doctor Faustus and the Devil's ambassador 277
Second interview between Doctor Faustus and the demon named Mephostophiles 280
Third disputation between Doctor Faustus and his demon, relating to the proposed treaty 282
A strange visit from the demon Mephostophiles, and his exhibition 285
Mephostophiles, apprenticeship to Doctor Faustus 288
A question proposed by Doctor Faustus to his familiar spirit Mephostophiles 292
A disputation concerning Erebus and its caverns 294
A question respecting the previous condition of the fallen angels 295
Doctor Faustus farther interrogates his servant Mephostophiles concerning the power of the Devils 298
A disputation relating to Gehenna ; its proportions, and the pains and penalties it inflicts 301
Doctor Faustus still persists in extorting more answers from his demon Mephostophiles 307
Here follows the second part of the history of Doctor Faustus, the celebrated and unfortunate conjuror 308
A disputation or two, concerning art, astronomy, and astrology 309
A new question from Doctor Faustus how God created the world, the origin of Man, &c. respecting which his demon Mephostophiles gives him a false answer .. 311
Doctor Faustus obtains a sight of the infernal spirits in their true shape, some of the chiefs or principals of whom are mentioned by name 313
Doctor Faustus next visits the infernal regions 313

Doctor Faustus travels through some of the chief kingdoms, principalities, and states of the known world..... 327
A question respecting the cause of thunder 334
Here follows the third part of Doctor Faustus's adventures.
An historical anecdote respecting Doctor Faustus and the Emperor Charles V..... 335
Doctor Faustus next bewitches a certain knight by sticking a pair of stag's antlers upon his head 338
How the forementioned knight sought to take vengeance upon the Doctor for the said trick 339
How Doctor Faustus disposes of a waggon load of hay, and the horses, in order to punish a peasant 341
How Doctor Faustus obtained a loan of money from a Jew, and how he gave him leg-bail, cutting it off to leave in the Jew's possession..... 342
How Doctor Faustus outwits a horse jockey 345
How Doctor Faustus meets another peasant to whom he sells his own load of hay 346
How the Doctor ended a disputation between twelve students..... 347
How Doctor Faustus punished some ebriated countrymen, who made too much noise 348
How Doctor Faustus had an adventure at the court of one of the princes of Anholt 349
Concerning another adventure which Doctor Faustus undertook to please the same prince, for whom he built a stately castle upon a height 351
How Doctor Faustus with some of his boon companions broke into the Bishop of Saltzburg's cellar 353
How Doctor Faustus kept Ash-Wednesday; and the appointed evening fast..... 356
How Doctor Faustus on the Sunday following conjured up the enchanted Helena 359
How Doctor Faustus punished the surliness of a boor, whose waggon wheels he sent backwards through the air..... 368

Doctor Faustus sends a present of a butt of wine to the students at Leipsic 370
How Doctor Faustus lectured upon Homer at Erfurth, and summoned the shades of the Grecian heroes to appear before his audience 371
Doctor Faustus wishes to bring the lost comedies of Terrence and of Plato once more to light 374
Another anecdote, shewing how Doctor Faustus entertained the guests at a certain hotel 377
How Doctor Faustus opens a public inn, on his own account 379
How a certain monk wished the Doctor to make confession and try to obtain absolution 382
Concerning four conjurors, who had the art of beheading each other, and resuming their heads, which Doctor Faustus likewise learnt how to practise at their own expence 385
How Doctor Faustus rejects the advice of an old man who sought to reclaim him from his impious and abandoned life; and how he was treated by Mephostophiles 387
Concerning a noble lord and lady who by means of Doctor Faustus were happily united in the bands of wedlock, during the seventeenth year of his infernal bond 390
How Doctor Faustus exhibited a variety of herbs and fruits about Christmas, in his garden, during the nineteenth year of his bond or contract 392
How Doctor Faustus increased the number of his intrigues, during the twentieth year of his term 394
How Doctor Faustus is presented with a rare treasure in the twenty first year of his term ..... ibid.
Concerning the last will and testament of Doctor Faustus, in which he leaves his servant Wagenar his heir 395
Doctor Faustus speaks with his Servant Wagenar concerning his will 397

How Doctor Faustus, drawing within one month of his departure, begins to lament over his diabolical engagements, and can take no rest..... 398
How Doctor Faustus further complains of being cut off in the flower of his days, and condemned to die so violent and diabolical a kind of death 399
How the base demon reproaches the unhappy Faustus with gibing and malicious words 400
Now here follows the cruel and frightful end and departure of Doctor Faustus, from which every Christian may see his own danger, and take timely warning..... 404
The last appeal of Doctor Faustus to his students 406

REINEKE FUCHS.

(REYNARD THE FOX.)

NUMEROUS AUTHORS AND EDITIONS

OF

REINEKE FUCHS.

(REYNARD THE FOX.)

THE real origin of this very curious comic and satirical production is involved, like most fables of the kind, in considerable doubt and perplexity. The earliest printed German copy would appear to have been that of the year 1498, written in the dialect of Lower Saxony; though there was a Dutch romance, in prose, bearing the same title, "Historie van Reynaert de Vos," published at Delft, in 1485. The former one, of 1498, was afterwards translated into High German, and also into Latin. It has been referred to various individuals as the author; most commonly to Henry Von Alkmar; but that his was not the first story of the kind, would appear from his preface, in which he merely assumes the merit of its translation. Nicholas Baumann, who is stated to have written it as a satire upon the chancellor of the duke of Juliers, is another author to whom it has, with less authority however, been attributed, his edition bearing no earlier a date than 1522. In the translation it is stated to have been

borrowed from the Italian and French tongues, but its individual origin is not pointed out. It is so far left in doubt, whether the German author copied from the Dutch publication at Delft, where the sole remaining copy is still preserved, or whether both were translated or imitated from the French and Italian, or some more hidden materials, of which the MSS. have now perished.

At all events, the Lubec edition of 1498 is a work so superior in point of power and skill, as well as in its comic incidents and delineations, as to confer upon it the style and character of an original composition. Its allegorical scenes are well supported; exhibiting under a picture of the court of beasts, the various intrigues and interests of a human court, where every thing is thrown into confusion, and the most dangerous plans are adopted, at the instigation of a wily favourite. By such means the Lion risks the loss of his dominions, while Reynard (who is supposed by some to represent the duke of Lorraine), and some other personages, doubtless imitated from real life, carry their obnoxious measures. There is an old English translation, published by Caxton, which was executed, it is said, from the Flemish version or original.

Göthe's version is an imitation of the work of Alkmar, from the Lower Saxon, composed in hexameter verse, and in modern phraseology.

From the number of editions enumerated by the

learned Flögel, in his History of Comic Literature,* the German Fox would appear to have been a singular favourite with most nations. Upwards of forty editions are mentioned, among which three were published in England, besides others which do not appear to have come within the scope of the German writer. The English prose version of 1694, from which the following specimen of the work has been abridged, is one of them, consisting of a free translation, and occasional abridgment of the edition of 1498, upon which most of the subsequent editions, indeed, both in Germany and elsewhere, seem to be founded.

The German edition of 1498 appeared at Lubec in small 4to, accompanied by woodcuts, in a rude style of illustration and with a preface of four pages, from the pen of Henry Von Alkmar, the work itself consisting of two hundred and forty-one pages. It is composed in common heroic metre, the heroic metre of low Dutch; a copy is still preserved in the Ducal Library at Wolfenbüttel, with the following motto:

Ut vulpis adulatio,
Nun in der Werlde blyket,
Sic hominis est ratio
Gelyk dem vosse geschicket.

At the close is found the date, Anno Domini, 1498, Lubek. It was first made known by Professor

* Geschichte der Komischen Litteratur, vol. iii. p. 40, *Liegnitz and Leipsic*, 1786.

Hackmann, in 1709, who printed an edition of it at Wolfenbüttel, 1711. In the Preface, Henry Von Alkmar announces himself as a schoolmaster, who had borrowed his translation from the French tongue, but without throwing any light upon the real author, or noticing any Dutch writers or commentators among his contemporaries. His name has by some been conjectured to be a mere fabrication, and among others by Henry Lackman, and by Büsching. Most probably, however, says Flögel, Alkmar was born in the city of that name in Holland; he represents himself as Hofmeister to the duke of Lothringen (Lorraine), who died in 1508, at whose request the Flemish work was first composed. The Dutch writer expressly disclaims all title to its production, though no prior French and Italian materials, from which he professes to have taken it, have been discovered.

Gottsched, in his edition, is inclined to think Alkmar the real original author, and that he merely feigned its version from other tongues. Thus some dispute his word, and others his existence; learned opinions clash with still more learned opinions, and conjectures are heaped upon conjectures.

These unfortunately do not appear to have brought the learned speculators much nearer to the truth: the obscure fables of Reynard the Fox, belong, in some form or other, to most nations; their peculiar

origin losing itself in the mists of antiquity.* Neither do they add any thing to the value of the work under discussion, at all commensurate to the abundance and ingenuity of the researches it has elicited.† What degree of certainty, indeed, can be expected, when the only true guide, that of comparison of dates, and the local intrinsic evidence of the work, has been doubtless mystified by the wily sir Reynard, who chose to leave us only vague hypothetical conjectures. Without presuming to enter into the mazes of antiquarian research, which fortunately for the readers of a work of entertainment, lies as far beyond the editor's ambition as his skill, he may be allowed to deduce, from the arguments set before him, the probability of sir Reynard having brought his learned pursuers to fault by his usual *ruse de guerre*; returning to his original seat, on finding himself hard pressed, so slily and softly, as to render it impossible for the best trained scent to track him back to his native spot, whether in French Flanders, Holland, Italy, Germany, or in the East. He may probably have had his origin in the ancient *Kelila* and *Dimna* in these last regions; the nurse of oral animals, more

* The names of several of the characters in Reynard the Fox occur in some of the verses or serventes of the Troubadours as early as the twelfth century. Thus the name of Isegrim the wolf, and Reinhart, are found in two serventes, attributed to king Richard I., who was also one of the Troubadours.

† See Flögel's History of Comic Literature, vol. iii. p. 40—90.

especially of a long race of eloquent and politic foxes, called Choes, celebrated for the wisdom of their maxims over all India. In justice to our own country, we must assign to it the priority of the printed editions of sir Reynard's histories and exploits, inasmuch as M. Flögel himself, places Caxton's edition the earliest in his long series.

In addition to the early Dutch editions, and some among the French and English, without any author's names, the most esteemed are those of Hackmann, Gottsched, and Suhl, with the criticisms of other German scholars, all of whom have vied with each other in national zeal to illustrate the traditionary relics of their country.

Swedish and Danish translations are likewise enumerated by M. Flögel, some of which are founded upon the more modern German editions of the same work. Nor are Hebrew and Latin versions wanting to crown the reputation of its favourite hero, who appears to have been viewed, during successive generations, as a model of moral and political sagacity. To what prince or minister it was intended to apply, and whether as a compliment or a satire, must remain doubtful. The various suppositions on this head are rejected by the best German editors, who, however, have not attempted to substitute any others in their place.

THE

PLEASANT HISTORY

OF

REYNARD THE FOX.

CHAP. I.

HOW THE LION PROCLAIMED A SOLEMN FEAST AT HIS COURT, AND HOW ISEGRIM THE WOLF, AND HIS WIFE, AND CURTISE THE HOUND, MADE COMPLAINTS AGAINST REYNARD THE FOX.

About the Feast of Pentecost, which is commonly called Whitsuntide, when the woods are full of lustihood and songs of gallantry, and every tree fresh clothed in its vernal garb of glorious leaves and sweet-smelling blossoms; when the earth is covered with her fairest mantle of flowers, and all the birds entertain her with the delights of their melodious songs; even at this joyous period of the lusty spring, the lion, that royal king of beasts, the monarch of the ancient woods, thought to celebrate this holy festival, and to keep open court at his great palace of San-

den, with all triumphant ceremony and magnificence. To this end he made solemn proclamation over all his kingdom to all manner of beasts whatsoever, that upon pain of being held in contempt, every one should resort to the approaching celebration of the grand festival. Within a few days, at the time prefixed, all beasts, both great and small, came in infinite numbers crowding to the court, with the exception of Reynard the Fox, who did not appear. Conscious as he was of so many trespasses, and transgressions against the lives and fortunes of other beasts, he knew that his presence might have put his life into great jeopardy, and he forbore.

Now when the royal monarch had assembled his whole court, there were few beasts who had not some complaint to make against the fox; but especially Isegrim the wolf, who being the first and principal complainant, came with all his lineage and kindred. Standing uncovered before the king, he said, "Most dread and dearest sovereign lord the king! Humbly I beseech you, that from the height and strength of your great power, and the multitude of your mercies, you will graciously take compassion upon the insufferable trespasses and injuries which that unworthy creature Reynard the Fox, has lately committed against me and my wife, and my whole family. To give your majesty some idea of these wrongs, know that this Reynard broke into my house in my ab-

sence, against the will of me and my wife, where, finding my children laid in their quiet couch, he maltreated them in so vile a manner, especially about the eyes, that with the sharpness of the crime they fell instantly blind.* Now for this offence a day was set apart, wherein Reynard should appear to justify himself, and make solemn oath that he was guiltless of that foul injury; but as soon as the holy book was tendered to him, he, well knowing his own enormity, refused to swear, or rather evaded it, by instantly running into his hole; in contempt both of your majesty and your laws. This, perhaps, my dread lord, some of the noblest beasts resident at your court did not know: yet this was not enough to satiate his malice, and he continued to trespass against me in many other things, which, however, neither your majesty's time nor patience would suffice to hear. Enough that my injuries are so great that nothing can exceed them, and the shame and villany that he has shewn my wife, is such that I can no longer suf-

* The moral shews how a vicious man deceives himself by thinking to escape punishment by absenting himself from the magistrate's presence. By such contempt he only animates his enemies in their resolution to proceed, and makes them bolder in their complaints against him. This is more particularly applicable to accusations at court, as appears above, which if they be not speedily met, must endanger the life of the accused.

Old. Eng. Comment.

fer it to go unrevenged. From him I am come to demand reparation, and from your majesty compassion."

When the wolf had spoken these words there stood by him a little hound, whose name was Curtise who now stepping forth, also made a grievous complaint to the king, saying, that in the cold winter season, when the frost was most violent, and he was half starved by want of prey, having nothing further left him to sustain life than one poor piece of pudding, that vile Reynard ran upon him from ambush, and unjustly seized it.

Scarcely had these words escaped the hound's lips, before in sprang Tibert the cat, with a fierce and angry countenance, and falling down at his majesty's feet, exclaimed: "Oh, my lord the king, though I must confess that the fox is here grievously accused; yet were other beasts' actions searched, each would find enough to do to clear himself. Touching the complaint of Curtise the hound, it was an offence committed many years ago: and though I myself complain of no injury, yet was the pudding mine and not his; for I got it one night out of a mill, when the miller lay asleep. If Curtise could challenge any share thereof, it must be derived solely from me." When Panther heard Tibert's words, he stood forth and said, "Do you imagine, oh Tibert, that it would be just or good that Reynard should not be accused.

Why, the whole world knows he is a murderer, a ravisher, and a thief; that he loves not any creature, no, not his majesty himself; and would suffer his highness to lose both honour and renown, if he thought he could thus obtain so much as the leg of a fat pullet. Let me tell you what I saw him do only yesterday to Kayward the hare, now standing in the king's presence. Under pretence of teaching poor Kayward his creed, and making a good chaplain of him, he persuaded him to come and sit between his legs, and sing aloud Credo, Credo. I happened to pass that way, and heard the song; and upon going nearer, I found that Mr. Reynard had left his first note, and began to play in his old key, for he had caught Kayward by the throat, and had I not, at that moment come, he had certainly taken his life, as you may see by Kayward's fresh wound under his throat. If my lord the king should suffer such conduct to go unpunished, the peace broken, the royal dignity profaned, and the just laws violated, your princely children many years to come, shall bear the slander of this evil." "Doubtless, Panther," cried Isegrim, "you say well and true; it is only fit that they should receive the benefit of justice, who wish to live in peace."

CHAP. II.

HOW GRIMBARD THE GOAT SPOKE IN FAVOUR OF REYNARD BEFORE THE KING.

THEN spoke Grimbard, who was Reynard's sister's son, being much moved by anger: "Isegrim, you are malicious, and it is a common proverb, that 'malice never yet spake well;' and what can you advance against my kinsman, Reynard? I wish you had only to encounter the risk, that whichever of you had most injured the other, was to be hanged, and die a felon's death; for I tell you, were he here in court, and as much in our monarch's favour as you are, it would be but small satisfaction for you to beg mercy. You have many times bitten and torn my kinsman with your venomous teeth, and much oftener than I can reckon; though I will recal some instances to your shame.* Can

* The moral says, vice is never without an advocate. Be a man ever so abandoned, he is sure to find one or other to plead for him, especially where there is wealth or greatness to boast on the side of the offender, or any alliance of blood to those in favour, as appears in the case of the goat pleading for the fox. First, because he was of kin; next, he was rich, and able to assist him in his designs; and lastly may be observed the insinuation of the advocate, who excuses the fox's faults with a new form of penitence, cloking the evils, than which nothing sooner brings a good man to believe and to forgive.

Old Eng. Comm.

you have forgotten how you cheated him in regard to the plaice which he threw down from the cart, while you followed aloof for fear? Yet you devoured the good plaice alone, and left him nothing but the bones, which you could not eat yourself. You played the same trick with the fat flitch of bacon, which was so good, that you took care to devour the whole of it yourself. When my uncle entreated his share, you retorted with scorn: 'Fair young man, you shall surely have your share,' and yet you gave him nothing, although he won it at great hazard, inasmuch as the owner contrived to catch my kinsman in a sack, from which he with difficulty got away with life. Such injuries hath this Isegrim done to Reynard; and I beseech your lordships to judge if they are sufferable. Again he complains, that my kinsman hath wronged him in his wife; and true it is, that Reynard could boast her favour seven years before friend Isegrim did wed her. But if my uncle, out of courtesy, did pay her attentions, what is that to him? he took her for better and worse; nor ought he to complain of any foregoing transaction not belonging to him. Wisdom, indeed, would have concealed it, for what credit can he get by the slander of his own wife, especially when she is not aggrieved!

"Next comes Kayward the hare, with his complaint in his throat, which seems to me a mere trifle. If he will learn to read and sing, and read not his lesson

aright, who will blame the schoolmaster for giving him a little wholesome correction: for if scholars are not sometimes beaten and chastised, depend upon it, they will never learn. Lastly, Curtise complains, that he had stolen a pudding with infinite pains out of the window, at a season when victuals are scarce. Would not silence better have become such a transaction? for he stole it: 'Male quæsisti, et male perdidisti;' it was evil won, and evil lost; and who shall dare to blame Reynard for the seizure of stolen goods from a thief? It is reasonable, that he who understands law, and can discern equity, being also of high birth as my kinsman is, should do justice to the law. Nay, had he hanged up the hound when he took him in the fact, he could have offended none but the king in doing justice without leave. Yet, out of respect to his majesty he did it not, though he reaps small thanks for his labour; thus subjected to the vilest calumnies, which greatly affect him. For my uncle is a true and loyal gentleman, nor can he endure falsehood; he does nothing without the counsel of the priest, and I assert, that since our lord the king proclaimed peace, he never dreamed of injuring any man. He lives like a recluse; only eats one meal a day, and it is now a year since he tasted flesh, as I have been truly informed by some of his friends who saw him only yesterday. He has moreover left his castle Malepardus, and abandoned his princely

establishment, confining all his wishes to a poor hermitage. He has forsworn hunting, and scattered abroad his wealth, living alone by alms and good men's charities; doing infinite penance for his sins, so that he is become pale and lean with praying and fasting, for he would fain be with God."*

Thus while Grimbard stood preaching, they perceived coming down the hill towards them, stout Chanticleer the cock, who brought upon a bier a dead hen, whose head Reynard had bitten clean off, and it was brought before the king to take cognizance thereof.

* When wicked men cannot compass their designs by other means, they study deceits and shift to entangle their enemies. Among these they find none more powerful than the cloak of religion, with which they impose upon the easy faith of the simple and lead them into dangers from which there is no escape but shipwreck. Thus the foolish cock lent ear again to the sly fox, and the silly sheep go to the shearing again and again. We may also gather, that though an evil man may be now and then excused for some of his faults, yet still he is not likely to escape discovery at last.—*Old Eng. Comm.*

CHAP. III.

HOW CHANTICLEER THE COCK COMPLAINED OF REYNARD THE FOX.

CHANTICLEER marching foremost, hung his wings and smote his feathers piteously, whilst on the other side the bier went two of his fairest hens, the fairest between Holland and Arden. Each of them bore a straight bright burning taper, for they were sisters to Coppel that lay dead upon the bier; and as they marched, they cried, "Alack, alack, and well-a-day, for the death of Coppel, our sister dear." Two young pullets bore the bier, and cackled so heavily and wept so loud for the death of Coppel, their mother, that the very hills echoed to their clamour. On reaching the presence of the king, Chanticleer, kneeling down, spake as follows: "Most merciful dread lord the king! vouchsafe, I do beseech you, to hear and redress the injuries which the fox Reynard hath done me and my children, whom you here behold weeping, as well they may. For it was in the beginning of April, when the weather was fair, I being then in the height of my pride and plumage, sprung from great stock and lineage, with eight valiant sons and seven fair daughters by my side, all of whom my wife had brought me at a single hatch, all of whom were strong and fat, strutting in a yard well

fenced round about. Here they had several sheds, besides six stout mastiff dogs for their guard, which had torn the skins of many wild beasts; so that my children felt secure from any evil that might happen to those more exposed to the snares of the world; but Reynard, that false and dissembling traitor, envying their happy fortune, many times assailed the walls in such desperate manner, that the dogs were obliged to be loosed, and they hunted him away. Once, indeed, they overtook and bit him, making him pay the price of his theft, as his torn skin bore witness. Nevertheless he escaped, the more the pity, but we lived more quietly some time after; until at last, he came in the likeness of a hermit, and brought me a letter to read. It was sealed with your majesty's royal seal; and in it I found written, that you had proclaimed peace throughout all your realm, and that no manner of beasts or fowl were longer to injure one another. Reynard affirmed that, for his own part, he was become a monk, a cloistered recluse, and had vowed to perform daily penance for his sins. He next shewed me and counted his beads; he had his books, and wore a hair shirt next to his skin, while in a very humble tone he said, "You see, sir Chanticleer, you have never need to be afraid of me henceforward; for I have vowed never more to eat flesh. I am now waxed old, and would only remember my soul: I have yet my noon

and my evening prayers to say; I must therefore take my leave." He departed, singing his credo as he went, and I saw him lie down under a hawthorn. These tidings made me exceedingly glad; I took no further heed, but chuckling my family together, I went to ramble outside the wall, a step I shall for ever rue. For that same devout Reynard, lying under the bush, came creeping between us and the gate; then suddenly surprised one of my children, which he thrust into his maw, and to my great sorrow bore away. For having tasted the sweetness of our flesh, neither hunter nor hound can protect us from him. Night and day he continues to watch us with such hungry assiduity, that out of fifteen children he hath now left me only four unslain. Yesterday, my daughter Coppel, here, lying dead upon her bier, her body being rescued by the arrival of a pack of hounds, too late, alas! hath fallen, after her mother, a victim to his arts. This is my just complaint, which I refer to your highness's mercy to have compassion upon, and upon my many slaughtered children."

Then spake the king: "Sir Grimbard, hear you this of your uncle, the recluse? He seems to have fasted and prayed with a vengeance; but if I live another year he shall dearly abide it. For you, Chanticleer, your complaint is heard, and shall be repaired. We will bestow handsome obsequies upon

your daughter dead, laying her in the earth with solemn dirge and worship due. This done, we will consult with our lords how to do you right, and bring the murderer to justice."

Then began the *Placedo Domine*, with all the verses belonging to it, too many to recite; the dirge being done, the body was interred, and over it was placed a fair marble stone, polished as bright as glass, upon which was inscribed the following epitaph in large letters: "Coppel, Chanticleer's daughter, whom Reynard the fox has slain, lieth here interred!—Mourn, reader, mourn; for her death was violent and lamentable."

The monarch next sent for his lords and wisest counsellors, to consult how best this foul murder committed by Reynard might be punished. In the end it was concluded that he should be sent for, and without any excuse be made to appear before the king, to answer these charges, and the message be delivered by Bruin the bear. The king gave consent, and calling him before him, said, "Sir Bruin, it is our pleasure that you deliver this message, yet in so doing, have a good eye to yourself; for Reynard is full of policy, and knows well how to dissemble, flatter, and betray. He has a world of snares to entangle you withal, and without great exercise of judgment will make a mock and scorn of the most consummate wisdom."

"My lord," answered sir Bruin, "let me alone with Reynard; I am not such a truant to discretion as to become a mock for his knavery." And thus full of jollity the bear took his departure to fetch Reynard: if his return be as jovial, there is no fear of his well speeding.*

CHAP. V.

HOW BRUIN THE BEAR SPED WITH REYNARD THE FOX.

THE next morning away went sir Bruin the bear in quest of the fox, armed against all kinds of plots and deceit whatsoever: and as he went along through a dark forest in which Reynard had a by-path which he used when he was out hunting, or being hunted, he saw a high mountain, over which he must pass to reach Malepardus. For though Reynard had many houses, Malepardus is his chief and most ancient castle, and there he resorted both for defence and

* The king's answer to sir Brock shews the danger of excusing bad actions; for their being disclosed redound to the defender's shame. In the monarch we may see the effects of a good disposition, as expressed in the honours and rites of burial bestowed upon Coppel, which is some alleviation for the grief of her relations. The bear's eagerness to bring the fox shews the pleasure of a malicious man about to be employed against his enemy, and how frequently such ill hopes miscarry.—*Extract from Old Eng. Comm.*

pleasure. When Bruin at length came to the place, he found the gates close shut; at which, after he had knocked, sitting upon his tail, he called aloud, "Sir Reynard, are you at home? I am Bruin, your kinsman, sent by the king to summon you to court, to answer the many foul accusations laid at your door. His majesty hath taken a great vow, that if you fail to appear to the summons, your life shall answer for your contempt, and your whole goods and honors become confiscated to the crown. Therefore, fair kinsman, be advised by your friend, and come with me to court, in order to shun the fate that will otherwise overtake you:" so said the bear. Reynard, who was lying near the gate, as was his custom, basking in the sun, hearing these words departed into one of his holes, Malepardus being full of many intricate and curious apartments, through which he could pass in case of danger or for objects of prey, where he determined to commune with himself awhile how best he might counterplot, and bring the bear into disgrace, while he added to his own credit. For he detested the bear; and at last coming forth, said, "Is it you, dear uncle Bruin? you are exceeding welcome, and excuse my delay in saying so; but the truth is, that when you began to speak I was saying my vespers, and devotion must not be neglected for any worldly concerns. Yet I believe he hath done you no good service, nor do I thank him who

hath sent you hither, a long and weary journey, in which your sweat and toil far exceed the worth of the labour performed. It is certain that had you not come, I had to-morrow attended the court of mine own accord. As it is, however, my regret is much diminished, because your counsel just at this time may turn to my double benefit. Alas! uncle, could his majesty find no meaner a messenger than your noble self to employ in these trivial affairs? Truly it appears strange to me, especially since, next his royal self, you are of greatest renown, both in point of blood and riches. For my part, I would that we were both at court, as I fear our journey will be exceedingly troublesome. To say truth, since my entire abstinence from flesh, I have lived upon strange new meats, which have very much disagreed with me, and swelled my body as if it was about to burst." "Alas! dear cousin," said the bear, "what kind of meat can it be that makes you so ill?" "Uncle," he replied, "what will it avail you to know? The food was simple and mean, we poor gentry are no lords you know, but are glad to eat from necessity what others taste for mere wantonness. Yet not to delay you, that which I eat was honey-combs, large, full, and very pleasant. But, impelled by hunger, I eat so very immoderately that I was afterwards infinitely distempered." "Aye!" quoth Bruin, "honeycombs, do you say? Hold you

them in such slight respect, nephew? Why, sir, it is food for the greatest emperors in the world: help me, fair nephew, to some of these honeycombs, and command me while I live; for only a small share I will be your servant everlastingly."* "You are jesting with me, surely, uncle;" replied the fox. "Jest with you," cried Bruin! "beshrew my heart, then; for I am in such serious good earnest, that for a single lick of the same, you shall count me among the most faithful of your kindred." "Nay, if you be," returned Reynard, "I will bring you where ten of you would not be able to eat the whole at a meal. This I do out of friendship, for I wish to have yours in return, which above all things I desire." "Not ten of us!" cried the

* In this encounter is expressed the dissimulation of two wicked persons plotting each other's ruin; in which, though the most wily obtain the advantage at first, the just cause prevails in the end. In the bear's voracity for honey we see the ill effects of a loose appetite, omitting, for the sake of a moment's pleasure, more important business. In the baits held out by the fox is shewn the triumph of policy, holding out such temptations as are adapted to the character and the occasion. Thus the poor bear is not only wounded and in danger of his life, but made a laughing-stock to his enemies; while the cruelty practised on him by the people displays the fate of a bad man caught in his own snares, when each and all of those he has injured are eager to step forward, and have a blow at him, in order to revenge themselves for his old offences.—*Extract from English Comm.*

bear, "Not ten of us! it is impossible; for had I all the honey between Hybla and Portugal, I could eat the whole of it very shortly myself." "Then know, uncle, that near at hand, there dwells a husbandman, named Lanfert, who is master of so much that you could not consume it in seven years, and this, for your love and friendship's sake, I will put into your possession." Bruin now mad for the honey, swore, that for one good meal, he would stop the mouths of all Reynard's enemies. Smiling at his easy credulity, the latter said: "If you would wish for seven ton, uncle, you shall have it;" and these words pleased the bear so much, and made it so pleasant, that he could not actually stand for laughing. "Well," thought the fox, "this is good fortune; though I will assuredly lead him where he shall laugh more in reality." He then said: "Uncle, we must lose no time, and I will spare no pains; such as I would not undertake for any of my kin." The bear gave him thanks, and away they went together, the fox promising as much honey as he could carry; but meaning as many stripes as he could undergo. At length they came to Lanfert's house, the sight of which made the bear caper for joy. This Lanfert was a stout brawny carpenter, who the other day had brought into his yard a large oak, which he had begun to cleave, and struck into it two wedges, so that the cleft lay a great way open, at

which the fox rejoiced, as it was just what he wished. Then, with a smiling countenance, turning to the bear: "Behold now," he said, "dear uncle, and be careful of yourself; for within this tree is contained so much honey, that if you can get to it, you will find it immeasurable, yet be cautious, good uncle, and eat moderately. The combs are sweet and good, but a surfeit is always dangerous, and may prove troublesome on your journey, which I would not for the world, as no harm can happen to you but must redound to my dishonor." "Concern not yourself, for me faith, nephew Reynard: I am not such a fool but I can temper my appetite if I can only get at the honey." "True, I was perhaps too bold to say what I did, my best uncle; so I pray you enter in at the end, and you shall there find what you want." With all haste the bear entered the tree with his fore feet forward, and thrust his head into the hole quite over the ears. When the fox saw this, he instantly ran and pulled the wedges out of the tree, so that the bear remained locked fast. Neither flattery nor anger now availed the bear; for his nephew had got him in so fast a prison, that it was impossible to free himself by any manœuvre. What profited him his great strength and valour now? They only served to irritate and annoy him; and deprived of all relief, he began to howl and bray, to scratch and tumble, and make such a noise, that Lanfert came running

hastily out of the house, to see what was the matter. He held a sharp hook in his hand, and while the bear lay tearing and roaring in the tree, the fox cried out in scorn; "He is coming, uncle! I fear you will not like the honey; is it good? Do not eat too much; pleasant things are apt to surfeit, and you will delay your journey back to court. If your belly be too full, Lanfert will give you drink to digest it:" having said which, he set off towards his castle again. Lanfert finding that the bear was taken fast, ran to his neighbours and desired them to come. The tidings spreading through the town, there was neither man, woman, nor child, but ran to see, some with one weapon, and some with another; goads, rakes, broom-staves, and whatever they could lay hands on. The priest bore the handle of a large cross, the clerk had holy water, and the priest's wife, dame Jullock, brought her distaff, as she happened to be spinning. Nay, the old beldames came, that had never a tooth in their heads. Hearing the approach of this army, Bruin fell into great fear, there being none but himself to withstand them; and as they came thundering down upon him, he struggled so fiercely, that he contrived to get his head out of jeopardy, by leaving behind the best part of the skin, along with his ears, insomuch that never age beheld a more foul ugly beast. For the blood covered his face and hands, leaving his claws and skin be-

hind him, so that he could hardly move or see. It was an ill market he came too, for in spite of this torment, Lanfert and his crew came upon him, and so belaboured him with staves and hooks and rakes, that it might well be a warning to every one taken in misery, shewing how the weakest must evermore go to the wall. This Bruin cruelly experienced, every one venting their fury upon his hide, even Houghlin, with his crooked leg, and Ludolf with the long broad nose; the one armed with a leaden mall, and the other with an iron scourge. None lashed so hard as sir Bertolf with the long fingers, and none annoyed him more than Lanfert and Ortam, one being armed with a sharp Welch hook, and the second with a crooked staff heavily leaded at the end, with which he used to play at stab-ball. There was Burkin and Armes Ablequack, Bane the priest, with his cross-handle, and Jullock his wife. All these so belaboured the poor bear, that his life was in extreme jeopardy; he sat and sighed sadly during the massacre; but the thundering weight of Lanfert's fierce blows was the most cruel to bear. For Dame Podge, at Casport, was his mother, and his father was Marob, the staple-maker, a passing stout man when he was alone. From him Bruin received such a shower of stones, at the same time that Lanfert's brother wielded him a savage blow upon the pate, that he could no longer see nor hear; but

made a desperate plunge into the adjoining river, through a cluster of old wives standing by, many of whom he threw into the water, which was broad and deep, among whom was the parson's wife. Seeing her floating there like a sea-mew, the holy man left off striking the bear, crying out, "Help, oh help; dame Jullock is in the water! I absolve the man, woman, or child that saves her, from all their sins and transgressions, past and to come; and I remit all penance." Hearing this, all left the pursuit of the bear to succour Dame Jullock, upon which Bruin cut the stream with fresh strength, and swam away. The priest only pursued him, crying in great rage, "Turn, villain, turn, that I may be revenged upon thee." But the bear having the advantage of the stream, heeded not his calling, for he was proud of the triumph of having escaped from them. He bitterly cursed the honey tree, and more bitterly the fox, who had not only betrayed him, but made him lose his hood from his face, and his leather gloves from his fingers. In this condition he swam about three miles down the stream, when he grew so very weary that he was obliged to seek a landing. The blood trickled down his face: he sighed and drew his breath so short, that it seemed as if his last hour was come.

Meanwhile the fox, on his way home, had stolen a fat pullet, and running through a by-path to elude pursuit, he now came towards the river with infinite

joy. For he never doubted but the bear was slain, and he therefore said; "My fortune is made, for my greatest enemy at the court is dead, and no one can suspect me." But as he spoke, looking towards the river side, he espied the bear lying down to ease his grievous wounds. At this sight Reynard's heart misgave him, and he railed bitterly against Lanfert the carpenter; cursing him for a silly fool, that did not know how to kill a bear in a trap. "What madman," he cried, "would have lost such good venison; so fat and wholesome, and which lay taken to his hand? A wise man would have been proud of the fortune which thou, like a fool, hast neglected." Thus fretting and chiding he came to the river, where he found the bear covered with wounds, which Reynard alone had caused. Yet he said in scorn as he passed, "Monsieur, Dieu vous garde!" "O thou foul red villain," said the bear to himself, "what impudence can equal thine?" But the fox continued his speech; "What, uncle, have you forgotten every thing at Lanfert, or have you paid for the honey-combs you stole? I would rather pay for them myself, than that you should incur any disgrace. If the honey was good, you may have plenty more at the same price. Good uncle, tell me before I go, into what order do you mean to enter, that you wear this new-fashioned hood? Will you be a monk, an abbot, or a friar? He that shaved your crown, seems also to have cropt

your ears; your forelock is lost, and your leather gloves are gone. Fie, sloven! go not bare-headed! They say you can sing *peccavi* rarely." These taunts made Bruin mad with rage; but because he could not take revenge, he was obliged to let him talk on. At last, to avoid him, he plunged again into the river and landed on the other side, where he began to meditate how best he might reach the court; for he had lost both his ears and his talons, and could scarcely walk. Yet of necessity he must move forward, which he could only do by setting his buttocks upon the ground, and tumbling his body over and over. In this manner he first rolled about half a mile, then rested, and rolled another half mile, until by dint of perseverance, he tumbled his way to court. Witnessing his strange method of approach, a number of courtiers gazed upon him as a sort of prodigy, little deeming that it was the famous sir Bruin the bear.

The king himself was the first who recognized him, and he said: "It is sir Bruin my servant: what villains have wounded him thus? Where can he have been, that he could contrive it—to bring his death as it were back with him? let us hear what tidings he has got." "O, my dread sovereign lord the king," cried out the bear, "I have to complain grievously. Behold how I am massacred; a massacre I humbly beseech you to revenge on that false, malignant Reynard, who hath wrought me this

foul disgrace and slaughter, merely because I have done your royal pleasure in conveying him a summons to court." His majesty then said, ' How durst he do this thing? Now, by my crown I swear, I will take such revenge, as shall make the traitor tremble, and remember the foul deed." So forthwith the king summoned his whole council, and consulted how, and in what way to proceed most efficaciously against the wily fox. At length, after much discussion, it was unanimously concluded, that he should be again summoned to appear and answer his transgressions in person. The party now appointed to execute the summons was Tibert the cat, being equally recommended for his gravity and his wisdom; an appointment likewise well pleasing to the king.

CHAP. V.

HOW THE KING SENT TIBERT THE CAT FOR REYNARD THE FOX.

THEN the king called for sir Tibert the cat, and said: " Sir Tibert, you shall go to Reynard and summon him the second time, and command him to appear and answer his offences; for though he be cruel to other beasts, to you he is courteous. Assure him if he fail at the first summons, that I will take so se-

vere a course against him, and his posterity, that his example shall terrify all offenders." Then said Tibert the cat: "My dread lord, they were my foes which thus advised you, for there is nothing I can do that can force him to come or to tarry. I do beseech your majesty send some one of greater power: I am small and feeble; for if noble sir Bruin, who was so strong and mighty, could not compel him, what will my weakness avail?" The king replied: "It is your wisdom, sir Tibert, that I employ, and not your strength; many prevail with art, when violence returns home with labor lost." "Well," said Tibert, "since it is your pleasure, it must be accomplished, and heaven make my fortune better than my heart presages!"

Tibert then made things in readiness and went to Malepardus.* In his journey he saw come flying towards him one of St. Martin's birds, to whom the

* By sending the cat to bring the fox, is exprest the care of ministers, who when they have been deceived by the pride and ostentation of such as they did employ and thought discreet, they become more careful in selecting truly wise men, capable of circumventing the wisdom of their enemies by still superior skill. In the cat's unwillingness to go, is shewn how averse a wise man is to meddle in dangerous matters, especially when they have sense to see, that the party with whom they are about to deal is more than their match. Yet, when authority will employ them, it becomes their duty to obey, and to effect what they are able.—*Extract from Old Eng. Comm.*

cat cried aloud, "Hail! gentle bird! I beseech thee turn thy wings, and fly on my right hand." But the bird, alas, flew on the left side, at which sight the cat grew very heavy, for he was well skilled in augury, and knew the sign to be ominous. Nevertheless, as many do, he armed himself with better hopes, and went to Malepardus, where he found the fox standing before the castle gates, to whom Tibert said: "Health to my fair cousin Reynard; the king by me summons you to the court, in which if you fail or delay, there is nothing that can prevent your sudden and cruel death." The fox answered, "Welcome, dear cousin Tibert; I obey your command, and wish the king my lord infinite days of happiness. Only let me entreat you to rest with me to night, and accept such cheer as my simple house affords. To-morrow as early as you will, we will proceed towards the court, for I have no kinsman whom I trust so nearly as yourself. There came hither the other day that treacherous knight sir Bruin, who looked upon me with that tyrannous cruelty, that I would not for the wealth of an empire hazard my person with him; but with you, dear cousin, I will go, were a thousand diseases eating up my vitals." Tibert replied: "You speak like a noble gentleman, and it will now perhaps be best to move forward, for the moon shines as bright as day." "Nay, dear cousin," said the fox, "let us take day before us, so that we may know our

friends when we meet; the night is full of dangers and suspicions." Well," said the other, " if it be your pleasure, I am content; what shall we eat?" Reynard said, " Truly my store is small, the best I have is a honey-comb too pleasant and sweet, what think you of it yourself!" Tibert replied, " It is meat I little care for, and seldom eat: I had rather have a single mouse than all the honey in Europe." " A mouse, dear cousin," said Reynard, " why here dwells hard by a priest, who has a barn so full of mice, that I believe half the wains in the parish would not carry them away." "Then, dear Reynard," cried the cat, "do but you lead me thither, and make me your servant for ever." " But," said the fox, " do you love mice so much as that comes to?" " Beyond expression, I do," quoth the other, " a mouse is better than any venison, or the best cates on a prince's table. Conduct me therefore thither and command me afterwards in any of your affairs. Had you slain my father, my mother, and all my kin, I would freely forgive you now."

CHAP VI.

HOW TIBERT THE CAT WAS DECEIVED BY REYNARD THE FOX.

"SURELY," said Reynard, "you do but jest!" "No by my life," replied the cat. "Well, then, if you be in earnest, I will so contrive this very night, that you shall have your fill." "Is it possible?" said the cat. "Only follow me," said Reynard, "I will bring you to the place presently." So away they went with all speed towards the priest's barn, well fenced about with a mud wall, where, but the night before, the fox had broken in, and stolen an exceeding fat pullet from the jolly priest. Now the priest was so angry, that he had set a trap before the hole to catch the thief at his next coming, which the fox well knew, and therefore he said to the cat: "sir Tibert, here is the hole, creep in! It will not take you a minute before you find more mice than you are able to devour: hear you how they squeak? But come back when you are full and I will wait here for you, that we may then proceed together towards court. Stay not long, for I know my wife is expecting us." "But think you I may safely enter in at this hole?" inquired the cat; "these priests are very wily and subtle, and often conceal their snares very close; making the rash fool sorely repent." "Why, cousin Tibert," said Reynard, "are you turning coward?

What, man, fear you a shadow?" Quite ashamed, the cat sprang quickly in, and was caught fast by the neck in the gin. He tried to leap back, which only brought the snare closer, so that he was half strangled, and struggled and cried out piteously. Reynard stood before the hole and heard all, at which he greatly rejoiced, and cried in scorn, "Cousin Tibert, love you mice? I hope they are fat for your sake. Did the Priest or Martinet know of your feasting, I know them so well, they would bring you sauce to your meat very quickly. What, you sing at your meat: is that the court fashion now? If so, I only wish, that Isegrim the wolf bore you company, that all my friends might feast together."

Meanwhile the poor cat was fast, and mewed so sadly, that Martinet leaped out of his bed and cried to his people, "Up, up! for the thief is taken that caught our hens." At these words the priest unluckily rose, awaking his whole household, and crying, "The fox is taken! the fox is taken!" Not half dressed, he handed his wife the sacred taper, and running first, he smote Tibert a blow with a huge staff, while many others followed his example. The cat received many deadly blows; for the anger of Martinet was so great, that he struck out one of the cat's eyes, which he did to please the priest, intending to dash out the poor Tibert's brains at a blow. Beholding death so near, sir Tibert made a

desperate effort, and jumping between the priest's legs, fastened there in a style that caused him the most excruciating pain. When dame Jullock, his wife, saw this, she cried out, and swore in the bitterness of her heart, and withal cursed the gin, which she wished, along with its inventor, at the devil.

All this while Reynard stood before the hole, and seeing what passed, laughed so excessively that he was ready to burst; but the poor priest fell down in a swoon, and every one left the cat, in order to revive the priest. During this last scene, the fox set off back again to Malepardus, for he believed that it was now all over with sir Tibert. But he, seeing his foes so busy about the priest, began to gnaw his cord, until he bit it quite asunder. He then leaped out of the hole, and went roaring and tumbling like his predecessor, the bear, back to the court. Before he reached it, it was wide day, and the sun being risen, he entered the king's court in a most pitiful plight. For his body was beaten and bruised to a jelly, owing to the fox's craft; his bones were shivered and broken, one of his eyes lost, and his skin rent and mangled. This when the king beheld, he grew a thousand times more angry than before. He summoned his council, and debated upon the surest means of revenging such injuries upon the head of the fox. After long consultation Grimbard the goat, Reynard's sister's son, said to the rest of the king's

council, "Good, my lords, though my uncle were twice as bad as he is represented, yet there is remedy enough against his mischiefs, and it is fit you do him the justice due to a man of his rank, by summoning him a third time, and then it will be time to pronounce him guilty of all that is laid to his charge." "But," said his majesty, "who will now be found so desperate as to hazard his hands, his ears, nay, his very life, with one so tyrannical and irreligious?" "Truly," answered the goat, "if it please your majesty, I am that desperate person, who will venture to carry the message to my most subtle kinsman, if your highness but command me."

CHAP. VII.

HOW GRIMBARD THE GOAT WAS SENT TO BID THE FOX A THIRD TIME TO THE KING'S COURT.*

THEN said the king, "Go, Grimbard, for I command you; yet take good heed of Reynard, for he is subtle and malicious." Grimbard thanked his

*In the mission of the goat is shewn the policy of employing the vicious man's weapons against himself. When he can be prevailed upon by no other means, it is most politic to send one of his own kindred, as cunning as himself, who by the display of affection and of argument, may win him over; as affection is known to be a prevailing orator.—*Extract from Old Eng. Comm.*

majesty; and so taking his humble leave, he went to Malepardus, where he found Reynard, and Ermelin, his wife, amusing themselves with their children. Having first saluted his aunt and uncle, he said, "Take heed, fair uncle, lest your absence from court cause more mischief than the offence deserves. Indeed, it is high time to appear, for delay brings only greater danger and punishment. The complaints against you are infinite, and this is your third summons. Your wisdom may therefore tell you, that no hope of mercy can longer remain for you and yours; within three days your castle will be beleaguered and demolished, your kindred made slaves, and you yourself reserved for a public example. Do, my dear uncle, then, I beseech you, recal your better wisdom, and return with me forthwith to the court. I doubt not but your discretion will find words to excuse you; for you have surmounted many wonderful perils, and brought your foes to shame, whilst the innocence of your cause hath often borne you spotless from the tribunal." Reynard answered and said, "Nephew, you say true; I will be advised, and go with you; not to answer for offences, but because I know that the court stands in need of my counsel. Nor do I doubt the king's mercy if I can once gain his ear, though mine offences were double, and my sins as red as scarlet; for I know the court cannot stand without me, and that his majesty shall

truly understand. Though I know I have many enemies, yet it troubles me not, for my innocence shall confound their inquiries, and they shall learn to their cost, that in high matters of state and policy Reynard cannot be dispensed with. They may harp upon injuries as long as they please, but the pith of the affair must rest upon my relation. Their envy made me leave the court; for though their shallow wits cannot disgrace me, their multitudes may at last oppress me. Still, nephew, I will go with you to the court, and beard my enemies to their face, for I will not hazard the welfare of my wife and children by opposing the king, he is too powerful; and though he do me great injury, I will ever bear it patiently." Having thus spoken, he turned to his wife, and said, "Dame Ermelin, take care of my children, especially Reynikin, my youngest boy, for he has much of my love, and I hope he will follow in my steps. Rossel too promises well, and I love them both truly. Therefore have an eye upon them, and if I should escape, doubt not but my love shall requite you." At these words Ermelin wept, and could not say farewell, and her children howled to see their mother's sorrow; for their lord and provider was gone, and Malepardus left unvictualled.

CHAP. VIII.

HOW REYNARD WAS SHRIVED BY GRIMBARD THE GOAT.*

WHEN Reynard and Grimbard had proceeded some way on their journey, the former stopped and said, "Fair nephew, blame me not if I say my heart is very heavy, for my life is in great jeopardy. Would that to blot out my manifold sins and cast off so great a burden, I might here repent and be shriven by you. I know you are holy; and having received penance for my sin, my soul will be more quiet within me." Grimbard bid him proceed. "Then," said the fox, "*Confitebor tibi, pater.*" "Nay," interrupted the Brock, "if you will shrive to me, do it in English, that I may understand you." "Then," resumed Reynard, "I have grievously offended

* When evil men fall into dangers they are always most religious. By aping a shew of penitence, they try to move pity in all who cannot penetrate the folds of their knavery and deceit. Thus, however bad, they contrive to keep a good name, and impose upon the good opinion of the public. By the absolution given to the fox, is seen how soon an honest simple man may be brought to believe a knave's penitence, and how ready he is to forgive upon any signs of contrition. The fox taking the goat round by the monastery, and seizing upon the capon, shews that where vice has become habitual, it will still continue to break out, in spite of all the hypocrisy employed to conceal it. A knave will be a knave notwithstanding all persuasion and good counsel to the contrary.—*Extract from Old Eng. Comm.*

against all the beasts that live, and especially against mine uncle Bruin the bear, whom I lately almost massacred, and Tibert the cat, whom I no less cruelly ensnared in a gin. I have trespassed against Chanticleer and his children, and have devoured many of them. Nay, the king has not been safe from my malice; for I have slandered him, and not respected the name of the queen. I have betrayed Isegrim the wolf, while I called him uncle, though no part of his blood ran in my veins. I made him a monk of Esinane, where I became also one of the order, only to do him open mischief. I made him bind his foot to the bell rope to teach him to ring; but the peal had like to have cost him his life, the parishioners beat and wounded him so very sorely. After this I taught him to catch fish; but he got soundly beaten for it, and beareth the stripes to this moment. I led him into a rich priest's house to steal bacon, where he eat so much, that unable to get out where he came in, I raised all the town upon him; and while the priest ran from table, I seized upon a fat fowl, while the priest and his people were busy cudgelling the sides of Isegrim. At last the wolf fell down as if he had been dead, and they dragged his body over rocks and stones until they came to an old ditch, where they threw him in. There he lay groaning all night, and how he ever got thence I know not. Another time I led him to a

place, where I told him there were seven cocks and hens perched together all in excellent condition, and hard by stood a false door, upon which we climbed. I said that if he could contrive to creep in, he should have the fowls. Isegrim with much joy went laughing to the door, and pushing forward, he said, 'Reynard, you deceive me; for here is nothing.' 'Then,' replied I, 'uncle, they must be farther in; and if you will have them, you must venture for them.' At this the wolf going a little farther, I gave him a push forward, so that he fell down into the house with such an infernal noise and clatter, that all who were asleep in the house awoke, and cried out, 'What dreadful noise was that? what has fallen from the trap-door?' So they rose, one and all, lighted a candle, and espying him, took such measures that they wounded him almost to death. Thus I brought the wolf into many hazards of his life, more than I can well remember; but I will repeat them to you hereafter, as they occur to me. I have also most grievously offended against dame Ersewinde, his wife, of which I much repent me, as it was highly to her discredit." "Uncle," said Grimbard, "you make your shrift imperfect; I hardly understand you." "Pardon me, sweet nephew; but you know I dislike casting aspersions on women; it is simply that she liked me, and preferred my company to that of Isegrim. Thus I have told

you all my wickedness; and now order my penance as shall seem best." Now Grimbard being both learned and wise, broke a switch from a tree, and said, "Nephew, you shall three times strike your body with this rod: then lay it down upon the ground, and spring three times over it without stumbling or bending your legs. This done, you shall take it up and kiss it gently, in sign of your meekness and obedience to your penance, when you will be absolved of your sins committed to this day; for I pronounce you a clear remission." At this the fox was exceedingly glad, and then Grimbard said, "See that henceforth, uncle, you do good works; read your psalter, go to church, fast, and keep vigils, all holydays; give alms, and abandon your sinful life. Avoid theft and treason; so that by doing these things, no doubt you shall obtain mercy from the king." All these the fox promised, and so they went journeying together towards the court.

Not far from the road side there stood a dwelling of holy nuns, where many geese and capons were seen wandering without the walls. As they were conversing, the fox gradually drew Grimbard out of the right path, and finding the pullets picking near the barn, among which was a fine fat capon that had strayed a little way from the rest, he made a sudden spring and caught him by the feathers which flew about his ears; yet the capon escaped. At this sight

Grimbard cried out, " Accursed wretch, what would you do? will you for a silly pullet again fall into all your sins?" To which Reynard answered, " Pardon me, dear nephew; but I had forgotten myself: I do entreat your forgiveness, and my eye shall not wander." They then went over a little bridge, the fox still glancing his eye towards the pullets as if it were impossible for him to refrain; for the evil was bred in his bones, and it stuck fast to his flesh; his heart carried his eyes that way as long as he could see them. The goat, aware of this, again said, " For shame, dissembler, why wander your eyes after the fowl?" The fox replied, " Nay, nephew, you do me wrong, you mistake my looks; for I was merely saying a paternoster for the souls of all the pullets and geese which I have slain before my piety interfered." " Well," said Grimbard, " it may be so; but your glances are very suspicious." Now by this time they had regained the high way, and pushed on more speedily to the court, which the fox no sooner saw than his heart began to quake for fear. He knew too well the crimes he had to answer for; they were indeed infinite and heinous.

CHAP. IX.

HOW THE FOX CAME TO THE COURT AND HOW HE FARED.

As soon as the tidings spread, that Reynard the Fox and his kinsman Grimbard, were arrived at court, all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, prepared accusations against the fox. His heart quaked within him, but his countenance was, as usual, calm and confident, and he bore himself as proudly as before. His nephew attended him through the streets, and he walked as gallantly into the court as if he had been the king's son, and free from every imputation whatsoever. When he came opposite the chair of state in which the king sat, he stopped and said: "Heaven long give your majesty glory and renown, above all princes of the earth. I assure your majesty that no monarch had ever a more faithful servant than I have been; than I now am, and so in spite of my enemies will die. For, my dread liege lord, I know that many are plotting my destruction in this court, if they could prevail with your majesty; but you scorn the slanders of malice; and though in these days flatterers succeed in princes' courts, it is not so with you, nor will they reap any thing but shame for their reward." But the king cut him short at

these words,* and cried, "Peace, treacherous Reynard! I know your dissimulation, and can expound your flattery, yet both shall now fail you at your need. Think you I will be taken with the music of smooth words? No, it has but too often deceived me. The peace which I have proclaimed and sworn to, that have you broken!" And as the king was proceeding, Chanticleer cried out: "Oh, how I have lost the benefit of that noble peace!" "Be still, Chanticleer," cried the king, "let me proceed. Thou devil among the innocent, with what face canst thou say thou lovest me, and seest all these wretched creatures ready to disprove thy words; yea, whose wounds yet spit bloody defiance at thee; and for which thy dearest life shall soon answer." "*In nomine Patris,*" cried the fox; "what, my dread lord, if Bruin's crown be bloody, what is that to me? If your majesty employed him in a message, which he neglected, to steal honey at the carpenter's house, where he got his wounds, am I to blame? If revenge he sought why did he not take it himself; he is strong and puissant; it was not to be considered as my weakness.

* In the lion is here expressed the lawfulness of justice, and how terrible it is to every offender; in particular, such as have the consciousness of secret guilt within them. The fox's bold deportment, shows the impudence of old malefactors, who try to rail against others; but truth and justice cannot be hoodwinked.

Ex. from Old English Comm.

As for Tibert the cat, whom I received with all friendship, if he would steal into the priest's barn against my advice, and there lose his eyes, nay his life, in what have I offended? Was I Tibert's keeper? or the guardian of the great bear? Oh, my dread lord! you may do your royal pleasure; notwithstanding my perfect innocence, you may adjudge me to die; for I am your poor vassal, and look only for your mercy. I know your strength and my own weakness; my death would yield you small satisfaction, yet whatever your good will and pleasure be, that to me shall prove most acceptable."

While he thus spoke, Bellin the ram stepped forth, along with his ewe-dam Oleway, and besought the king to hear their complaint; and next Bruin the bear with all his lineage, followed by Tibert the cat, Isegrim the wolf, Kayward the hare, Paulter the boar, and nearly all the other beasts of the court, who rose with one accord, crying for vengeance upon the fox, with such clamour that the king was induced to order the fox to be there secured and arrested.

CHAP. X.

HOW THE FOX WAS ARRESTED AND ADJUDGED TO DEATH.

Upon this arrest a cabinet council was summoned, and every voice was in favour of Reynard's execu-

tion; though he answered every accusation *seriatim*, with a wonderful degree of art, to the admiration of all the court. Witnesses however were examined, the proofs established; the fox was condemned and judgment recorded. He was to be hanged up by the neck till he was dead; at which sentence the fox cast down his head, all his jollity was fled, and no flattery or smooth words any longer availed.

This being resolved, Grimbard his nephew, and several others nearest him in blood, unable to endure the sight of his death, took leave of the king and left the court. When the monarch saw so many gallant gentlemen depart, all sad and weeping, being near in blood and alliance to the prisoner, he said to himself, "It behoves me to take good counsel what I am about, for though Reynard has faults, he has many friends and more virtues." As the king was thus pondering, Tibert said to sir Bruin, "Why are you so slow in the execution of your sentence, and you sir Isegrim? See you not there are many bushes and hedges; it is near evening, and if the prisoner escape, his subtlety is so great, that all the art in the world will never again entangle him. If you mean to execute him, proceed quickly.—It will be night before the gallows can be made." At these words Isegrim exclaimed, suddenly recollecting himself, "There is a pair of gallows hard by;" at the same time he fetched a deep sigh! "What, are you afraid,

sir Isegrim; or is this execution against your mind!" said Tibert, "remember the hanging of both your kinsmen was his work. Had you now a proper sense of justice, you would hang him for the same and not stand trifling thus." Isegrim, half angry, answered, "Your anger puts out the eye of your better reason, though if we had a halter that would fit his neck, we would soon despatch him." Reynard, who had long remained silent, said; "Yes, I beseech you to shorten my pain; sir Tibert has a cord strong enough, in which he himself was hanged at the priest's house, when he got between the holy man's legs and bit him so dreadfully. Besides, he can climb well; let him mount and be my executioner; for it would be a discredit both to sir Bruin and sir Isegrim, thus to treat their own nephew.* I am sorry I live to see it; but since you are resolved to be my hangmen, play your parts and delay not. Go before, uncle Bruin, and lead the way: follow me Isegrim my cousin, and beware I escape not." "You say well," said Bruin, "it is the best counsel I ever heard you give."

* The violence of the bear, the wolf, and the cat, pursuing Reynard even to execution, shews the malice of great persons against their enemies. The fox's patience and mild temper, also shews, that when men are in extremity, they must make use of all their virtues, especially meekness, which most insinuates itself into men's good opinion, and excites compassion; while rudeness and violence only increase the mischief.---*Er. from Old Eng. Comm.*

So forth they went, and Isegrim and all his friends guarded Reynard, leading him by the neck and other parts of his body, at which usage the fox felt quite dismayed. Yet he said meekly, "Why put yourself to all this trouble, my best kinsman? Believe me, I could well entreat your forgiveness, though you rejoice in my sufferings. Still I know, that did my aunt, your wife, see what was passing, she would not see me thus cruelly tormented, were it only for old affection's sake. But do with me as you will; I must endure the worst: as for Bruin and Tibert, I leave my revenge to justice, and to you the reward of traitors. I know my worst, fortune and death can come but once. I wish it were already past, for to me it is no terror. I saw my brave father die, and how quickly he vanished! The worst of death is therefore familiar to me." "Then," said sir Isegrim, "let us make haste, for his curse shall not light upon me by delaying;" so he on one side, and sir Bruin on the other, they led the fox to the gallows; Tibert skipping before them with the halter.

On reaching the place of execution, the king, the queen, and all the nobility took their place, to behold the fox die. Reynard, though full of sorrow and dismay, was still busy thinking how he might escape, and again triumph over his proud enemies, by drawing the king over to his party. "Though the king," he said to himself, "be offended with me, as

he has reason enough, heaven knows, yet I may perhaps live to become his bosom friend." While thus cogitating, the wolf said, "Now, sir Bruin, remember your injuries; revenge yourself well; for the day is come we have so long looked for. Go, Tibert, and mount the gallows-tree with the rope, and make a running noose, for you shall have your will of your enemy. Take heed, good sir Bruin, that he eludes us not, and I will now place the ladder; when every thing will be complete." This being done the fox spoke: "Now well may my heart be heavy, for death stands in all his naked horrors before my eyes, and I cannot escape. Oh, my dread lord the king, and you, my sovereign lady the queen, and all you, my lords and gentlemen, here assembled to see me die, I beseech you grant me this one charitable boon. Let me unburthen my heart before you, and cleanse my soul of its manifold sins, so that hereafter no man may be unjustly accused or executed for my secret misdeeds. This done, death will come more easy to me, and the assistance of your prayers will lift my soul, I doubt not, to the skies."

CHAP XI.

HOW REYNARD MADE HIS CONFESSION BEFORE THE KING.

ALL now took compassion on the fox, and beseeched the king to grant his request; which was done. And then the fox spake: "Help me heaven! for I see no man here whom I have not offended. Yet this was not from evil inclination; for in my youth I was accounted as virtuous as any breathing; I played with the lambs all day long, and took delight in their pretty bleating. But once in my play I bit one, and the taste of its blood was so sweet, that ever since I could not forbear. This evil humour drew me into the woods among the goats; where, hearing the bleating of the young kids, I slew one, and after two more, which made me so hardy, that I began to murder geese and pullets. Thus my crime growing by habit, the fancy so possessed me, that all was fish that was caught in my net. In the winter season I met with Isegrim, as he lay under a hollow tree, and he unfolded unto me how he was my uncle, and laid the pedigree down so plain, that from that day forth we became companions. A friendship, I have reason to curse; for then, indeed, began the history of our thefts and slaughters. He stole the great prizes and I the small; he murdered nobles and I the meanest subjects; and in all these actions his share

was ever the greatest. When he caught a calf, a ram, or a wether, his voracity would hardly afford me the bones to pick. When he mustered an ox or a cow, he first served himself, his wife, and all his family, nothing remaining, I say, for me but the bare bones. I state not this as having been in want, it being well known that I have more plate, jewels, and coin, than twenty carts would carry; but only to shew his vile ingratitude." When the king heard him speak of this infinite wealth, his heart grew inflamed with avarice; and, interrupting the prisoner, he said: "Reynard, where is that treasure you speak of?" The fox answered: "My lord, I will gladly inform you; though it be true the wealth was stolen, and had it not been so stolen it would have cost your majesty his life, which heaven long preserve." The queen here started, and said in great dismay, "What are these dangers you speak of, Reynard? I do command ye to unfold these doubtful speeches, and to keep nothing concealed that affects the life of my dread lord; go on."

The fox, with a sorrowful countenance, replied: "Oh, my dread sovereign lady, I would that I might now die, did not your commands and the health of my own soul so prevail with me, that I must discharge my conscience, and yet speak nothing but what I will make good at the hazard of damnation. True it is, that the king was to have been cruelly

despatched by his own people: yea I must confess by some of my nearest kindred, whom I would not accuse, did not the health of my soul, and my fealty to the king command me to do so." The king, much perplexed at this discovery, said, "Can it be true, Reynard, what you say?" The fox answered, "Alas, my dread lord, you see the case in which I stand; how small a sand is left in my poor glass to run. I will dissemble not; what dissembling can avail me, if my soul perish?" and saying this he trembled and looked so pitifully, that the queen took pity upon him. She humbly besought the king for the safety of his royal person to take compassion on the fox, and to command all his subjects to hold their peace, till he had revealed all he knew. This was done, and the fox proceeded as follows: "Since it is the pleasure of my dread lord the king, and that his royal life lies in the balance with my present breath, I will freely unfold this foul and capital treason, sparing no guilty person for any respect whatsoever, however high in greatness, blood, or authority. Know then, my dread lord, that my father, by accident turning up the earth, found king Ermetick's treasure; an infinite and incalculable mass of riches, with which he became so vain and haughty, that he looked down upon all the beasts of the forest with contempt, even upon his kinsmen and companions. At length he caused Tibert the cat to go into the forest of Arden to Bruin the bear, and

to render him his homage and fealty; saying, that if it would please him to be king, he must come into Flanders, where my father received him nobly. Next he sent for his wife, Grimbard my nephew, and for Isegrim the wolf, with Tibert the cat. These five coming between Gaunt and the village called Elfe, they held solemn council for the space of one night, in which, instigated by the devil, and confident in my father's riches, it was concluded, that your majesty should be murdered. They took a solemn oath to this effect in the following way: sir Bruin, my father, Grimbard, and Tibert, laid their hands on Isegrim's crown, and swore to make Bruin their king; to place him in the chair of state at Acon, and set the imperial diadem on his head. That should any oppose the scheme, my father was to hire assassins that should utterly chase and root them out of the forests. After this it happened, that my nephew Grimbard being one day heated with wine, made a discovery of this damnable plot to Dame Slopard his wife, commanding her also to kept it secret. But she too, as women will, only kept it until she met with me, charging me to reveal it to no one! She moreover gave me such proofs of its truth, as to cause the very hairs of my head to start upright, while my heart sunk cold and heavy within me, like a piece of lead. Indeed it led me to call to mind the story of the frogs, who complained to Jupiter that

they had no king to govern them, and he presently sent them a stork, which eat and devoured them up; and by whose tyranny they became the most miserable of all creatures. Then they cried unto Jupiter for redress, but it was too late; for those that will not be content with their freedom, must consequently be subjected to thraldom.* Even so I feared it might happen to us; and I grieved for the fate of your majesty, though you respect not my sorrows. The ambition of the bear is such that should the government come into his hands, the commonwealth would fall a sacrifice to his tyranny. Besides, I know your majesty is of that royal and lofty lineage, so mighty, gracious, and merciful withal, that it would have been a damnable exchange, to have seen a ravenous bear sit in the throne of the royal lion; for in sir Bruin and his whole generation there is more

* The fox's confession displays a three-fold subtlety: first, his pitiful narrative awakens the queen's compassion; secondly, by accusing his nearest friends and relatives, he obtained credit for what he advanced; thirdly, by implicating the monarch's life in the conspiracy, he alarmed the fears of the queen, and brought his enemies into disgrace. The whole contrivance shews that he who would obtain credit for his story must first appeal to pity, and having obtained belief, begin to perpetrate his mischief, which a wise man like the lion, will not give ear to. But the queen's persuasions and his own avarice blinded his better judgment, and he gave into the snare which the fox laid for him.—*Extr. from old. Eng. Comm.*

prodigal looseness and inconstancy than in any beast whatsoever. I therefore began to meditate how I might foil my father's false and treacherous designs, who sought to elevate a traitor and a slave to the height of your imperial throne. I was aware that as long as he held the treasure, your majesty was in danger, and I grew exceedingly troubled and perplexed. So I resolved, if possible, to find where the treasure was concealed; and I watched him night and day, in the woods, in the hedges, and in the open fields. To whatever spot my father turned his eyes, there was I, sure of detecting him one time or other in the fact.

"One day, as I was lying flat down upon the ground, I spied him coming out of a hole, with a very thievish look; he gazed round about him to see if he was observed, and thinking the coast clear, he stopped up the hole with sand so even and smoothly that the most curious eye could discern no difference between it and the other earth. Then, where the print of his foot remained, he stroked it over with his tail, and smoothed it with his mouth so that no person could perceive it. Indeed, that and many other subtleties I learned from him at that time. When he had thus finished, he went away towards the village about his private affairs, while I proceeded towards the hole, and in spite of all his cunning I quickly found the entrance. Then I en-

tered the cavern, where I found an innumerable quantity of treasure; and taking Ermelin, my wife, along with me, we both laboured day and night in conveying it to another place, where we deposited it safe from every human eye. During the time we were thus employed, my father was in deep consultation with the rest of the traitors to compass his majesty's death. It was concluded that Isegrim the wolf should traverse all the kingdom, and promise to all the beasts that would take wages, and acknowledge Bruin for their sovereign and defend his title, a full year's pay beforehand. In this journey my father accompanied him, bearing letters patent signed to that purport, little suspecting that he was deprived of all the wealth with which to promote his scheme. When this negociation was concluded between Elge and Soam, and a vast body of soldiers raised for action against the next spring, they returned to Bruin and his party, to whom they declared the many perils they had escaped in the dukedom of Saxony, where they were pursued by hounds and huntsmen. They next shewed Bruin the muster-rolls, which pleased him exceedingly; for here he found about twelve hundred of Isegrim's lineage, all sworn for action, besides the bear's kindred, the cats and the dassens, all which would be in readiness at an hour's notice. All this I discovered from good authority; and the plot becoming ripe for execu-

tion, my father went to the cave for his treasure. What was his infinite agony and trouble to find the place open and ransacked! He became desperate, and soon afterwards went to the next tree, and hanged himself.

"Thus, by my skill, Bruin's treason was defeated, and for this I now suffer, while those two false traitors, Bruin and Isegrim, sit in the king's privy council, with great authority, procure my disgrace, and trample me under foot. I have lost my father in your majesty's cause, and what stronger proof can be tendered of my loyalty? I have lost my life in defending yours."

The king and queen indulging a hope of possessing these inestimable treasures, ordered Reynard down from the gibbet, and entreated him farther to unfold its place of concealment. "What," replied the fox, "shall I make my worst enemies my heirs? Shall these traitors, who take away my life, and attempt your majesty's, become possessed of the fortune I enjoy?" "Then," said the queen, "fear not, Reynard, the king shall save your life, and you shall henceforth swear faith and true allegiance to his majesty." The fox answered, "Sovereign lady, if the king, out of his royal nature, will give credit to my truth, and forgive my offences, there was never king so rich as he will be." Then the king interrupting the queen, said, "Fair consort, will you

believe the fox? Know that it is his chief excellence to lie, to steal, and to impose upon others." But the queen said, "Yet now, my dear lord, you may freely believe him; for, however full of deceit he may have been in his prosperity, you see he is now changed. Why, he accuses his own father, and Grimbard, his dearest nephew and kinsman! Were he dissembling, he might have laid his imputation upon other beasts, and not on those he loves best." "Well, madam," replied the king, "you shall, for this time, rule me; I will give free pardon to the fox, yet under this condition, that if he be ever found tripping again, though in the smallest offence, both he and his shall be utterly rooted out of my dominions." The fox looked sadly when the king spake thus; withal he rejoiced within himself, and he said, "Most dread lord, it were a huge shame in me, should I dare to speak any untruths in this august presence." Then the king taking a straw from the ground, pardoned the fox for all the transgressions which either he or his father before him had committed. No wonder the fox now began to smile, for life was most sweet to him; and he fell down before the king and queen, humbly thanking them for all their mercies, and protesting that he would make them the richest princes in the world. At these words the fox took up a straw, and proffering it the king, said to him, "My dread lord, I beseech

your majesty to receive this pledge of entire surrender unto your majesty of the great king Ermetick's treasure, with which I freely present you out of my free will and pleasure." The king received the straw, and smiling, gave the fox great thanks: at which the latter chuckled heartily to think of the grossness of the imposture. From that day forward no one's council so much prevailed with the king as that of the fox; and confiding in this he said, "My gracious lord, you must understand that on the west side of Flanders there stands a wood called Husterloe, near which runs a river named Crekenpit: this is a wilderness so vast and impassable, that hardly throughout the year there crosses a man or woman over the place. In it I have hid this treasure, and thither I should wish your majesty and the queen to go; for I know of none besides your highnesses whom I dare trust in so great a design. When your majesty reaches it, you will see two birchen trees growing by the pit, and there you shall find the treasure, consisting of coin, precious jewels, and the crown which king Ermetick wore. With this crown Bruin the bear was to have been crowned, if his treason had succeeded according to expectation; there too you will find many costly stones, of which, when you are possessed, then remember the love of your poor servant, Reynard." The king answered, "Sir Reynard, you must yourself help to dig up this

treasure, for else I see I shall never find it.' I have heard of such places as Paris, London, Acon, and Cullen, but Crekenpit I never heard of; therefore I fear you dissemble." The fox blushed at these words; yet with a bold countenance he said, "Is your majesty still so doubtful of my faith? nay, then, I will approve my words by public testimony;" and with that he called forth Kayward the hare, commanding him to come before the king and queen, to answer truly to such questions as he should ask him. The hare answered, "I will answer truly in all things, though I die for the same." Then Reynard said, "Know you not where Crekenpit stands?" "Yes," replied Kayward, "I have known it these dozen years; it stands in a wood called Husterloe to be sure, amidst a vast and wild wilderness, where I have endured much torment both of hunger and cold. Besides, it was there where father Simony, the friar, made false coin for the benefit of himself and his brethren; yet that was before I and Ring the hound became companions." "Well," said the fox, "you have spoken sufficiently; go to your place again:" so away went the hare. Then said the fox, "My sovereign lord the king, what is your opinion? am I worthy of your confidence or no?" The king said, "Yes, Reynard, and pray excuse my suspicion; it was my ignorance which did thee wrong. Therefore make speedy preparation to ac-

company us to the pit where this treasure lies." The fox answered, "Alas! my lord, do you imagine that I would not fain go with you, if I could venture without your dishonour, which I cannot do. For you must understand, though it be to my disgrace, that when Isegrim the wolf, in the devil's name, would needs grow religious, and play the monk, the portion of meat which was for six monks was too little for him alone. He complained so piteously, that, being my kinsman, I compassionated his case, and advised him to run away, which he did. For this reason I at present stand accursed and excommunicated under the pope's sentence, and am determined to-morrow at sunrise to journey towards Rome, and from Rome I intend to cross the seas for Holyland, and will never return again into my native country till I have done so much good, and so far expiated my sins, that I may attend on your majesty's person with honor and reputation." The king hearing this pious design, said, "Since you stand accursed by the censures of the church, I must not have you about me; and therefore I will take Kayward the hare and some others with me to Crekenpit; only I command you, Reynard, as you value our favour, to clear yourself of his holiness's curse." "That is the reason, my lord, of my going to Rome; neither will I rest, night or day, till I have obtained absolution." "The course you take is good," said

the king, "go on and prosper in your fair intent, and return home better than you went."

CHAP. XII.

HOW REYNARD THE FOX WAS HONOURED ABOVE ALL BEASTS BY THE KING'S EXPRESS COMMANDS.

As soon as the conference was ended, the royal king mounted upon his high throne, raised in the form of a scaffold, made of fair square stone; and commanded thence a general silence among all his subjects. Every one was to take his place according to his birth or dignity in office; except the fox, who sat between the king and the queen. The king then spoke: "Hear all you noblemen, knights, gentlemen, and others of inferior quality! Sir Reynard, one of the supreme officers of my household, whose misdeeds had brought him to his final account, standing between those two quarrelsome mistresses, law and justice, hath this day recovered our best grace and favor. He hath done that noble and worthy service to the state, that both myself and my queen are bound to him for ever. Henceforth I do command all of you, upon pain and hazard of your dearest lives, that you henceforward fail not, from this day, to show all reverence and honor, not only to Reynard himself, but to his whole family,

wherever you may happen by night or day to meet with them. Nor let any one hereafter be so audacious as to trouble my ears with complaints against him, for he will no more be guilty of doing wrong.* To-morrow very early he sets out on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he means to purchase a free pardon and indulgence from the pope, and afterwards to proceed to the holy land." Now when Tisellen the raven heard this speech, he flew to sir Bruin, Isegrim, and Tibert, and said; "Wretched creatures, how are your fortunes changed; how can you endure to hear these tidings? Why Reynard is now a courtier, a chancellor, nay prime minister and favorite: his offences are forgiven; and you are all betrayed and sold unto bondage." Isegrim answered; "Nay, it is impossible, Tisellen, nor can such an abuse be suffered." "I tell you it can! Do not deceive yourselves, it is as true as that I now speak it." Then went the wolf and the bear to the king, but the cat refused, and was so sore afraid at what she

* It thus appears, that when policy and wisdom triumph over their enemies, they never rest until they convince us of the greatness of their ambition, extenuating their crimes, and keeping their foes in awe by a shew of grace and favor. By the raven's complaint is shewn the jealousy and fear of the weaker sort; how they fly in time of trouble to the heads of factions: and by the wolf and the bear's arrest we learn, that when men complain of their wrongs unseasonably, they only aggravate instead of mending the mischief.—*Ex. Old Eng. Comm.*

heard, that to have purchased the fox's favor once more, she would have forgiven not only the injuries she had received, but have run a second hazard. But Isegrim, with much confidence and pride, appeared before the king and queen, and with the most bitter words inveighed against the fox; and in so passionate and impudent a manner withal, that the king was roused to anger; and ordered both the wolf and the bear to be arrested for high treason. This was forthwith done with every mark of violence and indignity; the prisoners were bound hand and foot, that the could not stir a limb, nor a step, from the place where they were couched. For the fox having thus entangled them, he so far prevailed with the queen, as to obtain as much of the bear's skin as would make him a large scrip for his journey. This being put in force, he wanted nothing but a strong pair of shoes to defend his feet from the stones while he travelled. Again, therefore, he said to the queen: "Madam, I am your poor pilgrim; and if it would please your majesty but to take it into your consideration, you will perceive that sir Isegrim wears a pair of excellent long lasting ones, which would you vouchsafe to bestow upon me, I would pray for your majesty's soul during my travels upon my charitable mission. Also mine aunt, dame Ersewind, hath other two shoes, which would your majesty bestow upon me, you would be doing her little injury, as she

seldom ventures abroad." The queen replied, "Yes, Reynard, I believe you will want such shoes for your journey; it is full of labour and difficulty, both respecting the stony hills and the gravelly highways. Therefore, be sure, you shall have, though it touch their life never so nearly, a pair of shoes from each of them, the better to speed and accomplish your journey." So Isegrim was taken, and his shoes pulled off in the most cruel manner. After being thus tormented, dame Ersewind, his wife, was treated in the same manner as her husband; and had the cat been there, he would doubtless have experienced the same fate, in addition to the cruel mockery of the fox. The next morning early Reynard caused his shoes to be well oiled, so as to make them fit well, and then he went before the king and queen, and said, "My dread lord and lady, your poor subject bows himself down before you, humbly beseeching your majesties to permit me to take my scrip and staff according to the custom of pilgrims."* The king then sent for Bellin the ram, and commanded him to say solemn mass before the fox, and to deliver him his staff and mail; but Bellin refused, saying, "My lord, I dare not, for he is under the pope's curse." But the king said, "What of that?

* In the cruel treatment of the wolf and bear is shewn the malice of a wicked and triumphant enemy, who pursues his advantage to utter ruin and destruction.—*Old Eng. Comm.*

have not our doctors told us that if a man commit all the sins in the world, yet if he repent, be shriven, do penance, and walk as the priests shall instruct him, that all is clearly forgiven him? and hath not Reynard done all this?" Bellin answered, "Sire, I am loth to meddle with such points; yet if your majesty will protect me against the bishop of Preudelor and against the archdeacon of Loofwind, I will execute your commandment." At this the king grew wrath, and said, "Sir, I scorn to be beholden to you." And when Bellin saw his majesty so offended, he shook with fear, and ran quickly to the altar, and sung mass, using many ceremonies over the fox, who had little respect for them beyond his wish to enjoy the honour. When Bellin the ram had finished, he hung his mail round Reynard's neck, made of the bear's skin, and presented him with the staff. Thus equipped, sir Reynard looked sadly towards the king, as if he had been loth to go; he feigned to weep, though all his sorrow was that the whole court were not in as bad a predicament as the wolf and the bear. He took leave, with requesting that each and every one would pray for his soul, as he would for theirs; for in fact he was so sensible of his own knavery that he was eager to be gone. The king said, "In truth, sir Reynard, I am sorry we must part thus suddenly." But the fox replied, "There is no remedy, my lord; we ought not to be

slow in fulfilling holy vows." Then the king commanded all the lords present, except the bear and the wolf, to attend Reynard some part of his journey. Though he cut a very gallant figure, he was inwardly smiling at his own villainy, while he affected the utmost demureness. For his enemies were now become his attendants,* and the king, whom he had most grossly deceived with wicked lies, now also accompanied him like his familiar friend.

After proceeding some way, the fox said, "I beseech your majesty, trouble yourself no farther; consult your ease and the safety of your royal person; for you have arrested two capital traitors, who should they recover their liberty, the danger would be great." This said, he stood upon his hinder feet, and entreated the lordly beasts who were in his company once more to pray for him; after which he took leave of the king with an exceeding sad and heavy countenance. Then turning towards Kayward the hare, and Bellin the ram, with a smiling countenance, he said, "My best friends, we must part thus soon? Surely you will not leave me yet. With you

* By the fox's hypocrisy is seen the dissimulation of worldly men, who assume the cloke of religion while perpetrating the worst deeds. His grand escort shews the flattery and baseness of people laying their services at the feet of a new favourite whom they had before opposed an despised.—*Fx. from Old Eng. Comm.*

I was never offended: your conversation is agreeable to me; for you are mild, loving, and courteous, religious withal, and full of wise counsel, just as I myself was when I led the life of a recluse. If you have a few green leaves and herbs, you are as well contented as with all the bread and fish in the world, for you are temperate and modest." Thus with a profusion of the same flattering words he enticed these two to accompany him.

CHAP. XIII.

HOW KAYWARD THE HARE WAS SLAIN BY THE FOX, WHO SENT HIM BY THE RAM AS A PRESENT TO THE KING.

THE three friends journeyed on together until they came to the gates of Reynard's own house. Then he said to the ram, "Pray, cousin, keep watch here without, while I and Kayward go in: I wish him to witness my pleasure at meeting my family." Bellin said he would; and the fox and the hare went into Malepardus, where they found lady Ermelin sorrowing exceedingly for the absence of her husband. But when she saw him, her joy knew no bounds; and she expressed her astonishment on beholding his mail, his staff, and his shoes. "Dearest husband," she cried, "how have you fared?" Reynard then related his adventures at court, adding

that he was going a pilgrimage, having left Bruin and Isegrim in pledge for him till his return. As for Kayward, he added, turning towards him, the king had bestowed him upon him to do with as he pleased, as Kayward had been the first to complain of him, for which he vowed deadly revenge. Hearing these words, Kayward was quite appalled, and tried to fly; but the fox had placed himself between him and the door, and soon seized him by the neck. Kayward cried to Bellin for help, but the fox had cut his throat with his sharp teeth before he could be heard. This done, the traitor and his family began to feast upon him merrily, and drank his blood to the king's health. Ermelin then said, "I fear, Reynard, you mock me; as you love me, tell me how you sped at the king's court." When he told her the pleasant story, how he had imposed upon the king and queen with a false promise of treasures that did not exist. "But when the king finds out the truth, he will take every means of destroying us; therefore, dear wife," said he, "there is no remedy: we must steal from hence into some other forest, where we may live in safety, and find more delicate fare, clear springs, fresh rivers, cool shades, and wholesome air. Here there is no abiding: and now I have got my thumb out of the king's mouth, I will no more come within reach of his talons." "Yet here," said his wife, "we have all we desire, and you are

lord over all you survey; and it is dangerous to exchange a certain good, for better hopes. Should the king here besiege us ever so closely, we have a thousand passages and side holes, so that he can neither catch, nor deprive us of our liberty. Why then, fly beyond seas; but you have sworn it, and that vexes me." "Nay, madam," cried Reynard, "grieve not at that: the more forsworn, the less forlorn, you know; therefore I will be forsworn, and remain in spite of his majesty, where I am. Against his power I will array my policy. I will guard myself well, insomuch, that being compelled to open my stock, let him not blame me, if he hurt himself with his own fury."

Meanwhile Bellin stood waiting at the gate, exceedingly wroth and impatient; and swearing both at the fox and the hare, he called loudly for sir Reynard to come. So at last he went and said softly: "Good Bellin, be not offended! Kayward is conversing with his aunt; and he bids me say, that if you will walk forward, he will overtake you; for he is light of foot, and speedier than you." "True! but I thought," said Bellin, "that I heard Kayward cry for help." "What! cry for help, forsooth? do you imagine he can meet with any injury in my house!" "No." "But I will tell you how you were deceived. Happening to inform my wife of my intended pilgrimage, she swooned away, and Kayward, in great

alarm, cried out; 'Bellin, come help my aunt; she dies! she dies!'" "Then I mistook the cry," said Bellin "You did," said Reynard; "and now let us talk of business, good Bellin. You may recollect that the king and council intreated me to write before I set out for the pilgrimage, upon some matters important to the state." "In what shall I carry these papers most safely," enquired Bellin. "That is already provided for you," replied Reynard; "for you shall have my scrip which you may hang round your neck; and take care of it, they are matters of great importance." Then Reynard returned into the house, and taking Kayward's head, he thrust it into the scrip, and enjoined the ram not to look into it, as he valued the king's favour, until he reached the court; adding, that he might rest assured that his presentation of the letters to the king, would pave the way to his great preferment.

Bellin thanked the fox, and being informed that he had other affairs to impart to Kayward, set out on his journey alone. When he arrived at court, he found the king in his palace, seated amidst his nobility. The king wondered when he saw Bellin come in with the scrip made of Bruin's skin, and he said: "How now Bellin! where is sir Reynard, that you have got his scrip with you?" "My dread lord," said Bellin, "I have escorted the noble fox to his castle, when after short repose, he desired me to bear

certain letters to your majesty, of vast importance, which he enclosed in his own scrip." The king commanded the letters to be delivered to his secretary, Bocart, an excellent linguist, who understood all languages, that he might read them publicly. So he and sir Tibert the cat took the scrip from Bellin's neck, and opening the same, instead of letters, drew out the bloody head of Kayward, at which sight they cried out in huge dismay: "Woe, and alas! what letters call you these. Oh, dread lord, behold! here is nothing but the head of poor murdered Kayward." Seeing this, the monarch cried: "Unhappy king that I am, ever to have given credit to the traitor fox!" And overwhelmed with anger, grief, and shame, he held down his head a good space, as well as the queen likewise. At last shaking his royal locks, he made such a tremendous noise, that all the lords of the forest trembled with fear. Then spake sir Firapel the leopard, the king's nearest kinsman, and said: "Why is your majesty thus troubled! such sorrow might become the queen's funeral: I do beseech you assuage your anguish. Are not you king and master; are not all subject to your power?" The king replied; "Yes, cousin, but such mischief is beyond endurance. I am betrayed by a false villain, who has made me oppress my best friends and subjects, even those of my council and my blood: the stout sir Bruin, and sir Isegrim the

wolf. Yet had I not heaped upon myself this foul dishonour, but for the queen's tenderness, which wrought upon me, and for which I shall evermore grieve."

"What of all this?" replied the leopard; "you are seated above all injuries, and one smile can salve the greatest wound upon your honour. You have power to recompense and to punish, and you can destroy or restore reputation as you please. What if the bear lost his skin, the wolf and dame Ersewind their shoes, you may in recompense, since Bellin has confessed himself a party to this foul murder, bestow him and his substance upon the party aggrieved. As for Reynard, we can go and besiege his castle, and having arrested his person, hang him up by law of arms without further trial, and there is an end."

CHAP. XIV.

HOW BELLIN THE RAM, AND HIS LINEAGE WERE GIVEN UP TO THE BEAR AND THE WOLF.

THE king consented to this motion, and despatched Firapel to the prison, where the bear and the wolf were in durance. "My lords," he said, "I bring a free and general pardon from his majesty, as well as his good wishes, and recognition of your injuries. As some recompence he is pleased to bestow upon you

out of his princely bounty, both Bellin the ram, and his whole generation with all they possess. These you are to hold with full commission to slay, kill, and devour them wherever you meet them, in woods, fields, or mountains, until doomsday. The same power is granted you over Reynard and the whole of his lineage. Letters patent will shortly be forwarded to you, and Bellin now awaits your pleasure." Peace being thus restored between the king and his nobles, Bellin was forthwith slain, (the wolf following up his enmity to him and his race in perpetuity;) and afterwards, the king proclaimed a grand feast, which was held with all due solemnity during twelve days.

When these princely festivities, attended by the lords both of earth and air, had reached the eighth day, about high noon came Laprel the coney, before the king and queen as they sat at feast, and with a lamentable voice he said: "Great king, have pity on my misery, and attend my complaint of the force and murder which Reynard the fox had nearly committed, as I passed by the castle of Malepardus. He stood outside his gates, attired like a pilgrim, and thinking I might pass quietly, he crossed my way, saying his beads so devoutly, that I saluted him. He, returning no answer, stretched out his right foot, and gave me such a blow upon my neck, that I felt as if my head had been smitten from my body, but

yet I retained my senses sufficiently, to start out of his claws, though very grievously hurt and wounded. One of my ears was left in his grasp; and I trust you will no longer permit this bloody murderer to afflict your poor subjects."

While the coney was yet speaking, in came flying Corbant the rook, who, coming before the king, said: "Great king, I beseech you vouchsafe to hear me. I went this morning with Sharpbeak my wife, to recreate on the heath, and there we found Reynard the fox laid on the ground like a dead carcase, his eyes staring, his tongue lolling out of his mouth like a dead hound. Wondering at his strange plight we began to touch him, and he seemed quite dead. Then went my wife (poor careful soul) and laid her head to his mouth to see whether he drew any breath; but the foul villain seeing the time, snatched her head into his mouth, and bit it clean off. At that I shrieked out 'woe is me!' when the foul murderer made a sudden rush at me with the most deadly intent, so that I was glad to escape by mounting into the air, whence I saw him devour my wife in so terrible a stile, that the very thought is death to me, as I repeat it."

CHAP. XV.

HOW THE KING TOOK COUNSEL FOR REVENGE, AND HOW REYNARD WAS FOREWARNED BY GRIMBARD THE BROCK.

WHEN he heard these complaints of the coney and the rook, the king's eyes darted fire amidst the beams of his majesty, so that his countenance was dreadful, and cruel to behold. At length he spoke: "By my crown, and the truth I evermore owe to the queen my wife, I will revenge these outrages committed against my dignity, until virtue shall again adore me, and the wicked shall die with the remembrance: his falsehood and flattery shall no more deceive me.

"Is this his journey to Rome, and to the Holy land? Are these the fruits of his scrip, and staff, and other ornaments becoming a devout pilgrim? Well, he shall find the reward of his treasons; though it was all owing to the queen's persuasion; nor am I the first that has been deceived by that soft gender, since many great spirits have fallen through their enticements." This said, he commanded all the nobles and worthies of his court, to assist him with their counsel, how best to avenge the insults offered to the royal dignity, that every offender might know and feel the heavy price of his unjust actions.

Isegrim and Bruin, hearing the king's words, were

greatly delighted, and hoped to satiate their full revenge upon Reynard; yet still they kept silence. The king observing them mute, as if all were afraid of giving their opinions, he began to hang his head. But the queen, after solemn reverence, said: "Sir, it is not the part of any excellent wisdom to believe or protest any thing, until the matter be made apparent: neither should the wise turn both their ears to any complaint, but receive one to entertain the defence of any one accused. For many times the accuser exceeds the accused in injury; and therefore *audi alteram partem*; for it is only an act of justice. However I have erred, I had good ground for my persuasion, for whether good or bad, you have no right to proceed against Reynard, except according to the laws." When the queen had thus spoken, Firapel the leopard said: "The queen hath spoken well, and therefore let Reynard take the benefit of the laws, and first let him be summoned. If he appear not before the end of the festival, to submit to your mercy, then your majesty may proceed against him, as it shall appear best."

Isegrim the wolf replied; "Sir Firapel, for my own part, I think none of this assembly, so that it only be approved by my lord the king, can presume to oppose your counsel. Yet this I dare maintain, that however sir Reynard may feign to clear himself from these and a thousand other charges, yet I have that lodged in

my bosom which shall approve that he hath forfeited his life. But in his absence I will refrain from speech except in regard to the treasure which he has informed his majesty lies at Crekenpit in Husterloe; than which there never came falser words from the mouth of any creature, as the whole was a malicious lie to injure me and the bear; and obtain license to ravage and destroy all that approach near his castle. Nevertheless, let every thing be done in God's name, most pleasing to his majesty, and to you, sir Firapel; only I will say that if he had meant to have appeared he would have been here long before, upon the summons of the last king's messenger."

The king made answer: "I will have no other summons but that of my people's allegiance. Let all who respect mine honor equip themselves for the war, and at the end of six days appear before me with their bows, guns, bombs, pikes and halberds, some on horseback, some on foot, for I will besiege Malepardus instantly; and destroy Reynard and all his generation for ever. This if any dislike, let him turn his back that I may know him for my enemy." And they all cried with one voice, "we are ready to attend your majesty."

Grimbard the Brock, hearing this determination, grew exceedingly sorry, and stealing out of the assembly, he ran with all possible speed to Malepardus, neither sparing bush nor brier, pale or rail; and as

he went, he said to himself; "Alas, my dear uncle Reynard, into what dangers art thou fallen! only one step between thee and perdition. Well may I grieve for thee, since thou art the top and honor of our house, art wise and politic, and a friend to thy friends when they stand in need of counsel; for thy sweet language can enchant all creatures, though it will no more avail thee."

With such lamentations, Grimbard reached Malepardus, and found his uncle Reynard standing at the castle gate, eating two young pigeons which he had caught as they were first trying to fly. Beholding his nephew, he said; "Welcome, my beloved Grimbard, the most esteemed of all my kindred, surely you must have run very hard, foryou sweat exceedingly. What tidings, man? how run the squares at court?" "How?" replied Grimbard, "exceeding bad for you: you have forfeited your life, your honor, and estate. The king is up in arms, with horse and foot innumerable; and Isegrim and Bruin are in greater favour with his majesty than I am with you. It is high time you look to your safety; their envy rages against you; you are posted up as a thief and a murderer; besides Laprel the coney and Corbant the rook have made heinous complaints against you; there is no escape from death." "Tush!" said the fox, "my dear nephew, if this be the worst, let it not alarm you; come, let us be cheery and pleasant together;

What if the king and all the court swear my death? you shall live to see me exalted above them all. Let them prate and jangle together in counsel till they are tired: what boots it? Without the aid of my wit and policy, neither the court nor the kingdom can long hold together. Fear nothing, nephew, but come along with me; I have a pair of fat pigeons, which are meat of pure and light digestion. There can be nothing better, when young and tender; for they may almost be swallowed whole, their bones are little other than blood: come along I say, and my wife will receive you kindly. When we have feasted, I will go with you to court, for if I can only get to speak before his majesty, I will gall some of my enemies yet. I have only to beg that you will stand by me as one kinsman ought by another." "Doubt it not," replied Grimbard, "both my life and property shall be at your service." "I thank you, nephew, and you shall not find me ungrateful." "Sir," said the Brock, "trust boldly to this, when you appear to answer before the lords, not a hand shall dare to arrest you; for true it is, that you enjoy the favor of the queen." "Then I care not a hair for their worst malice," said the fox; "come let us go to supper!" and they entered the castle where they found Dame Ermelin and the family. "Nephew!" said the fox, "what think you of my children, Reynardine and Rossel: I hope they will do credit to our family. They promise well I assure you; for one

lately caught a chicken, and the other actually killed a pullet: they are both good duckers, and can deceive the lapwing and the mallard. I can now trust them at a distance from me, and I shall soon finish my instructions how to escape gins, and to foil all their enemies so as to leave both hounds and huntsmen at fault. In fact, they are of the right stamp, nephew, and resemble me both in countenance and quality: they play grinning, intangle soothing, and kill smiling. This is the true nature of our blood, and in this they are perfect, which is a great pride and consolation to me."

CHAP. XVI.

HOW THE FOX REPENTING HIS SINS, MAKES HIS CONFESSION, AND IS ABSOLVED BY THE GOAT.

"UNCLE," said the goat, "you may be proud you have such toward children, and I rejoice because they are of my blood." After supper was concluded, the fox willing to have time to reflect upon his new schemes, said, "I know your journey must have made you weary, nephew; you had better retire to rest." And they all slept soundly except the wily cogitating fox.

At the first dawn of day he arose, and proceeded with Grimbard towards the court; after having taken an affectionate leave of his wife and family. As they

journeyed over the heath, Reynard said, "Nephew, the accidents of this world are various and unavoidable, we are always subject, spite of the best concerted schemes, to the strokes of fortune. Since I was last shriven, I have committed many sins; therefore I beseech you, let me make my confession before you, in order that I may pass with less trouble through my worst dangers. Then I confess, it is too true that I gave the bear a grievous wound in causing him to lose part of his hide. I stripped the wolf and his wife of their shoes. I appeased the king only with lies; for I feigned a conspiracy against his majesty's life by sir Isegrim and sir Bruin, when no such idea existed; while the great treasure I reported at Husterloe, was as fabulous as the rest. I slew Kayward, and betrayed Bellin to death; I wounded and killed dame Sharpbeak, the rook's wife.

"Finally, I forgot to mention at my last shrift, a great piece of deceit which I committed; but I will reveal it now. Once, as I went talking with sir Isegrim the wolf, between Houthlust and Elvending, we beheld a goodly grey mare, grazing with a black foal by her side, which was quite fat and playful. Sir Isegrim being almost dead for hunger, intreated me to inquire whether the mare would sell her foal; to which the mare replied, that she would willingly for money. When I asked her the price, she said it was written on her hinder foot, and if I pleased, I might

come and read it. But I saw into her design, and said; 'Of a truth I cannot read, neither do I desire to buy your foal; I am only a messenger.' 'Then let the purchaser come,' said the mare, 'and I will give him satisfaction.' So I went to the wolf and told him what the mare said, assuring him he might have a bargain, provided he could read; for the price was written on the mare's foot. "Cousin,' quoth the wolf, 'I can read both Latin and Greek, English, French, and Dutch. I have studied at Oxford, and argued with many doctors. I have heard many stately plays recited, and sat in the place of judgment. I have taken degrees in both the laws, and can decypher any kind of writing.' Thus saying, the boasting blockhead proceeded to the spot, and intreated the mare to let him read the price. She held up her hind foot very politely, newly shod with strong iron, and as the wolf was inspecting, smote him so exactly upon the forehead, that she threw him head over heels, and he lay in a dead swound, as long as a man might have ridden a mile and better. This done, away trotted the mare with her colt, and left the poor wolf all bloody and wounded. When he came to himself, he howled like a dog: then went I to him, and said; 'sir Isegrim, dear uncle, how do you? have you eaten too much of the colt? Pray give me a small share, for I went on your message honestly. Surely you have outslept your dinner, good uncle! was it prose or rhime you

found written on the mare's foot? I think it must have been a song, for I heard you sing: nay, you shew your scholarship in all the arts.'

"'Alas,' cried the wolf, 'I am extremely ill hurt. Forbear to disdain me, Reynard, for the damned mare has an iron hoof upon her long leg, and I mistook the nails for letters; verily, I think my skull is cloven; she has hit me such a cursed kick just as I was reading.' 'Aye, aye, uncle,' cried I, 'the most learned clerks are not the wisest men, you know. Poor men sometimes outstrip them in judgment, and the reason is, you great scholars study so much, that you grow dull with over much labour.'

"And now, fair nephew, I have unloaded my conscience, and delivered myself of as many of my sins as I can call to remembrance. I beseech you therefore, let me receive absolution and penance, and then come what may, I am thrice armed against all dangers and mischances at court." Grimbard replied: "Your trespasses, Reynard, are great and heinous; yet what is done is done; the dead must remain dead, so I freely absolve you, upon assurance of repentance; only the contempt you shewed the king, in sending him Kayward's head, will I fear, lie heavy on your soul." "Why!" said the fox, "he that will live in the world, seeing one thing, hearing another, and learning a third, is sure to meet with affliction. No man can touch honey, but will have

to lick his fingers after. I often feel touches of repentance, but reason and our will are ever at variance; so that I often stop as if at my wit's end, and cry out against my sins, feeling that I detest them. Yet soon the world and its vanities catch me again; and when I find so many rubs and stumbling blocks in my way, together with the example of rich and crafty prelates, I am taken fast, as it were in a trap. The world first enchants me, and then fills me with covetousness; so that what with my natural disposition, with the flesh and the devil, I have enough to do. If I gain ground one day, I lose my good resolution the next; thus I assure you, nephew, I am sometimes a saint; and at others I am only for hell and wickedness. For I hear priests singing, piping, laughing, playing, and making all kinds of mirth; and I find their words and actions totally at variance. From them I learn my lying, and from lords at courts my flattery: for of a truth, lords, ladies, priests and clerks, among all creatures, use most dissimulation. It is an offence to tell great men the truth; and he that cannot dissemble, cannot live. I have often heard men speak truth; yet they always adorn it with falsehoods of their own. For lies will push themselves in a way, as it were into our discourse, whether we will or no; indeed they come quite natural to us. Falsehood hath a pretty dress, which keeps always in the fashion, a fashion to flatter,

to sooth, to threaten, to pray and to curse; in fact, to do any thing that may keep the weak in subjection; and those who do otherwise, are thought simple. He that has learnt to lie and impose upon us without stammering, may do wonders: he may wear scarlet, grey, or purple, as he pleases: he shall gain both by the laws spiritual and temporal, and come off victorious in every scheme. There are many who imagine they can do it neatly, but their cunning fails them; so that when they think they have secured the fat morsels, they slip to the next trenchers. Others are blunt and foolish, and for want of method mar all their discourses; but he who can give his lie a fit and apt conclusion, can pronounce it without rattling, and make it like truth, fair and amiable, that is the man worthy of our admiration. But there is no art in speaking the truth; it never makes the devil laugh: to lie well and with a grace, to raise up wrong above right, to make mountains out of mice, and build castles in the air; to make them juggle and look through their fingers: this, nephew, is an art valuable beyond expression. Yet evermore at the close, is sure to come misery and affliction; though he who speaks always truth, shall find most rubs in his way. There are so many, that it is well, nephew, that every trespass hath its mercy, just as there is no wisdom but what at times grows dull."

"Uncle," said the goat, "of a truth, you are so wise,

that you cannot fail in any purpose; I am delighted with your precepts, though they surpass my understanding. There is no longer need that you be shriven; for yourself may play both the priest and the confessor; such is your experience of the world, that it is impossible for any man to stand up against you."

With these and similar conversations, they held on their journey towards the court. Yet the fox's heart, in spite of all his fair shew, was sad and heavy, while the smiles of hope and confidence were in his face. He passed without any apparent agitation through the press of the court, even till he came into the king's presence, while his nephew whispered him at his side: "Bear yourself bravely, dear uncle, for fortune is ever enamoured of the brave." "You say true," cried the fox, as he went on, casting disdainful looks on those whom he did not like, as much as to say: "Here I am; what dare the proudest of you object against me?" He beheld many of his kindred whom he loved not, and many too, who loved him. As soon as he was come in full view of the king, he fell down on his knees, and spoke as follows.

CHAP XVII.

HOW REYNARD THE FOX MADE HIS DEFENCE BEFORE THE KING, AND THE KING'S ANSWER.

"MAY that divine power from which nothing can be hidden, save the lord my king, and my sovereign lady the queen, and give them grace to know who has right, and who has wrong; for there are many false shews in the world, and the countenance betrays not the heart. Yet I wish it were openly revealed, and that every creature's trespass stood written on his forehead, although it cost me the uttermost of my substance; or that your majesty knew me as well as I do myself, and how I devote myself early and late, to your majesty's service. To this I owe the malice of my enemies, who envy me your majesty's grace and favour. I have indeed, cause to cry shame upon those who have so deadly belied me; yet I know that my sovereign lord and lady will not be imposed upon by their malicious falsehoods. Your majesties will consider all things according to the right of your laws: it is only justice I look for, and desire that the guilty may feel the full weight of his punishment. Believe me, dear lord, it shall be seen before I leave your court, who I am: one, who though he cannot flatter, will shew his face with unshrinking eye, and an unblemished forehead."

All that stood in the royal presence were amazed, and looked at each other, when the fox spoke so boldly. But the king with a stately countenance, replied: "Sir Reynard, I know you are expert in fallacies; but words will no longer avail you. I believe this day will be the last of your glory and your disgrace; therefore I will not chide you much, because I intend you shall live so short a time. The love you bear me, has been shewn to the coney and the rook; your reward shall be a short life on earth. There is an ancient saying: 'A pot may go long to the water, but will come home broken in the end:' and your crimes though so long successful, shall now pay the penalty with death."

At these words, Reynard was stricken with fear, and wished himself far away; yet he found he must put the best face upon it, whatever fortune might betide. He therefore said: "My sovereign lord; it is but justice that you hear me, in answer to my accusers, for were my faults more heinous than any can make them, equity calls for a hearing from the accused. I have done the state some service with my counsels, and may do so still. I have never deserted your majesty in emergencies, when others shrunk from your side. If my enemies then utter slanders, have I not a right to complain. It was once otherwise, and time may bring round the old course, for the actions of good

servants ought not to be forgotten. I see here many of my kindred and friends, who now make no account of me, but can venture to deprive you of the best servant you possess. Had I been guilty, should I have dared to have made my appearance thus voluntarily, in the very throng and press of my enemies. That would have been madness, indeed, more especially when I was at full liberty; but heaven be thanked I know my enemies, and dare encounter them, innocent as I am. Had I not laboured under the censure of the church, I would have sooner appeared; but when my uncle brought me the tidings, I was wandering sorrowfully on the heath, where I met my uncle Martin, the ape, who far exceeded any other priest, in his pastoral duties, having been chaplain to the bishop of Cambrick, these nine years. Seeing me in such great agony of heart, he said: 'Why so heavy in spirit, dear cousin! and why is your countenance so sad? Think grief is easy to carry when the burden is divided among many friends.'

"I answered: 'You say true, dear uncle, such is indeed my fortune: not that I am guilty, yet sorrow is heaped upon me without cause. Those whom I ranked among my best friends, accuse me; as you will hear. Lately at the feast of Whitsuntide, when I was keeping fast; a time we must prepare our hearts, 'Et vos estote parati,' you know; in

came Laprel the coney, and refreshed himself along with the children. My youngest son Rossel came to take away what he left, for the nature of children is ever eating and craving, when the coney smote him on the mouth till his teeth bled. The little fool fell down in a swoon, on seeing which, Reynardine my eldest son ran at the coney, caught him by the ears, and would questionless have slain him, had I not come to his rescue. I then gave my son correction for his fault; but Laprel hastened to the king, and accused me of having sought to destroy him. Thus am I unjustly accused and brought into danger; I who have most occasion to accuse others. Not long after came Corbant the rook, flying to my house with a sad noise, and on demanding what ailed him, he said: 'Alas my wife is dead. There was a dead hare full of moths and vermin, lying on the heath, of which she has eaten so much that the worms have gnawed her throat asunder.' And having said this, away he flew, and reported forsooth, that I had slain his wife; though she flies in the air, and I walk on foot. Thus, dear uncle, you see how I am slandered, but it is perhaps, for my old sins, and therefore I bear it with more patience.' Then my nephew the ape said: 'You shall go to court, and disprove their falsehoods.' 'Alas uncle,' I replied, 'the archdeacon has

laid under the pope's curse, because I advised the wolf to forsake his holy orders, when he complained that he was unable to endure that strict life and so much fasting. Of this advice I now repent me, since he has repaid my love with nothing but malice, and stirring his majesty against me with all the worst slanders he can invent. In fact, dear uncle, I am brought to my wit's end, for as I must hasten to Rome for absolution, what injuries may happen to my wife and children in my absence, through the malice of such bloody-minded wretches as the wolf? Were I but quit of the pope's curse, I could go to court, and pleading my own cause might turn their malice against themselves."

"'Then pray, cousin,' replied the ape, 'cast off your sorrow, for I am experienced in these matters, and know the way to Rome well. For I am called the bishop's clerk, and I will hasten thither and enter a plea against the archdeacon, trusting, in spite of him, to bring you a well sealed absolution from the pope. Why, man, I have many great friends; as my uncle Simon and others, Pen-stout, Wait-catch, and the rest, all of whom will stand by me. Nor will I go unfurnished with money, for the law has no feet to walk on without money. A true friend is known in need, and you shall find me one without difficulty, so cast aside your grief, I say, and proceed to court, as I will now do, on your behalf to Rome. Meanwhile I

absolve you of all your sins and offences; and on reaching court you shall meet there Dame Rukenard my wife, her two sisters and our three children, besides others of the family. Salute them from me, and explain what has passed. My wife is prudent, I know her to be faithful, and like me, she will never leave her friends in danger. Yet should your affairs require it fail not to dispatch me tidings; and there is not an enemy, from the king and queen to the lowest of their subjects;—not an enemy of yours, but shall instantly be placed under the pope's curse. Such an interdiction shall be issued against the whole kingdom, that no holy or royal duty shall be performed till you be restored to right and justice.

"'This, he continued, 'rest assured, I can easily perform, for his holiness is very old, and little esteemed, while Cardinal Pare-gold bears all the sway in the country, being young and rich in many friends. Besides he has a mistress of whom he is so greatly enamoured, that he denies her nothing which she demands. This lady is my niece, and will do whatever I request her; so you may go boldly to the king, and charge him to do you justice, cousin, which I know he will, as he understands that the laws are made for the use of all men.'

"When I heard him speak thus, please your majesty, I smiled, and with great joy came hither to relate the truth. Therefore if your majesty or any

lord within this court, can charge me with any trespass whatsoever, and prove the same by testimony, as the law requires, or will otherwise oppose himself to me person to person; grant me but a day and equal lists, when I will maintain my innocence in combat, provided he be my equal in birth and degree. This is a law that has never been put aside, and I trust that in me, for me, or by me, it shall not now be broken."

The whole of the assembly stood dumb and amazed at hearing these words, not expecting so much boldness. As for the coney and the rook they stood so scared that they durst not speak, but stole away privately out of court. When they had gone a little way they said, "This devilish murderer has such art in his falsehood, that no truth has any chance of contending with it. It is far better for us to save ourselves while there is yet time."

Sir Isegrim the wolf, and Bruin the bear, were very sad when they saw these two desert the court: while the king said, "If there be any who would impeach the fox, let him step forth, and he shall be heard. Yesterday we were laden with complaints; where are they to-day? behold here is the fox ready to answer for himself." "My sovereign lord," said the fox, "absence makes impudent accusers bold when the accused's presence daunts them as your majesty sees. O, what it is to trust to the malice of these cowards! and how soon they may confound good

men. As for me it matters not, only had they asked me forgiveness, I had quickly cast all their offences behind me, for I will never more complain of my enemies; my revenge I will safely confide to Heaven, and justice to your majesties." Then said the king, "Reynard, you speak well, if the inward heart resembles the outward shew; but I fear your grief is not so great as you express it." "It far surpasses it, sire," replied the fox sorrowfully. "No!" quoth the king, "for I must charge you with one false treason: When I had pardoned all your sins and offences, and you promised to go a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; when I had furnished you with scrip and staff and all things requisite to the holy order, you shewed your utter contempt of them by sending back with Bellin the ram the head of Kayward, a thing so wholly reflecting upon my honour, that no treason could be fouler. This you cannot affect to deny, for Bellin my chaplain at his death made known the whole transaction, and the same penalty which he then paid shall now fall to your share."

On hearing this sentence Reynard grew sore afraid and scarcely knew what to say. He looked with a woeful countenance upon all his kindred who stood round him; his color went and came; but none lent either hand or foot to help him. The king then said, "Oh, thou false dissembling traitor, why art thou thus struck dumb?" The fox being full of

anguish, heaved a deep sigh, as if his heart was breaking; so that all the beasts present except the wolf and bear truly pitied him. Dame Rukenard in particular shed tears, and being a great favorite of the queen she took up the fox's defence, in so eloquent and pathetic a strain as to melt the hearts of all present, not excepting the king. The queen then followed her favorite friend the ape's wife, until observing the relenting mood of his sovereign, the fox, who had flattered himself with this result, proceeded to clench the nail and strike the iron while it was hot.

CHAP. XVIII.

HOW REYNARD APOLOGISED FOR KAYWARD'S DEATH, AND ANSWERED ALL OTHER IMPUTATIONS, BESIDES RECOVERING THE KING'S FAVOR BY AN ACCOUNT OF CERTAIN JEWELS.

THEN Reynard again held up his head, and said: "Alas, my sovereign lord, what is that you said? Is good Kayward the hare then dead? where then is Bellin the ram? These are strange tidings I hear. What did Bellin bring to your majesty at his return? for my part I delivered him three rich inestimable jewels, which I would not have detained from your majesty for all the wealth of India. One of them was directed for my lord the king, the other two for

my sovereign lady the queen." "Yet I received nothing" said the king, "but the head of poor murdered Kayward, for which I executed my chaplain the ram instantly, as he confessed the crime to have been done by his advice and counsel." "Can this be true?" cried the fox; "then woe is me, that ever I was born: the finest jewels that ever were possessed by any earthly prince are lost and gone. I had rather have died before your majesty should be thus defrauded; and I know that it will be the death of my wife, she will never more put trust in me." "Dear nephew," cried the ape's wife; "let them go! why sorrow thus after transitory wealth; if you will give us a description of them it will be just as good, and from that we may perhaps be able to find them. If not we can order the magician Alkarin to consult his books, and search all the corners of the earth. Besides, whosoever detains them shall be cursed in all parishes until he shall restore them to the king's majesty."

"But whom," said the fox, "shall we trust in this corrupt age, when even sanctity itself walks masked and in disguise?" Then heaving another deep sigh to gild his dissimulation, he proceeded. "Now listen all of you belonging to my stock and lineage, for I will describe what these jewels were, of which both the king and myself have been defrauded. The first of them intended for his majesty, was a ring of fine and pure gold, and within it, next the finger, were engraven

letters enamelled with azure, and labels, containing three Hebrew names. For my own part I could neither read nor spell them; but Abron of Trete, the excellent linguist, who knows the nature of all manner of herbs, animals, and minerals, assured me that they were those three names which Seth brought out of Paradise when he presented his father Adam with the oil of mercy. Whoever shall wear these three names about him shall never be hurt by thunder or lightning, neither shall any kind of witchcraft have power to charm him, he shall not be tempted to any sin (would each of my enemies had one to wear) neither will heat or cold ever annoy him. Upon it was enchased a most precious stone of three divers colors. The first like red chrystal, glittering with fire, and that with such brightness, that if one had occasion to journey by night, the light thereof was as great as that at noonday. Their color was a clear burnished white, the virtue of which would cure any blemish or soreness in the eyes; also by stroking the grieved part, all manner of swellings, head-aches, or any sickness whatever, whether of venom, weakness of stomach, cholic, stone, strangury, fistula or cancer, either outwardly applied as before shewn, or inwardly by steeping the stone in water and swallowing it. Again as far as one bore it fasting, into whatever company the wearer went it would make him infinitely beloved; and if he should be exposed naked in a vast

wide field, against an hundred armed enemies, yet should he stand firm and come off with honor and victory. Yet he must be nobly bred, and of no churlish disposition; as the ring confers no virtue upon any who is not a true gentleman. Now all these virtues considered, I thought myself quite unworthy to keep it; therefore I sent it to you, my lord the king, knowing you to be the most excellent of all living beings, and one on whom all his subjects' lives depend, most fit to be guarded then by so rich a jewel.

"This ring I found in my father's treasure; and also a comb, and a glass mirror, which my wife begged to have. They were both jewels of great worth, and these were intended for the queen, because of the grace and mercy she extended towards me. The comb was made of the bone of a noble beast called Panthera, which lives between the greater India and earthly Paradise. He is so beautiful, that he partakes of all the loveliest hues under heaven; and the smell of him is so sweet and wholesome, that the very savour cures all infirmities. He is the physician of all animals that follow him; he has one fair bone broad and thin, in which when slain, are contained the whole virtues of the animal. It can never be broken nor consumed by any of the elements; yet it is so light that a feather will poize it, and it will receive a fine polish. The comb then re-

sembles fine silver; the teeth are small and straight, and between the great teeth and the small, there is engraven many an image very cunningly wrought and enamelled about with fine gold. The field is chequered with sables and silver, and therein is contained the story how Venus, Juno, and Pallas contended for the golden ball upon mount Ida, and how Paris was to present it to the fairest of them.

"Paris, at that time, was a shepherd, and fed his flocks along with Onone on that hill; and first Juno promised that if he would bestow it upon her, she would make him the richest man in the world. Pallas said, that if she might have it he should become the wisest among all mortals, and the most fortunate against his enemies. But Venus said, 'What boots wealth, wisdom, or valour; art thou not Priam's son and Hector's brother, who sway all Asia---art thou not one of the heirs of mighty Troy? Give me the ball, and I will give thee the sweetest creature the world can boast, the fairest lady of all breathing; she whose like no sun shall ever more behold. Thus thou shalt be richer than with riches, and tower above all in pride. Thine will be wealth none can praise too much; since such beauty is that heavenly elixir which turns all things into delight.'

"Then presently Paris gave her the ball, confirming her the fairest among the goddesses; and another place was figured, shewing how he won Helen, and brought

her to Troy, with the solemnity of the marriage, the honour of the triumphs, and all else appertaining to that grand story.

"Now for the mirror, it was not inferior to either of the preceding; for the glass was of such rare virtue that men might see and know whatever was done within a mile; whether the actions of animals or any thing he should desire to know. Whoever gazed therein, was cured of every malady; and indeed so manifold were its virtues that wonder not if I shed tears over its loss. The value of the wood far exceeded that of gold, greatly resembling the wood Hebenus, of which king Crampart made a horse, for love of the most beautiful daughter of king Morcadiges. This horse was so artfully constructed, that whoever rode on it might speed above an hundred miles in less than an hour; which Clamades the king's son proved to his cost. Not believing in it, and being strong and lusty, he leaped upon the horse, when Crampart turning a pin that was fixed in the breast of the engine, it went through the palace windows like a shot, and carried him ten miles at least the first minute. At this miracle, Clamades was much affrighted, and imagined, as the story goes, that he should never return again: but what was at length his infinite joy, when he had learned to guide and manage the wonderful beast!

"Strange histories in gold and silver were decy-

phered on the wood with sables, yellow, azure and cynope, all which colors were very curiously interlaid with each other, and the words under each history were so finely engraven and enamelled, that any man might read the whole story. In truth the world never produced a thing of greater worth, lustre, or pleasure. In the upper part stood a horse in his natural glory, fat, fair, and fiery, which vied with a stately hart that run before him. Finding he could not overtake the hart, at which he was filled with disdain, he went to a herdsman near at hand, and told him that if he would help him to take a hart, he should have the profit of it; horns, skin, and flesh. Then the herdsman asked him what means he should use to get him. The horse said, 'Mount upon my back, and I will bear you after him, till we have tired him down.' The herdsman accepted the offer, and bestriding the horse, pursued the deer. But he fled so fast, and gained so much ground, that the horse grew weary and bade the herdsman alight, for he would rest him awhile. 'No,' the herdsman said; 'I have a bridle on thy head and spurs on my heels; so thou art now my servant, neither will I part with thee, but govern thee as seems best to my pleasure.' Thus the horse brought himself into thraldom, and was taken in his own net; for no creature has a greater adversary than its own envy, and many while aiming at the downfall of others, fall upon their own ruin.

"In another part was represented the story of my father and Tibert the cat, how they travelled together, and had sworn by their troth, that neither for love nor hate would they desert each other. It happened as they were journeying along, they encountered hunters coming over the fields with a pack of hounds at their heels, from which they both fled apace. Then said the fox, seeing their lives in danger, 'Tibert, whither shall we turn, for the hunters have espied us? for my part, I have a thousand wiles in readiness, and as long as we keep together, we shall have no need to fear them.' But the cat began to sigh, and was sore afraid; 'Alas,' he said, 'I have only one, and that must help me at my need;' and with that, he clambered up a tree, leaving my noble father in the lurch; who then fled with a whole kennel at his heels, and hunters crying, 'kill the fox, kill the fox.'

"Tibert also mocked my father, saying: 'Now, cousin, it is high time to try your hundred wiles; for if your wit fail you, I fear your whole body will perish.' My father was much hurt at these reproaches from a friend in whom he trusted, only he had not time to listen to them. For the dogs were so close upon him, that had he not luckily met with a hole at hand, it must have gone hard with him. You may thus see the false faith of the cat, like whom there are many living at this time, and though this might

well excuse me from loving the cat, my soul's health and charity bind me to the contrary, and I wish him no harm, though I confess his misfortunes would not grieve me.

"On the same mirror was written the history of the wolf; how he found a dead horse upon the heath, whose flesh being eaten away, he was fain to gnaw the bones. Swallowing them too hastily, one stuck across his throat, and almost choked him. In this extremity, running and crying every where for a surgeon to ease his torments, in the end he met with the crane, and besought him with his long neck and bill, to help him, and he would give him great rewards. Believing him, the crane put in his long neck quite down his throat, and brought up the long bone. At this pull, the wolf started and howled out: 'How you hurt! but I forgive you, if you will not do it again.' Then the crane said, 'sir Isegrim, be joyous and frolick, you are whole. I only look for the promised reward.' 'How!' cried the wolf! 'what impudence is this? I suffer, and have cause to complain, yet you want to be rewarded. Do you forget that your head was in my mouth, and yet that I spared your life. Yes, though you put me to great pain, I allowed you to take your head out again. You are ungrateful; it is I who ought to call for some reward.'

"These three rarities I vowed to send to your

majesties, and could think of no better messengers than Kayward the hare and Bellin the ram. Little did I then imagine that good Kayward was so near his end. Yet I will search the whole world, but I will find the murderer; for murder cannot be hid. It may be, he is in this presence who knows what is become of Kayward, although he conceal it, for many devils walk like saints. Yet the greatest wonder of all is, and which troubles me most, that my lord the king should say that my father, and not I myself, ever did good. But weighty affairs may well produce forgetfulness in kings, or your majesty might call to mind how when the king your father lived, and you were a prince not above two years old, my father came from the school at Montpelier, where he had studied the art of physic five years, and became so expert in all its principles, and so famous in these days, that he wore clothes of silk and a golden girdle. Now when he arrived at court, he found the king in great extremity, which grieved him, for he loved the old king your father; and the king rejoiced at his presence, and would not suffer him to quit his side. He said, 'Reynard, I am exceeding sick, and I feel my sickness increasing.' My father answered, 'My lord, here is an urinal; as soon as I behold the color of your kidneys, I will give you my opinion of the state you are in.' The king did as he was advised, for he trusted not any equal to him. Then said my

father, 'My best lord, if you will be eased of your disorder, you must needs take the liquor of a wolf of seven years old, or else your disease is incurable.'

The wolf at that time happened to stand by your father, but said nothing: whereupon the king observed: 'Sir Isegrim, you hear there is nothing which can cure me besides your liquor.' The wolf replied: 'Not so, my lord, for I am not yet full five years old.' 'It is no matter,' answered my father; 'let him be opened, and when I see the liquor, I will tell you if it be medicinable.' The wolf was then carried howling to the kitchen, and his liquor extracted, which the king took, and was soon cured of his disorder. Then the king thanked my father, and commanded all his subjects upon pain of death, from that hour to give him the title of sir Reynard, presenting him with the castle of Malepardus and the neighbouring warrens, besides a number of orders and titles to boot. Yet he still abode with the king, and was consulted in all things; he was presented with a garland of roses to wear like a crown upon his head. But the remembrance of his services is all past and gone, and his enemies are advanced—virtue is trampled, and innocence lies in sorrow. For when baseness and avarice are made masters, they neither know themselves, nor consider the lowliness whence they sprung. They have no hearts for pity, nor ears for the poor man's cause. Gold is the goal they run to,

and gifts the god which they worship. What great man's gate does not look towards covetousness;—where is not rank flattery entertained;—and what prince takes hate at his own praises?

"This was, my lord, an accident which befell in your youth and you may easily forget it; yet, without boasting, I think I may say, I, as well as my father, have consulted your honor and service. Far be it from me to repeat these things, I would not upbraid your majesty who are always worthy of more than I can render – my uttermost is but the rent of a loyal subject, which I am ever bound by the laws of God and nature to pay. But I must say that so it was, when the wolf and I together had gotten a swine under us, and on account of his extreme loud crying were compelled to bite him to death; at that time your royal self came out of a grove, and saluted us saying: that you and the queen your consort, were both exceeding hungry, and intreated of us to give you part. Isegrim murmured something, but I spake out aloud: 'With all my heart, my lord, and were it better than it is, it were too mean for your deserts.' But Isegrim taking half of the swine went grumbling away.

"This, and many such actions as this, I have done for your majesty's sake—too painful to repeat. They are all expunged from memory; but time and my loyalty, will one day, I trust, recall them. I have

seen the day when no affair of moment was transacted at court without my concurrence; and though the same policy and judgment are not now so highly prized; circumstances may bring them into action with the same reputation as heretofore; as long as I aim only at justice. For if any one can assert or prove the contrary, here I stand to endure the worst the law can inflict. But if malice only slander me, without witness, I crave the combat according to law and usage of the court." "Then," said the king, "Reynard, you say well: and nothing know I of Kayward's death save the bringing of his head hither by Bellin the ram; and so I acquit you of that savage deed." "My dear lord," said the fox, "I humbly thank you, yet I cannot so easily pass over his death. I remember how heavy my heart felt at his departure, which I take to be a certain presage of the loss which subsequently happened."

These words, and the sad looks of the fox amazed all the beholders, insomuch that they could hardly refuse to believe what he had said, and in fact every one lamented his loss and pitied his sorrow.

The king and queen were the most affected of any, and then intreated him that he would make diligent search for the discovery of those precious jewels, his praises having excited the royal curiosity and avarice beyond measure. And because he affirmed that he had intended those rare articles for them, though

they never so much as saw them, yet they gave him as great thanks as if they had been in their safe possession, (so gratified was their vanity) and they desired that he would use all means to recover them.

CHAP. XIX.

HOW REYNARD MADE HIS PEACE WITH THE KING, AND HOW ISEGRIM THE WOLF ACCUSED HIM AGAIN.

Sir Reynard understood their meaning exceeding well, and, though he little meant to perform what they intreated, he thanked the king and queen, vowing not to rest, either night or day, until he had found what was become of those precious jewels. He beseeched his majesty that if they should be concealed in places where entrance was forbidden by force, his majesty would assist him, as their discovery so nearly concerned him. The king replied, "That as soon as it should be known where they were, no help or assistance should be wanting." Having thus obtained all the success he aimed at by his false tales and flattery, he thought he might go whither he pleased, and that none would dare to oppose him. But sir Isegrim had stood by the whole of this time infinitely displeased, and no longer able to restrain his anger, he cried: "Oh, my dread lord, is it possible your majesty should be so weak and credulous, as to credit the

falsehoods of this arch impostor. They are only shadows and chimeras which he holds out to mislead you; but be not deceived by him, he is a wretch covered with blood and treason, and he mocks and scoffs your majesty to your face. But I am glad we are here together in your royal presence, and I intend to ring such a peal of justice over his head that all the lies he can invent, shall not bear him away with safety.

"Not long since, this smiling but bitter-hearted traitor persuaded my wife that he would teach her how to catch fish—as many as she pleased. It was one cold winter's morning; and having first made a hole in the ice, he told her that if she would let her tail hang in the water a good while, numbers of fish would come and seize hold of it, when she might easily pull them upon land. This the simple fool did; and stood there so long that her tail was frozen hard to the ice, so that all the force she had, was not able to pull it out. Well might she shriek, cry, and feed upon the brine of her own tears, but all to no purpose, had I not providentially been passing near. So I went unto her with much sorrow and heaviness, having a world of labour ere I could break the ice about her, and in despite of all my cunning, yet she was compelled to leave a piece of her tail behind her; and, indeed, we both escaped hardly with our lives. For by reason of her great anguish, she barked so

loud, that the people of the next village rose up, and so fiercely assaulted us, that I never was in so desperate a taking. Thus, my gracious lord, you have heard how this traitor hath used us, and against the same we crave the right of your law and justice."

At this serious charge sir Reynard answered and said: "If this were true, I confess it would touch me near in honour and reputation; but God forbid that such a slander should be proved against me. I confess I did teach her to catch fish, but her greediness so transported her when she heard me name it, that she ran among the pieces of ice without any direction, and stopping too long she was frozen, though she had eaten as much as would have satisfied twenty reasonable beings; but it is a general saying 'that have all will miss all;' and so the lady got fastened in the ice. I was employed in charitably lending her my assistance; when up came the furious Isegrim, and most basely slandered me. At the same time he cursed bitterly, instead of thanking me for my goodness; and more to avoid his blasphemy than his threats I went my way. Truth is my badge, and hath ever been the device of all my ancestors, and if any scruple my assertion, I require but eight days' liberty, that I may confer with my learned counsel, when I will with oath and testimony make good my words. As for sir Isegrim, what have I to do with him? it is already known that he is an abandoned

notorious villain, false both to heaven and your majesty, and now his own words witness that he is a base slanderer. Let the matter be referred to his wife—if she accuse me, let me be held guilty; provided she be not overawed by the tyranny of her husband."

"Villain," cried sir Isegrim, "recollect when you fell to the bottom of the well, and lay in peril, my wife hearing thee moan ran to assist thee. Then thou didst persuade her to lower herself down by the bucket into the well, leaping at the same time into that hanging by the other pulley at the bottom, when thou being lighter than she, didst reach the top and she fell heavily to the bottom. When she complained: you only said; 'Nay, it is but the fashion of the world: as one comes up, another must get down;' and so saying, you leaped out of the bucket and ran away." To this the fox replied; "I had rather you should have been there than myself, for you are stronger and better able to endure hunger. At that hour of necessity both of us could not escape; and I taught your wife wisdom and experience, that she should neither trust friend nor foe, when our own peril is in question; for nature teaches us to love our own welfare, and he who does not is crowned with nothing but the title of folly."

CHAP. XX.

HOW ISEGRIM PROFFERED HIS GLOVE TO REYNARD TO FIGHT WITH HIM, WHICH REYNARD ACCEPTED: AND HOW RUKENARD ADVISED THE FOX TO BEAR HIMSELF IN THE FIGHT.

SIR ISEGRIM waxing very wroth, answered the fox: "Villain as thou art, thy mocks and scorns I despise, but thy injuries I will not bear. You say you have helped me in my need, when I was almost dead with hunger, but thou liest in thy throat. You never gave me better than a bare bone, after you had gnawed it well yourself. This you say, to injure my reputation, and again, you accuse me of treason against the king, for the sake of thy false treasures at Husterloe, besides having injured and slandered my wife, which will continue to stain our name until we are avenged. Therefore look no longer for escape; here, before my lord the king, and you my noble friends and kinsmen, I affirm and will approve to the last drop of my blood, that thou Reynard the Fox, art a false traitor and murderer, as I will make good upon thy body within the lists of the field, until our strife shall have a fatal end, body to body, and life to life. Witness for me here, I cast down my glove, which I dare thee to take up, that I may have right for my injuries, or die like a recreant and coward."

Reynard was somewhat perplexed when it came

to this; he knew himself much too weak for the wolf, and feared to come off with the worst. But suddenly recollecting the advantage he had in the wolf's fore claws being pulled off, and which were not yet healed, he mustered courage to reply: "Whoever says that I am a false traitor and murderer, lies in his throat, especially Isegrim above all others. Poor fool, thou art ending the affair as I would have it; in proof of which I take up thy gage and throw down mine, to prove thou art a liar and traitor, as of old."

This said, the king received their pledges, and admitted the battle, commanding each to put in his surety that the combat should be tried on the morrow. Then stepped forth the bear and the cat, and became sureties for the wolf; and for the fox appeared Grimbard the brock, and Betelas. When all ceremonies were finished, the ape's wife taking Reynard aside, said: "Nephew! I beseech you, look to yourself in this battle, be bold and wise. Your uncle taught me once a prayer of singular virtue for any combatant; which he learnt from that excellent scholar and clerk, the abbot of Budelo. If you utter that prayer with great devotion, fasting, you shall never be utterly vanquished, however hard pressed in the field. Therefore, good nephew, be not afraid; for to-morrow I will read it to you fasting; and the wolf shall never prevail." Reynard, grateful as he

said, for her favours, swore that his quarrel was good and honest, and that he had no doubt of his success. The whole of that night he tarried with his kinsmen, who sought to amuse him with pleasant discourse. Dame Rukenard was still suggesting something for advantage in the approaching battle; and she persuaded him to have the whole of his hair shaved off, from head to tail, and afterwards anointed his body over, with olive oil. This made him so smooth and slippery, that the wolf could scarcely hope to keep his hold; besides, he was round and plump, which was also much to his advantage. She next advised him that night to drink exceeding much, that he might be more able to blind his enemy in the morning, but by no means to waste his ammunition till he came to close quarters in the field. "Then when you see the moment, take your bush tail, and strike it well in the villain's eyes, until you have quite perplexed and blinded him. But in the intervals keep your bush between your legs, as close as you can, lest he catch you by it, and level you with the ground. Take sharp heed at first to shun his blows: elude them, nephew, and make him toil and sweat after you in vain. Lead him where there is plenty of dust, and having first besprinkled him, kick up the dust in his eyes with your heels. Then take your advantage when he can no longer see, and smite and bite him most mischievously, still con-

tinuing to mystify both his sight and understanding, by brushing him in the face from time to time. Thus put him to the torture till you have quite wearied him out; and fear not, for though he be strong and stout, his heart is little and weak. This, nephew, is my advice; art prevails as much as courage; therefore look to it, and think how much wealth, honour, and reputation you may reap, both for yourself and family, by accomplishing this great feat. Now for the charm which I learnt from your uncle Martin, and which will help to make you invincible, it is as follows: Then laying her hand upon his head: she cried, "Blaerd, Ihay, Alphenio, Rasbue, Gorsons, Arsbuntro. There, nephew, now you are free from all powers of mischief and danger whatsoever. Go then to rest, for it is near day, and some sleep will make your body the better disposed for action, on the great and eventful morrow."

The fox gave her infinite thanks, saying, she had bound him to her a servant for ever, and that he felt entire confidence in the excellent rules she had laid down. He then laid himself down to rest, under a green tree on the grass, till it was sun-rise, when the otter came to awake him, saying he had brought him a fat young duck to eat. "I have toiled all this blessed night," he said, "to get this present for you, dear cousin, which I took from a feeder. Here, take and eat it, for it will give you vigour and cou-

rage." The fox thanked him kindly, and said it was lucky hansel, assuring his friend, that if he survived that day, he would requite it. Reynard then eat the duck without bread or sauce, except his hunger, and to it he drank four great draughts of water. He then hastened to the appointed place of action, where the lists stood, with all his kindred attending on him.

When the king beheld Reynard thus shorn and oiled, he said to him: "Well, sir Reynard, I see you are very careful of your own safety: you have little respect for booty, so you escape danger." The fox answered not a word, but bowed himself humbly to the ground before their majesties, the king and the queen, and proceeded into the field. At the same time the wolf was also ready, and stood boasting with many proud, and vain-glorious speeches. The marshals and rulers of the lists were the Libbard and the Loss. These last brought forth a book on which the wolf swore, and maintained his assertion, that the fox was a traitor and a murderer, which he would prove on his body, or be accounted a recreant.

When these ceremonies were over, the marshals of the field held them to their devoir. And then every one abandoned the lists save dame Rukenard, who stood by the fox, reminding him of the rules of battle she had given him. She bade him recollect how, when he was scarcely seven years old, he had

wisdom enough to find his way to his father's castle on the darkest night without any lanthorn, or even the light of the moon. That his experience was much greater, and his reputation for wisdom more frequent with his companions than any other; and that he ought therefore to make double exertions to win the day, which would be an eternal monument to him, and his family for evermore. To this the fox answered, "My best aunt, be assured I will do my best, and not forget a tittle of your counsel. I doubt not but my friends shall reap honour, and my foes shame by my actions." To this the ape said amen and so departed.

CHAP. XXII.

THE FIERCE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE FOX AND THE WOLF, THE EVENT, PASSAGES, AND VICTORY.

WHEN none but the combatants were left in the lists, and the signal was given, the wolf advanced towards sir Reynard with infinite rage and fury thinking to catch his enemy in his fore feet, but the fox leaped nimbly aside. The wolf then pursued him, and there began a tedious chase, on which the friends on both sides gazed with earnestness. Taking huge leaps and strides, sir Isegrim soon overtook

him, and lifting up his feet to strike, Reynard avoided the blow, and smote his adversary on the face with his tail. It told so well, that sir Isegrim was almost stricken blind; in fact, it was a complete damper, and smarted excessively. He was compelled to rest while he cleared his eyes, an advantage which Reynard did not loose; for he scratched up the dust with his feet, and threw it boldly in the eyes of his enemy, close under his nose, as he was thus employed; a feat which called forth loud applause. This dust tormented sir Isegrim worse than the brush, and he ventured to follow him no longer. His eyes smarted so sorely, that he sought to wash the dust away, at which Reynard ran in upon him, and gave him three severe wounds upon his head with his teeth, saying, "Have I bit you, sir Isegrim? I will soon bite you better. You have killed many a lamb, and many an innocent beast, and would give me the credit of it, but you shall find the price of your knavery. I am now sent to punish thy sins, and I will give thee thy absolution bravely. It is good thou use patience. I will make a hell of thy purgatory, for thy life will be at my mercy. Yet if thou wilt kneel down and crave forgiveness, confessing thyself vanquished, though thou art the vilest creature living, I will spare thy life, for such is my pity that I am loth to kill thee." These words made sir Isegrim mad and desperate, so that he could find

no vent to his fury; for his wounds bled, his eyes smarted, and his whole frame was oppressed.

In the height of his fury he raised up his foot, and hit the fox so severe a blow, that he felled him to the ground. But sir Reynard being nimble, quickly rose, and fiercely encountering the wolf, a dreadful and doubtful combat began. Ten times the wolf leaped upon sir Reynard, in the hope of catching or killing him, but his skin was so slippery and oily that he could not hold him. Nay, so extremely active was he in the fight, that when the wolf thought he had him in the surest, he would shift himself between his legs, and under his belly, each time dealing the wolf a bite, or a brush on the face with his tail, that poor sir Isegrim was almost reduced to despair.

Various wounds and bitings passed on either side, the one achieved by cunning, the other by violence, the one expressing fury, the other temperance. At length sir Isegrim enraged that the combat had continued so long, for had his feet been sound it would have been much shorter, he said to himself, "I will make an end of this fight, it is too long; and I know my very weight is enough to crush him to pieces. I am now losing my reputation in fighting with him at all." This said, he struck Reynard another severe blow upon his head, and again felled him to the ground. Ere he could recover himself and

arise, he caught the fox in his feet, and thrusting him under him, he lay upon him with his whole weight thinking to stifle him.

Now Reynard began to be seriously alarmed, while sir Isegrim's friends shouted for joy; but the fox though he ceased to joke, defended himself manfully with his claws stretched as he was upon the ground. When the wolf thus pressing and biting him, sought to put an end to his existence, the fox bit him again in the belly, and repelled his attempts at worrying him with his fore claws, so that he actually tore the skin between the wolf's eyebrows. His ears bled and one of his eyes was hanging out of his head; he howled out in great extremity, and as he was wiping his face Reynard took an opportunity of regaining his legs. But the wolf striking furiously after him again caught him in his arms, and held him fast. Never was Reynard in such straits before, and fierce was now the struggle between them. Passion made the wolf forget his smart; and griping the fox under him, he got his hand into his mouth and nearly bit it off. Then spoke sir Isegrim to Reynard: "Yield thyself vanquished, or else I will certainly slay thee; neither thy dust, thy brush, thy mocks, or any more subtle inventions shall now save thee: thou art utterly desperate." When the fox heard this, he thought there was little choice left, as either would be his ruin. But there being no time to lose, he said:

"Dear uncle, since fortune will so have it, I yield to your commands; I will travel for you to the Holy Land or any other sort of pilgrimage; yea, or perform any service most beneficial to your soul and the souls of your forefathers: I will obey you, as I would obey the king or our holy father the pope. I will hold my lands and tenements from you as well as the rest of my kindred. You shall be a lord of many lords, and none shall dare to move against you. Whatever, I catch, whether pullets, geese, partridges, or plover, flesh or fish, you, your wife and children, shall ever have the first choice. Again, we are so near in blood that nature forbids there should be any long enmity between us; and I would not have fought against you had I been sure of victory. You first appealed and then of necessity I must do my utmost, yet even in this battle I have been courteous to you and not acted as I should to a stranger; for well I know it is the duty of a nephew to spare his uncle, which you might easily perceive from my running from you. I might have often hurt you when I refused, nor are you any worse except for the blemish in your eye, for which I am sorry and wish it had not happened. I therefore humbly beseech you that you will permit poor Reynard to live; I know you might kill me, but what will that avail you, when you can never live in safety for fear of the revenge of my kindred? Temperance in wrath is an excellent thing,

while rashness is still the mother of repentance. You, uncle, I know to be valiant, wise, and discreet, you rather seek honor, peace, and good fame than blood, and revenge." To this sir Isegrim replied, "Thou infinite dissembler; thou wouldst fain be free from the badge of my servitude. It is well I understand thee, and know that if thou wert safe on thy feet, thou would'st soon forswear this submission. But all the wealth in the world shall not purchase thy ransom. For thee and thy friends I esteem them not, nor believe a word of what thou hast uttered. I am no bird for thy lime bush, chaff cannot deceive me. Thou would'st triumph bravely were I to credit thee; but know that I have wit to look both on this side and beyond thee. Thy innumerable deceits have armed me against thee; and look upon me and my wounds, and then say if thou hast spared me. Thou did'st not even give me time to breathe, nor will I now give thee time to repent in; for thou hast dishonored me in every mode thy villainy could devise."

Now whilst sir Isegrim was thus prating, Reynard was thinking how he might best get free, so thrusting his other hand which was at liberty down under his belly, he caught sir Isegrim fast between the legs, and wrung him so extremely, that he made him shriek and howl out with anguish. Then the fox drew his other hand out of his mouth, for sir Isegrim

was in such wondrous torment that he was only a few degrees from swooning, and completed the torture he was inflicting. Human nature could endure no more, sir Isegrim fell over in a deadly fit, and Reynard dragged him by the legs about the lists. He then struck, wounded and bit him in divers places, so that the whole field might behold the punishment he inflicted. Sir Isegrim's friends meanwhile were transfixed with sorrow and despair, so they went weeping and lamenting to the king, praying him to appease the combat and take it into his own hands. Their suit was granted, and the marshals Libbard and Loss, entered the lists, and told the fox that the king would speak with him, that the fight should cease, and that he would take it into his royal hands to determine; adding that his majesty did not wish to lose either of them, though the whole field had given the fox the victory.

"I humbly thank his majesty," said the fox, "and I will obey his commands, my ambition extending no farther than to be proclaimed victor. I beseech you then, let my friends come and attend me; I will do according as they advise." They answered it was reasonable, and then came forth lady Slopard, and sir Grimbard her lord, lady Rukenard with her two sisters. Next Bitelas and Fullrump her two sons, and Malicia her daughter. Hundreds more who would not have ventured, had the fox lost the battle,

to condole with him, now advanced to greet him, seeking to become his attendants, for to him who has earned honor fresh honors and graces will flock in, while losers meet only with contempt. Alas, poor Isegrim! there now followed in the train of Reynard, the Beaver, the Otter, and both their wives, Pauntecrote and Ordigale, along with the Ostrole, the Martin, and the Fitchews, the Ferret, the Squirrel, and numbers more than we can name, all because he was the victor. Many who had most bitterly complained of him, swore they were nearest of kin, and proffered their services to him with all humility. For such is the fashion of the world; he who is rich and in favor will never want abundance of friends; every one will pretend to like him, and imitate his folly and retail his falsehoods.

Accordingly there was a solemn feast proclaimed on the part of Reynard's friends, at which all kind of honors were to be heaped upon him; trumpets sounded, cornets winded their horns, and the music was followed by thanksgivings for his glorious victory. Sir Reynard received all his friends with courtesy, and returned thanks, with evident gratification and delight. He concluded by requesting their opinion whether or not he should yield his victory into the king's hands, instead of taking sir Isegrim's life? to which his faithful relation lady Slopard made answer: "Yes, by all means, cousin; it is a point of

honor, and I do not see how you can refuse." The rest agreed, and the marshals then led the way into the king's presence, escorting Reynard on each side, with trumpets, fifes and timbrels, playing as the procession went along.

When sir Reynard came before the king, he fell on his knees; but his majesty bade him rise, and said: "Sir Reynard, you may well rejoice for you have this day won signal honor. On this account I discharge you and set you free; to go whither your own pleasure leads; all former quarrels I take upon myself, and will have them well discussed by the wisest heads in the kingdom, as soon as Isegrim's wounds, if ever, shall be cured. At that time I will take care to acquaint you, and then proceed to judgment in these matters."

"Most excellent and dreaded lord, the king!" replied the fox, "I am well satisfied with every thing that shall please you; yet when I first came to your majesty's court, there were many malicious persons whom I never injured, who sought my life. They believed they should overpower me by uniting with my worst enemies, for they imagined that the wolf was more in favour with your majesty than I myself. This was the ground of their indignation, wherein they only shewed their simplicity, which was unable to avert the catastrophe that followed.

"Such men, my lord, are like a great kennel of

hounds, which I once saw standing upon a dunghill near a great lord's house, where they were waiting for what they could catch; expecting their feeders were not far off. Shortly they saw a hound run out of the lord's kitchen with a good fat rib of beef in his mouth. But the cook was in pursuit, and got so close as to throw a pail of hot scalding water upon his hind quarters, though like a stout dog, he still kept hold of his prey. His companions beholding him, said: 'O, how much art thou indebted to the good cook who has doubtless given thee that fine bone so well lined with flesh.' But the dog replied, 'You speak, friends, according to what you see;—not according as I feel. You see me with this good bone in my mouth, but you do not feel the smarting upon my buttocks. Please only to look upon me behind, and you will find the price I have paid for it.' His friends then perceived how badly he was scalded; both hair and hide were flayed clean away; and they looked aghast and sorrowful at the torment he suffered in his loins. Finding, too, he was such an unlucky dog, they renounced all farther acquaintance with him, and ran away. So likewise, my lord, do these false and unworthy beasts, when they are made lords, and gaining their desire, think they become mighty and renowned. Then they begin to grind the faces of the poor and needy, eating them up like hungry and savage hounds; for these are the dogs with bones in their mouths,

though they deserve to get their buttocks well scalded. Yet no man must dare to meddle with them, or offend them; but rather praise all their actions, while many assist them in their unlawful actions in order that they may be allowed to lick their fingers for some share of their extortions. Oh, my dear lord; how can such men walk safely while thus blindfold;—how can they expect any thing but a shameful fall, when taking such uncertain steps? Neither can we pity them when their works come to light;—perpetual curses and reproaches must follow them to their graves after their ruin is accomplished. Many of these have lost their jackets—namely their friends, like the thievish hound, and have none left to cover their misdeeds; while their former companions desert them as the whole skinned hounds did the scalded dog.

"My gracious lord, I beseech you remember this moral example; and it will no way impair the greatness of your virtues, for doubtless many of these ravenous extorting creatures are under your subjection, both in towns, cities, and great lords' houses. These are they who outface the poor; barter their freedom and privileges, and accuse them of actions of which they never dreamed:—all to make up the sum of their own private projects. But Heaven has still judgment in reserve for them, when they reach their ignominious end; for they are guilty of errors of which none can justly accuse me, or any of my kin-

dred;—we can always acquit ourselves nobly of the same. I fear no creature's accusations;—not I; for the fox will still be the fox, though a host of foes try to outswear me. For you, my dread lord, you I adore above all mortal beings; nor shall any art or devices divert me from you;—I will abide by you to the last gasp. Malice, I am aware, has belied me, and told your majesty the contrary, yet I have always disproved its accusations and so will do to the last moment of my existence"*.

CHAP. XXIII.

HOW THE KING PARDONED SIR REYNARD ALL THINGS; MADE HIM THE GREATEST LORD IN THE LAND; AND HOW HE RETURNED IN TRIUMPH HOME, ATTENDED BY ALL HIS KINDRED.

His majesty then made answer as follows: "Sir Reynard, you are one, I think, who owes me homage

* In like manner, we are informed by sir Reynard that his father, who enjoyed the high office of lord chancellor under the late lion king's reign had equally well succeeded; and even extracted sir Isegrim's liver for its medicinal property. Doubtless the chancellorship was hereditary in sir Reynard's family, and possessed by the hero of the story, as he himself declares that his father's treasury was concealed at Crekenpit near Husterloe.—*Ed.*

and fealty, if ever subject did; and long I trust I shall live to enjoy it. Here, for your past services I elect you one of my privy council. Take heed you do not shew any backsliding, or any unworthy hankering after old tricks; for I am about to place you in full power and authority as you formerly were. I hope you will administer justice equitably and truly*. For as long as you apply your policy to right views and actions, so long the court will cherish you, for you are a star whose lustre exceeds all others, especially in prying into mischief and preventing it. Remember, therefore, the moral you yourself related to me, and attach yourself to truth and equity.

"Henceforward I will be governed by your wisdom, and not any subject breathing throughout my kingdom shall offer you the least insult or injury, but I will highly resent it. This you shall proclaim through all the nation, of which you shall become chief minister;—the office of lord high chancellor I here freely confer upon you, and I know that you may reap great honor as well as profit thereby."

All Reynard's friends and kindred humbly thanked the king, when he informed them that it was much

* From this it would indeed appear that sir Reynard had before presided over the court of equity, an office from which he must have been pro-tempore suspended, owing to the heavy accusations brought against him, over which he finally triumphed. —*Ed.*

short of what he intended to do for them, at the same time advising them all to admonish Reynard to be careful of his faith and loyalty. Lady Rukenard then observed: "Believe me, my lord, we will not fail in that point; for should he fail there, of which there is no danger, we should all renounce him." The fox too thanked the king with fair and courteous words, saying, "Nay, my gracious lord and master! I am not worthy!—far from worthy of these high honors, yet I will ever study with my best service to deserve them, nor shall my best advice ever be wanting." And this said, he took his humble leave of the king, and then departed with the rest of his friends and kindred.

Meanwhile Bruin the bear, Tibert the cat, and sir Isegrim's wife, with her children, had been busily employed in conveying their vanquished relation from the field. They laid him upon soft litter and hay; covered him very warm, and dressed his wounds, to the number of twenty-three, assisted by some of the most skilful surgeons. He was exceeding sick, and his weakness was such that all sense of feeling was lost. So they rubbed and chafed him on the temples and under the eyes, till he recovered from his swoon, and howled so loud, that all stood equally shocked and amazed to hear him. His physicians instantly gave him cordials, with a sleeping draught to allay the sense of his torments; at the same time they con-

soled his wife, assuring her there was no kind of danger from his wounds, though they might long prove troublesome. So the court broke up and every beast returned to his own home.

But chief, among the departures, sir Reynard the fox took his leave of the king and queen, both their majesties requesting that he would not long be absent from them. To this he answered, that he should make a point of being ready at their service, as was his bounden duty; and not only he himself, but the whole of his friends and kindred. Then craving leave of his majesty, with all due solemnity, and smooth speech, he departed from the court.*

* And was there ever courtier flattered more bravely and successfully? He that could boast as much, might well be master of the eight liberal sciences; and no lord, whether spiritual or temporal, but would have an ear open for his pleasant language. Nor did sir Reynard die without issue, inasmuch as he has left his successors in almost all parts of the world. Indeed, he who is not in some degree allied to him in the art of simulation and dissimulation will hardly prosper as the world goes; for though he may want the fox's hair, if he have his heart, he will be pretty generally accepted.

Plain dealing is now in exile, while avarice and fraud occupy his vacant tenements; neither the pope's palace, nor the prince's court being exempted from their visits.

Money is now become the great favourite of the age, the idol of the church, and the country's worship: for it can purchase all things, defend all things, and confound all things. Thus madmen travel all over the world in pursuit of this folly and this

CHAP. XXIV.

ALONG with Reynard, all his friends and kindred, to the amount of forty, took their leave of the king, and accompanied him; being proud that he had so well sped, and stood so fair in the king's favor For now he had power enough to advance whom he best pleased, and pull down any who envied his fortune.

After a pleasant tour, sir Reynard and his friends approached the castle of Malepardus, where each in noble and courteous guise, took leave of the other, while sir Reynard himself shewed especial politeness to each and all. He thanked them for the singular love and honor he had received from them, and protested that they might always count upon him as their faithful and humble servant; bound to serve them in

fashion; and he who is not a true fox, is but a beast of low estimation, go whither he will.

This is the world's custom, and what it will at length end in, the wise man can neither judge nor imagine; only he knows that such heinous sins as falsehood, theft, murder, and ambition can never walk but hand in hand with judgment. From which I heartily pray that the hand of the Most High will defend us, and lead us to walk in those paths which are agreeable to piety and virtue. With this I conclude, as these are not fit themes for me to treat of, since at the last day, every one is sure to give an account upon his own responsibility.—*Old Eng. Comm.*

all things, as far as his life and property might be serviceable.

With these words, he shook hands, and hastened to rejoin lady Ermelin, who welcomed him home with great tenderness. To her and his children he related at large all the wonders he had gone through at court, not omitting the minutest circumstance. They all felt proud of his high fortune, and that they were so nearly related to him. Henceforward the fox spent his days with his wife and children as much as possible, with infinite joy and content. Now whoever shall aver more or less of the fox, than you have here heard, I would not have you place much reliance on his report; only this which you have already heard or read, you may believe as much as you please. Nevertheless, if any refuse, he shall not be accounted heretical and contumacious, since only he who said it, can give full credit to it, though it is certain that many in this world believe the things they have not seen.*

* Thus there are many plays both of a comic and moral kind representing matters that never were, merely for the benefit of the example; shewing how men may best shun vice and pursue virtue. In the same manner this book, containing matters of jest, may yet if seriously considered, supply much moral instruction and wisdom, well worth your consideration. Neither goodness nor good men will be found discredited; all things are spoken of generally, and every one may take his own share as his conscience shall best instruct him. If any here find himself

too like himself, let him mend his ways, and remove the resemblance, and if any other be clear, let him hold on his path, and avoid stumbling. So if any take offence or distaste, let him likewise not blame me, but the fox, inasmuch as both the language and the morals are his own. *Old Eng. Comm.*

HOWLEGLASS,

THE MERRY JESTER.*

It would be difficult to assign bounds to the popularity of this ancient representative of the practical-jokes and accomplishments of his countrymen; more especially at a period when the people were all serfs, and their hamlets laid waste by the robber knights, while they languished under the oppression of their own feudal lords. That the adventures of the "Boor's son," became thus early familiar, would appear no less from its general currency than from its repeated reprints and versions into other tongues or dialects. We are informed by M. Görres,† that Eulenspiegel

* "Der Wiedererstandene Eulenspiegel, &c. The wonderful and rare History of Thyl Owlglass, a peasant's son, who was born in the land of Brunswick, here rendered from the Saxon dialect into good High Dutch, and now newly augmented and improved, with several quaint figures, being altogether very pleasant to read, as well as adapted for pleasing instruction."

Such is the title of the popular Book of this rustic hero, as it is found in the Folksbücher of Görres.

† Account of German popular works, such as they have been preserved by accident or by merit, from the earliest period to the present. *Heidelberg*, 1807.

first appeared in 1483, in the Lower Saxon dialect, although this first edition is no longer to be met with. The earliest one now extant, is that puhlished at Augsburgh, in 4to, 1540, mentioned by Koch, and preserved in the Wolffenbuttel library. It was first translated into High Dutch, by Thomas Murner, a Franciscan friar, who flourished about the period of the reformation. From the large old edition, complete in 4to, published at Strasburg, 1543, it would seem that Howleglass took both sides of the question, and bestowed equal ribaldry and abuse upon both religious parties, turning his witticisms into an ecclesiastical channel; insomuch that, on the Lutheran side, he added ten more practical jests upon the adventures of Pope and priestcraft, to the ninety and two, his usual number. After "beating the drum ecclesiastic" alternately to the annoyance of both parties, the fame of Howleglass spread to other nations, and he assumed a French dress as early as 1559; besides being twice converted into Latin Iambics, and subsequently into other tongues. Among others, his adventures appeared in Low Dutch, 1613, at Rotterdam, under the title of "Historie van Thyl Ulenspiegel, van sin Schalcke Boeverijen, die im bedreven heeft see ghe noech lije, met schoone figuren:" History of Tyell Howleglass, of his roguish tricks and adventures, &c. But above all he seems to have proved most acceptable to the peasantry in

the interior of Switzerland, those stout genuine mountain dwellers, whose superior strength, cheerful industry, and whose whole spirit continue still so exactly congenial to the species of wit which prevails throughout the work; the same happy ribaldry, in the good sense of the word, which is conferred, and which can only be conferred, by nature.

"Bold, genuine, and characteristic humour," continues Görres, "is the stuff of which the work is composed—a national storehouse of amusement from which each successive generation has largely drawn; a true family expositor of merriment, well adapted to catch the popular ear, and keep up incessant laughter. It is quite clear from its tone and form, however rhapsodical, that the whole work is the result of a concatenation of fables, throughout different times; the representation of an entire class, of which it forms the monument, gradually raised by a combined national spirit and humor of the people, like an edifice which no single hand could possibly complete. Hence the entertainment it affords consists of the ornamental coloring and display of the people's characteristics, among whom it took its rise; we think we see, converse, and even jest with them; until we seem to join with their famous hero in his tricks and devices, and that peculiar satire and ribaldry which the German peasantry acknowledge for their own.

"Here too we have the rude untutored kind of wit, rather the result of sheer strength, and flow of spirits, than of reflection, and which is pronounced by higher authorities unseemly and low, although it really never falls into scurrility or obscenity in its jests.

"Should we even imagine we trace such a tendency, let us recollect that the comic scenes of Aristophanes, are scarcely of a higher character, and that the whole Athenian public scrupled not to hasten from the statues and temples of their Gods to enjoy the whimsical creations of the poet in all their naked power. And truly inasmuch as our contracted education has gradually brought us to an absurd degree of nicety and affectation, which in opposition to nature, pretends to blush at her gifts, while it does not abstain from indulging in quite as inelegant pursuits as those it condemns, for such our hero Howleglass would form a good antidote; and make a good ironical apostrophe to the contempt of the proud and arrogant, in order to remind them that they likewise are formed of flesh and blood, and belong to the earth."

The humor of the work, however, is not invariably of a low and rustic kind; it often rises to the rank of genuine facetiousness and wit, as in the merry adventure with the beehive; and with the twelve blind men to whom the hero pretends to give twelve florins,

"These are only a few among Howleglass's specimens of wit and worth. Indeed he represents and personifies as it were, with singular truth and felicity, the peculiarities of each rank and profession, in a rustic garb; and while he indulges throughout an ironical seriousness of expression, there is always sure to follow some cross or contradictory action, calculated to entertain us afresh.

"In this way he runs the gauntlet through all ranks of society, not even sparing courts, though he soon withdraws again from these last; he stops no where, he will engage himself to no single master, but piques himself upon being a rogue wholly upon his own account. He stands in proud opposition to the court-fool of a somewhat earlier date, never forgetting that HE is the people's fool, whom it is his office to amuse. As such he has been handed down to our own times, and though great princes have long been of opinion, that the office is now become superfluous, the people are of another opinion, and have not permitted their popular tribune with the caps and bells to lose his station. It would indeed be doing them the highest injustice in this respect, to cast the least aspersion, much more so to lay the hand of power upon their favourite fool and champion, by ejecting him from the sanctuary he has so long enjoyed. Surely no one would be so cruel as to wish to destroy the only little edifice he has dedicated to popular

merriment, amidst the innumerable temples and obelisks of pride by which it is every where surrounded."—*Görres Deutcher Folksbucher, p.* 195-200.

In regard to Howleglass himself, it is supposed that he ceased to jest about the year 1380, and his tomb-stone may be seen to this day, at Möllen near Lubeck, under a large lime tree, with its appropriate device of an owl and a looking glass, carved upon the stone. This symbol, together with his allegorical name, plainly enough betoken his want of personality; while the owl, which he advanced as his emblem, furnishes us with a pretty correct index to his character; being remarkably sly and mischievous in its way, sportive and quick-sighted, as a good mouser ought to be, and as brisk and thievish as the patron of thieves himself.

To this national eulogy upon his merits, may be added some further notice of them, contained in a very able and amusing critique upon the antiquities of nursery literature,* from which it will be seen that the fame of our light-footed hero, had early made the tour of Europe, and excited emulation wherever it went. "Howleglass stands as the leader of a merry troop; Tom Tram the son-in-law of Mother Winter, Tom Stitch the tailor, and Tom Long the carrier of the men of Gotham, follow in his train, whose penny histories, all imitated from his 'merrye

* See No. 41, of the Quarterly Review.

Jeste' are now *introuvables*. They all belong to the ancient, and noble, and widely dispersed family of Tom Fool, which has obtained such pre-eminence and dignity in church and state, throughout all Christendom. 'In the land of Sassen,' says old Copland, 'in the village of Keeling, there dwelled a man that was named Nicholas Howleglass, that had a wife named Wyneke, that laye a child bed in the same village, and that childe was born to christening, and named Tyell Howleglass. It were long to detail his fearful jokes which sometimes brought him to the gallows, yet saved him from the halter. He was buried with his coffin standing on one end, as the visitants at the abbey believe of Ben Jonson. . .'

"Our English translation of the 'Merry Jeste' of a man that was called Howleglass, and of many marvelous thinges and jestes that he did in his lyfe in Eastland; was imprinted at London in Tames streete, at the Vintre, in Three Craned Warfe, by Wyllyam Copland.

"According to the technical phrase, it was done into English from the High Dutch. There is also a Flemish translation, which, well purified from all aspersions on holy church, is now a class book in Flanders. The Flemish faithful are earnestly warned not to purchase 'The shameful edition printed at Amsterdam, by Brother Jancz, in the Burgwal, at

the sign of the 'Silver Can,' the same being calculated to vex and scandalize all good catholics."

The translation here mentioned by the reviewer, is to be found at the British Museum, and is supposed to be an unique but imperfect copy. It likewise differs in its arrangement from other translations, as appears from a French copy which professes to be a literal version from the old German, and which was communicated to the editor, by the kindness of Mr. Douce. Along with the old translation of Howleglass, appear several other ancient traditions of a more chivalric cast, such as Eglamoure of Artoys, sir Tryamoure, &c. with the still more ancient story of Virgilius, likewise imperfect. The editor is further informed by Mr. Douce, who, in his French Howleglass above mentioned, refers to all the known authorities respecting him, that there exists a set of cuts intended for the work, in some copies of Lagniet's Proverbs.—*Brunet*, ii. 28.

The introduction to the work, inserted in the old English translation of Wyllyam Coplande, with which we here conclude, as our best apology, will be found to run as follows; affording a pretty accurate criterion of its general style.

"For the great desyring and praying of my good friends; and I the first writer of this boke might not deny them; thus have I compiled and gathered

much knavishness and falseness of one Howleglass, made and done within his life, which Howleglass died the year of our Lord, M.CCCCL. Nowe I desyre to be pardoned both before ghostly and worldly, as fore high and lowe, afore noble, and unnoble. And right lowly I requyte all those who shall hear or reade this, (my ignorance to excuse.) For this fable is not only to renewe the mindes of men or women of all degrees, from the use of sadnesse, to passe the tyme with laughter or myrthe; and for because the symple knowing personnes should beware, if folks can see. Methinke it be better to passe the tyme with such a mery jeste, and laugh thereat, and doo no synne, than for to wepe and do synne. So let us heare howe Howleglass, as he was borne, was chrystened thre tymes upon one daye."

HOW HOWLEGLASS WAS THREE TIMES BAPTISED ON THE SAME DAY THAT HE WAS BORN.

In the land of Saxony, at a place called Cavelling, near the river of the same name, Howleglass was, in the first place, born. His father's name was Nicholas, and that of his mother Anne Ulbeke. They carried their son to Ampleuvent to receive baptism, and gave him the name of Thyl Howleglass. After being baptised, he was carried into a tavern, where the whole party, as in many places is the

custom, were very merry over the said child's baptism, gossips, godfather, and godmother and all.

The good cheer ended, nurse was carrying the young gentleman home again: but whether from a drop too much, or some other cause, it is certain that she tripped in crossing the bridge, and dropped with the said infant, into the water. Both would infallibly have been drowned; had they not obtained speedy assistance. As it was, however they reached the house in safety, prepared a cauldron of hot water, in all haste, and by way of antidote, gave the child a warm bath, which he required no less for the very bespattered condition he was in: (and indeed it was an awful muddy place into which both had fallen.)

By such means Howleglass was baptised three times upon the same day; once at church, once in the river, and once in a warm bath.

THE ANSWERS MADE BY HOWLEGLASS TO A MAN WHO INQUIRED HIS WAY.

One day Howleglass's parents were gone out, leaving him, while still a very little fellow, by himself in the house. It happened that a certain knight was jogging along that way, or rather out of his way, and seeing nobody, he went to the door, and thrusting himself half way through, he inquired if there were no one there? "Yes," retorted Howleglass, "there is

a man and a half, and the head of a horse; for you are half in and half out, with your horse's head: and here am I a whole man." "And where the deuce are thy father and mother, my little churl?" cried the man. "Why, my father is just gone to make bad worse, and my mother is seeking either shame or loss." The man inquired, "How so?" "Sir, my father is making a bad road worse; he is delving ditches to keep folks off his field; and my mother is gone to get a loan of some bread. Now, if she return her kind lender less (as I think) it will be a great shame, and if she cheat folk it will be worse."

The person next asked whether he could go comfortably that way? "Aye, aye; go where the goose goes," returned the lad, pointing to a flock of geese. On turning his horse's head, the man saw the geese take to the water, and he exclaimed, "Why, you rogue, the geese are flown into the pool." "You should go where the goose was then going, I say, not where she flew." To this the traveller had no answer to make, but obeyed, wondering at the subtle answers of a mere child.

HOW LITTLE HOWLEGLASS, RIDING BEHIND HIS FATHER ON HORSEBACK, SHEWED MUCH CUNNING AND MALICE.

Soon there came bitter complaints, almost every day repeated, by the neighbours, to Master Howleglass's

father, assuring him what a malicious rogue his son was; for he was wicked from the time he could walk, and even shewed his malice in the cradle. He would hide his head under the bed clothes, turn up his legs where his head should be, and make the most odd leaps and antics ever witnessed in a child. But when he had reached ten years old, his tricks grew so numerous and intolerable, and the complaints of the neighbours so loud, that his father took him roundly to task, saying, "How comes it that every body calls you such a malicious little wretch?" Howleglass, in his defence, declared that he did no body any harm, "But if you wish to be convinced, father, and believe your own eyes, let me ride behind you, on your old Dobbin: and I dare say they will still continue to find fault." So his father mounted him behind him, on the horse, and as they jogged along, Howleglass seeing some neighbours approach, pulled up his little coat behind, as a salutation to them as they passed. "There's a malicious little knave for you," they cried aloud, as they went by; upon which the urchin said to his father, "You see I did them no harm, and yet they will call me nick names."

His father next placed him before him, as they rode along, when Howleglass began to pull the most ugly faces ever seen, mocking and lolling his tongue at every body, as they went by; all which

his father could not see. "Look at that wicked little wretch!" was the cry! And upon this his father quite losing patience, said: "Aye, thou wert born in an unlucky hour; for though thou hold thy tongue all revile thee, and though thou sit as quiet as a lamb, the children run out of thy way." Soon after, his father, quite vexed at such injustice, changed his abode, going to a village near Magdeburgh, to which his wife belonged; and no long time after this, he died. Howleglass's mother continued to live with her son, eating and drinking what they could get; for his mother shortly grew very poor, and Howleglass would learn no trade: only at the age of sixteen, he had learnt to dance upon a rope, along with some other mountebank tricks.

HOW HOWLEGLASS FELL FROM THE TIGHT ROPE INTO THE WATER, AND HOW HE TOOK VENGEANCE UPON THOSE WHO HAD MADE HIM FALL.

It happened one day, as Howleglass was amusing himself with dancing upon his tight rope which he had made fast across a pool of water, the better to shew his dexterity, that a number of idle urchins had gathered round to see. One of them bethought him of a trick, and taking out his knife he cut the cord at one end, and Howleglass went souse into the water to

the great merriment of the rest, who left him to get out as he best could. This made him both very dirty and very angry, but he held his peace, declaring that it was a good joke, and that he would come again the next morning and shew them something new. This he did; for the next morning after having exhibited some time upon his rope, he said to the boys: "Now you shall see a wonderful thing, if you will only each of you hand me here his right shoe." Some of the parents of the children who were there, believing he said true, and curious to learn what it could be, gave them to him; when, after keeping them for some time, and the young urchins becoming clamorous, he threw them back all in a heap, telling each to take his own. A general struggle then took place, one falling over another, fighting, biting, and kicking, one laughed, another cried, one tore his hair, another pulled his companion's, all exclaiming *this is mine* and *that is mine*, until the parents themselves mixed in the affray, and some good pitched battles were fought. It was now Howleglass's turn to laugh, and mocking them to his heart's content, he bade them try on their shoes, and being a capital swimmer he eluded all pursuit and escaped. Still he did not venture to shew his face among them again for some weeks, remaining in a very quiet domestic way at home, with his mother, who rejoiced to see such a change, and thought he was on the point

of reforming, little knowing the malicious trick that he had played.

HOW THE MOTHER OF HOWLEGLASS ADMONISHED HIM, THAT SHE MIGHT ENGAGE HIM TO LEARN AN HONEST TRADE.

DAME Ulbeke, Howleglass's mother, more and more delighted to observe her son's retired and peaceable demeanour, forthwith thought to take advantage of it, and besought him to abandon his former perverse ways; which brought her no money, as might have been the case by learning some honest trade. Howleglass then said: "My dear mother, what is bred in the bone will not come out of the flesh, and what is that which a man should dispose himself to, that would abide by him all his life? what a man thinks he will stick by." "That, indeed," answered his mother, quite despairing, "seems to be the case; there has been no bread in the house these four days past, and if this is to continue only half one's life, I know one had better be dead." "No, no," said Howleglass "that bears no resemblance to my words, for a poor man when he has nothing to eat will fast the fast of St. Nicolas, and when he has enough to eat, he enjoys a feast on St. Martin's evening; and thus it is with you, mother."

HOW HOWLEGLASS OBTAINED BREAD FOR HIS MOTHER.

BUT when he saw his mother really without any bread, Howleglass began to think it was time to think of providing her with some. For this purpose, he walked into the village of Sastard, where he entered a baker's shop, and inquired whether he had any objection to let his master have eighteen twopenny rolls of bread, half white, and the other half, brown. He then mentioned a gentleman's name in the town, with whom he said he had just come to a certain hotel, adding that his master would of course pay him on delivery, with which the baker was well pleased.

Now Howleglass's bread basket, a bag, had a hole in it, through which he contrived, as he was going along, to slip one of the loaves into the mud. Then throwing down the basket he said to the baker's boy: "I dare not for the life of me carry this loaf home to my master; run back and change it; I will wait for you here." So away ran the baker's boy, and away ran master Howleglass exactly the other road. When the boy returned, his customer was no longer to be seen; and after looking for him a little while he went back to his master. Then his master without even waiting to thrash him, ran to the inn mentioned by Howleglass, but no one knew who or where our hero was. Upon this the baker found he had been well choused, and that this was all he was ever likely to be paid for his bread.

In this way, Howleglass provided his mother with plenty of bread, saying, "Dear mother, eat when you have it, and remember always to fast when you are without."

HOW HOWLEGLASS WAS KIDNAPPED AWAY WHILE HE WAS ASLEEP IN A BEE-HOUSE; HOW THE ROBBERS LEFT HIM, AND HE BECAME A GENTLEMAN'S SERVANT.

ONE day Howleglass went along with his mother to the dedication feast, where he got quite fuddled at dinner and wished to go to sleep. He tried to find out some nice quiet place where he might sleep in safety without interruption; and he wandered to the back of a Jew's garden, a place where there was a number of bee-houses. Having selected one of these, he got into it, and slumbered soundly until midnight, so that his mother thought he must have gone home before her alone. This same night there came two villains to steal the Jew's honey, and one said to the other, "We must judge by the weight; the heaviest store house will be the best." "Yes, we must steal by the weight," returned his companion laughing, "*fair weight;*" and they proceeded to try them all round.

Now these bee-houses were long and deep, quite different to what are made in this country; and when they came to that which contained Howleglass,

feeling its superior solidity, they joyfully made off with it at once. Howleglass awaking with the motion, heard all that they said, for it was so dark that they could see nothing. So stretching out his hand Howleglass took the leader of the two thieves by the hair, giving him a gentle pull, at which the other cursed his companion who came behind. To this the latter answered; "Are you dreaming, man, or are you walking in your sleep? how the deuce should I be pulling your wig, when I can hardly hold the hive?"

Upon this Howleglass gave the latter gentleman a twinge, who said, "Here am I toiling under my load, and you are lugging me by the hair!"

"How the devil can that be?" exclaimed the first; "I can scarcely get along; you know it is you yourself; you are pulling me all the while;" and in this way they went on disputing.

At length Howleglass gave the first so severe a tug, as to bring along with it a handful of hair; an insult which so enraged him, that flinging down the whole concern, he fell upon his companion; and a regular battle ensued. Hearing a noise within, they took to flight, leaving Howleglass to sleep quietly in the bee-house till morning, which he did. He then walked out of his dormitory, and seeing a gentleman's house near at hand, he went in and hired himself as a domestic. One day as he was journeying

with his master by a field of growing hemp, the latter ordered him to spoil and root up the man's field, for supplying hempen cords for the purpose of binding thieves and robbers upon the wheel; which Howleglass did; also treating the man's field with the greatest indignity in his power. His lord, in truth, was one of those robber knights who infested highways and villages, and felt a particular antipathy to that kind of herb; but not content with treating the man's field of hemp in this manner, Howleglass bestowed the same sort of compliments upon his master's property, both in and out of doors; upon which, being one day justly in dread of his resentment, he prudently made his escape from the castle and returned no more.

HOW HOWLEGLASS NEXT HIRED HIMSELF TO A PRIEST.

After Howleglass had brought himself clean off, he journeyed towards the land of Buddenslede; and at the village of Brusedent he entered into the service of a priest who knew nothing of him. His new master informed him that he would have a fine time of it, that he should eat and drink as well as himself, or the servant-maid, and that all he would have to do would be easy work, indeed only half-work. Then Howleglass, pleased to hear this, said that he would do it well. Now he soon observed that the priest's

servant-maid had only one eye; she was then preparing a couple of fowls for dinner, and she bade Howleglass turn the spit.

She went about her work; and when the fowls were roasted he sat down to eat one of them, for he was very hungry, and the priest had told him he was to eat of the best as well as he did; and he did not stop for sauce. When the girl came back to take dinner up, she said to Howleglass, "Where is the other fowl; I left two roasting upon the spit?"

"My good girl," replied Howleglass, "open your other eye, and you will then see them both," at which the servant went into a great rage. She ran forthwith to complain to the priest: "Your new servant, sir, is mocking me; he says I have only one eye; I see but one fowl though I put two to roast." Howleglass, who had followed her, now said, "That is true; but I told her that if she would open both eyes, she would see both." The priest replied: "That is out of the question, for she has only one." "There," cried Howleglass, "you have said it; but not I." "At all events," rejoined the priest, "there is a fowl missing." "Yes," answered Howleglass, "but I only eat one; you said I was to live as well as my master and his maid, and I was afraid lest you should say the thing which is not, if both had gone up to table, and you had chanced to eat both. I was afraid you might perjure your own soul; therefore I eat." The

priest laughed and was satisfied, saying, " My good fellow, I am not to be disheartened for the loss of a chicken; but always do what my maid enjoins you to do." Howleglass said, " I will willingly do whatever she requires of me." Yet from that time forth, he made a point of doing only just half of what she commanded him; for if she wanted a pitcher of water, he would bring it only half full; if she bade him clap a couple of faggots to the fire, he threw on only one; if she told him to give two feeds of hay to the cows, they had only one; if she said, " Howleglass, draw a jug of beer," he brought it her only half full; and thus with every thing else. The girl at last resolved to make another complaint to the priest, who came to Howleglass in no very Christian temper of mind:—" What! my servant still finds fault with you; did not I tell you to do whatever she bid you?" Howleglass answered; " Sir, I have done all that you ordered me; you told me at the time that you engaged me that I should have an easy place; that it would only be *half work.*" The priest laughed heartily; but his servant-maid exclaimed in a great fume; " Sir, if you resolve to keep this mischievous rogue in your service any longer, I must leave it."

It was no question with the priest how he was to decide, and Howleglass received warning on account of the chamber-maid, at which he was not sorry for he said he hated to be eternally scolded by a blind

chamber-maid, who wanted him to do *both halves* of the work; both his and her own.

HOW HOWLEGLASS BEING IN WANT OF READY CASH TO PAY HIS HOST, FOUND A SUBSTITUTE.

WHEN Howleglass left his last master, he made such a good use of his legs, that he arrived at the city of Halberstadt in no time; and boldly took up his quarters at one of the first inns. In about eight days, however, he had expended all his cash, at which he felt a little uncomfortable, and not without reason; for his host had soon run up a long bill, both against Howleglass and his horse; which how he came by, doth not appear. Finding that his host was at length getting angry with him, he intreated him to have a little more patience, and that he should be no loser by it. Howleglass then sent a message to the town crier, with a handsome fee, for him to proclaim the arrival of a stranger, who had brought along with him a curious animal made something like a horse, but which had its head placed where its tail ought to be. Meantime Howleglass tied his horse's tail to the manger, and before the crowd had assembled, he had got out some little hand-bills, puffing in high stile, his new exhibition. The town's-people came running from all sides, thinking to behold some monster, or at least some rare sight. Before permit-

ting a single soul to enter the stable, he had secured a penny a head, without making any abatement for children. As fast as they came in and found how wittily they had been deceived, they could not help laughing at the hoax, in which Howleglass joining, earnestly intreated them not to ruin his fortunes, and let those laugh at them who had not paid, by telling the secret to the town's people on the outside. This they all promised, and as soon as they got home, each advised his neighbour to go and see the great sight. In this way, Howle-glass raised a good round sum of money, paid his host, and rode out of the town; passing a merry time of it as long as his finances held out.

HOW HOWLEGLASS CAUSED THE INHABITANTS OF MEYBURGH TO BELIEVE THAT HE WAS GOING TO FLY.

After having visited several places, Howleglass came to Meyburgh, where he gave out that he was prepared to exhibit a very novel performance, to which he was invited by the magistrates. On being asked what it was, he answered that it was his intention to mount the top of the council hall, one of the highest houses in the place, whence he intended to fly down without being hurt.

At these tidings, the market place was filled with people, eagerly watching our hero, who with out-

spread arms, was seen on the roof of the house. When he saw the crowd, he laughed and said aloud; "Had you all sworn that you could have flown, I would not have believed you, while you believe a single fool; but I see the place is full of them. If you had yourselves told me, I say, that you were such great fools, I would not have believed you; yet I see all of you can put faith in one who persuaded you that he could fly; so I will, if you will give me wings." He then disappeared, leaving all the people to chew their disappointment, who went home, some laughing, some swearing, and others observing that he was a malicious rogue, who nevertheless had told the truth, for that he was willing to fly down, if they would lend him wings.

HOW HOWLEGLASS ADMINISTERED PHYSIC TO A DOCTOR.

OUR hero's fame at length reached count Brumon Quickforth, the bishop of Meyburgh, and other great lords, who had a regard for him on account of his humorous tricks. The bishop in particular gave him his cast off suits and surplices, besides paying for his board. In the bishop's family, there likewise lived a doctor of medicine, no great favourite with the rest of the household, because he had taken an aversion to Howleglass, declaring that he was mad. So whenever he saw our hero at the court, he said to the bi-

shop and his gentlemen, that it would be better to invite philosophers than fools to attend there; that wise men ought to mix with wise men, and reason wisely; and fools consort with fools, and talk folly. Moreover, that if great lords would have the last about their persons, they must be content to go shares in their fame. The bishop's gentlemen highly resenting this, replied; "There is no great wisdom in that reasoning, however; for whoever wishes not to hear folly, may easily depart from fools. Where lords be, there will be fools; and many who imagine themselves mighty wise, are liable to be imposed upon even by fools. Thus it is proper for lords and princes to be surrounded by characters of all kinds; one among another, they contrive to dispel ennui and melancholy, and therefore where great lords are, fools like to be."

Now these same gentlemen repeated to Howleglass the dispute they had had with the doctor concerning him, adding, that if he wished to play him some kind of trick, they would be glad to second him. Howleglass said: "My good sirs, if you will consent to do so, I will serve him out in good stile." He then left the bishop's court for the space of four weeks; and came again to Genequestaigne, where he took up his quarters. Well! the doctor fell sick, and was himself compelled in turn to seek advice and assistance. So the bishop's gentlemen stepped for-

ward and said, they knew of an expert practitioner, just arrived in the neighbourhood, who was famous for exhibiting a long list of cures.

Then the doctor sent to invite Howleglass to his lodgings, and did not recognize him in his quaint disguise. He said, "If you, sir, can succeed in making a cure of me, I will recompence you well." "I hope to do so," said Howleglass; "but you must submit to have a very good sweating, by the event of which, I shall easily recognize what is your complaint. I will then take other measures with you; so that you will not need to apply to me ever again." The doctor believed every thing he said, and forthwith took, at one draught, a strong emetic and cathartic to begin with, and without the least signs of reluctance; imagining that it was only a perspiring draught. The doctor was then put to bed, with his head turned towards the wall; in which position from the pangs which soon attacked him in the abdominal viscera, he thought he must have given up the ghost. It was indeed, a terrific night which the doctor passed; and it seemed as if the ghosts of all his patients were revenging their injuries upon him all at once.

"Ah! doctor," cried Howleglass, next morning as he entered the room, "I think I can perceive how it is with you; the perspiration must have been very copious—my system, I see, works well." "Alas! my

dear sir," replied the doctor, "I feel very ill!" and in fact he was so bad that he could not hold up his head. But Howleglass assured him that it was all for the best; that it would be a sharp remedy but a short one; and after persuading him to take another dose, exactly of the same strength, he left him to his fate, and fled. The bishop's gentlemen next came to condole with the doctor on his hapless condition, inquiring how he found himself? Already laboring under the effects of the second application, the doctor was very nearly speechless, and faintly answered, "That he feared he had fallen into bad hands," and began to relate the cruel sufferings he had undergone. The bishop and his attendants, much amused at his adventures, replied, "Yes, yes; this has happened to you according to your words; for you declared we ought not to keep company with fools, because wise men are apt to become fools in their intercourse with them. Sometimes, however, people may be taught wisdom by means of a fool; for had you let Howleglass have his fling, and been a little more patient, you would not have become his patient, and experienced the taste of his tricks. We well knew how he would deal with you, but we held our peace, because we were aware that you were desirous of learning wisdom, at all events, and were so wise that you deserved to be deceived by a fool. There is no man, however wise, who ought not to know the na-

ture of a fool; otherwise, how should he appreciate wise men?" The doctor could make no answer, for he felt a fresh spasm; and though he recovered, he never afterwards ventured to fall out with a fool.

HOWLEGLASS, BEING A PHYSICIAN, CURES ALL THE SICK IN THE HOSPITAL OF NUREMBURGH IN ONE DAY.

It so happened that Howleglass paid a visit to the city of Nuremburgh. On the day he entered the place, he caused placards to be posted on the church gates, and trumpeted through the town, informing the inhabitants of the arrival of a great doctor, mighty expert in his art, and who had an infallible recipe for all kinds of maladies. About this time there were lodged at the hospital, which contains the lance which pierced the side of our Saviour, and other holy relics, a number of patients, for whom his advice was required. The keeper of the said hospital, having many very obstinate patients upon his hands, told Howleglass, that being so learned a man, if he would contrive to cure them, he should be well paid. Howleglass then said: "Sir, if you will give me a hundred crowns from the sick fund, I will rid you of the patients; but mark me, I do not ask a shilling before I shall have cleansed the hospital of them all." This was a joyful hearing to the keeper, and to the governor, as well as to the subscribers at large, and

they insisted upon Howleglass receiving a sum of money to begin with. He then paid a visit to the place, with a stout carpenter at his back, and inquired of each patient apart, what was his complaint, at the same time conjuring him to keep secret what he was about to state. "You know that I am come here to cure you all: but, it is impossible for me to do that, without having the body of one of you to burn alive, in order to make a powder of it, which the rest are to take. The more sick and diseased the fellow is, the better he will suit my purpose, and I shall certainly choose one who cannot walk. Next Wednesday I am to come with the keeper and the governors, when I shall call over the names of all the patients, and when they must all make the best of their way out, as the last man is to be *powdered* for the rest."

On the appointed day, the patients were all on the alert; they had girded up their loins, and not a single one sat unbreeched, or unshod, for none wished to remain behind, either to make or to take powders. Then came Howleglass with the governors and the committee, to call over their names, but the rogues would not stop to be called: all proceeded rapidly towards the doors, even those who had been bed-ridden for the last ten years.

After the coast was quite cleared, Howleglass demanded his fee, which was handed him, and he de-

parted thence. In the course of three days, however, the whole of the patients returned, complaining of their infirmities, as bitterly as ever. Then the keeper said: "What is the meaning of all this? I paid a handsome sum to the new doctor, to have you all cured." "True," they replied with one voice, "but did you know that he threatened to have the last of us, who should remain in bed, burnt alive, to make powders for the rest?" Then the keeper began to see, that he had been hoaxed; but he could obtain no redress, and the patients were obliged to be admitted in-door patients as before; to the no small regret of the governor and contributors to the fund.

HOW HOWLEGLASS HIRED HIMSELF AS A SERVANT TO A BAKER.

HOWLEGLASS, having taken himself off to some distance from the hospital, next entered into the service of a baker in another town. Early on the ensuing day, when preparing to make bread, he was ordered to come sieve the flour; and he said he should want a candle, as it was almost dark.

But the baker replied, "I never trust my servants with candles; they are always accustomed to boult by the light of the moon." Howleglass then said, "Be it so, I will do so too." The master went to rest for some hours, during which time Howleglass

took the boulting-bag and hung it out of the window, then he boulted the flour which fell into the garden below, as hard as he could boult. In the morning the baker rose early to begin the process of baking. He found Howleglass still at work; and inquired hastily what he was doing there?—"Was flour made to be thrown in that stile upon the ground?—do you know what it cost?" Howleglass answered; "Sir, I have been sieving it in the light of the moon; as you ordered me to do." "Dolt!" said his master, "you ought to have sieved it by moon light, and not in the light, villain!" "Well," cried Howleglass, "There is no great damage done, I will collect it together again shortly." "Yes," said his master, "but it is too late to bake to day; there will be no dough." "True, master;" said Howleglass, "but let me advise you; your neighbour's paste is ready for the oven, I will go and borrow it for you." Then the baker flew into a rage, and said: "Go and hang thyself! to the gallows with you, and see what you will find there." "Very well, master," said Howleglass, and set out to the public gallows, where he found a robber's remains which he carried back to his master: "Here, I have brought what I found for you; in what way shall I go to work with it?" The baker, still more angry, said: "I will lay an information against you for defrauding public justice," and away

he went, followed by Howleglass, to the market-place where the magistrates sat.

When the baker began to open the case to the judge, Howleglass opened two such eyes as fairly disconcerted his master: so large and rolling that no risible faculties could resist them; and the plaintiff could not get through with his charge.

"What do you want?" "Nothing," said Howleglass, "only you were going to complain of me, in my presence, before the judge; and I was obliged to open my eyes to see you."

The baker then replied: "Go, get out of my sight, I thought you were a dolt, but you are a malicious wretch; in my eyes at least." "Aye! they often call me so," cried Howleglass, "but if I was in your eyes, baker, I think you would not be quite so clear-sighted as you are." The magistrate, seeing that it was a foolish business, quitted his seat; upon which Howleglass turning up his coat-skirt to his master said: "Master, if you want to bake bread, behold, can you bake such a loaf as this?" and then giving him the slip, he ran and left him to his own reflections.

HOW HOWLEGLASS SERVED AS A CASTLE WARDER TO THE LORD OF AMBAL, KEEPING A LOOK OUT AT THE TOP OF A TOWER TO BLOW THE HORN FOR THE ENEMY, AND NEXT BECAME A SOLDIER.

It came to pass that he one day enlisted into the service of the count of Ambal as a watch and warder, to keep a look out for the couriers and blow for the enemy. The count had a number of these enemies, and was under the necessity of employing a considerable body of armed men. Howleglass being stationed upon the top tower was frequently forgotten at mess time when the others were enjoying good fare. Now the enemy, making an incursion, carried off a great herd of cattle, Howleglass giving no alarm; but the count hearing a noise, went and saw Howleglass supporting himself against the window, in a musing posture. The count said: "What is the matter with you?" Said Howleglass, "I shall not dance for such a festival as this!" "What," said the count, "will you not sound the horn for the enemy?" "I dare not; besides there is no need," replied his warder, "your fields are already full of them; they are driving off all your cows, and if I blow for any more, they will besiege you at your castle gates.' Shortly afterwards, the count's stock of provisions fell short, and he was compelled to make an incursion upon his neighbours in which he got very good

booty. Plenty of boiled and roast beef was the consequence.

The count being seated with his knights and other men at arms, at a well furnished table, Howleglass blew a shrill blast; upon which the company ran to arms, and made for the gates; but there was no enemy. Meanwhile Howleglass left his station and proceeded to the banquetting room, where he provided himself with as much good fare as he could carry and departed. The men at arms, having all returned as wise as they went, the count said to Howleglass: "Are you mad, villain, that you blow for the enemy when there is none to be seen? yet when they are here, you give no alarm; so you are a traitor and shall lose your office, and work with the meanest of our hinds." This arrangement was by no means pleasant to Howleglass, and he wished himself fairly out of the castle, but he could not get; though he always contrived when there was any fighting, to be the very last to leave the gates and the first to come back.

Observing this, the count said: "Were you afraid of being well beaten, that you were the last to go out and the first to come in again?" He replied, "Pray, my lord, do not be angry; for when you and your men at arms were making good cheer, I was fasting on the top of the tower. This has brought me very weak

and low; but give me time to recover my strength with better fare; and you will see me among the first to attack, and the last to make a retreat." The count said: "But you will, perhaps, take as long a time to put you into fighting condition, as you were in playing the horn upon the top of the tower. You had better find another service," added the count, and paid Howleglass off; at which he was greatly rejoiced, for he had a great horror of a desperate assault upon the enemy.

HOW HOWLEGLASS JOURNEYED TO SEE THE LANDGRAVE OF HESSE, AND PRETENDED TO BE A PAINTER.

THERE was now not a place in all Saxony, which had not heard something of the famous tricks of Howleglass. So that as he found he could no longer practise where he was, he determined to change his quarters; and find some new custom in the district of Hesse. On his arrival he proclaimed the approach of an extraordinary personage, as usual, which brought him an introduction to the Landgrave, who enquired what was the great news? "My lord," said Howleglass, "you see before you not only one of the most famous, but the most famous painter in the world, who nearly transcends the merits of all the professors of the art put together." The

Landgrave said: "Have you no specimen of your skill about you?" on which Howleglass said he had, and displayed several paintings which he had brought with him from Flanders. They pleased his lordship greatly, and he shortly said: "Well, master, and what will you take to paint the whole of my grand hall in the first style?" "As much as you will," said Howleglass, "to be sure." "True; but you must paint the genealogy of the whole of our Hessian family, along with their wives; and as our ancestors have been allied to great lords and princes, I should wish you to produce one of your most magnificent master-pieces." Then Howleglass replied, "My dear lord, it shall be executed as your lordship best approves, though it shall cost me a hundred florins in colours only." The Landgrave rejoined: "Then go about it, and we shall not dispute about the price; depend upon it you shall be well remunerated."

So Howleglass commenced his labours; requesting the Landgrave to advance him only the hundred gold florins to buy the colors, and engage assistants.

The next morning he appeared with three; and began his labors; but he insisted on no one being admitted to inspect them before a certain period, in order not to be interrupted. This was granted; and when Howleglass and his companions found themselves comfortably seated in the state hall, they spent

the whole of their time in playing at tric-trac with the gold florins, much to their satisfaction.

One day the Landgrave took it into his head to look at the progress of the great undertaking, and said to his painter: "Master, suppose you just let us see a specimen of your art as you proceed." "Most willingly," replied Howleglass, "only I must warn you of one thing before you see the work, which is this,—that no one who is not of undoubted legitimate birth, can see any thing in my painting at all."

The Landgrave replied, "That would be a very extraordinary thing," and then accompanied by Howleglass entered the hall. The latter had hung a large white piece of sheeting before the wall on which he was painting; and drawing it solemnly on one side with his cane, he pointed to a supposed figure, adding, "There, my lord, you see the first Landgrave of Hesse Hombourgh, sprung from the house of the Colonna at Rome. His lady was daughter to Justinian Duke of Beyerent, who was afterwards Emperor of Rome. From him sprung this Adelphus; Adelphus begot William the Black; William the Black begot his son Louis; and so on down to your own honored dignity and beneficence. Now I well know, that there is not a single artist who can detect a blemish in my work, it is so exceedingly superb, of such astonishing grace, and fine colouring."

Our Landgrave who could distinguish nothing but

the whited wall, said within himself: "I must surely be of doubtful extraction; for I can see nothing but the wall:" Yet to shew his confidence and good taste, he answered: "Master, your work pleases me well; but I can scarcely form a judgment upon it alone." He then retired, and his Countess inquired how the painter had succeeded; "For, to say truth, I have a poor opinion both of him and his work." But her lord replied: "Madam, his work is very good work and pleases me; and when our painter will give you permission, you shall see it."

The lady then entreated Howleglass to let her see his painting; and after giving the same explanation to her as he had done to her lord, he exhibited the wall with the supposed figures of the Landgrave's family, just as he had before done. Now the countess had brought eight maids of honor along with her, and a female fool, none of whom could discern the figures which Howleglass was describing, though none liked to say so, and cast an aspersion upon the family honor.

The fool alone observed: "Bless me, my lady, I can see no picture here; let me be thought daughter, for ever and a day, of whom you will." Then thought Howleglass, since fools can tell the truth, it is fit for me to decamp, and he began to laugh. The Countess left the hall, and hastened to find the Landgrave, who inquired how she had been pleased

with the painting. "However that be, my lord," she replied, "it does not please our little fool here; for she can see no picture, and the same with my young ladies. Truly, I fear, my lord, that it is all a piece of imposture;" and the Landgrave began to think it was indeed so. He then informed his painter, that he must use despatch, for the whole of his courtiers were to be admitted the next morning, to see the work; adding, that if he should be lucky enough to find any illegitimate rascals among them, their goods and chattels would accrue to him. Hearing this, Howleglass went to the receiver general, for another hundred of gold florins to pay to his assistants, who all took French leave, along with their master. Then the Landgrave, accompanied by his courtiers, entered the state hall, and enquired for Howleglass and his assistants? He next asked his courtiers, what they thought of the new paintings, thinking to catch them on the horns of their illegitimacy, but they all of them held their tongues.

The Landgrave upon this, said: "I now see too well; though there is no picture, that we have all been grossly imposed upon. We have before heard of the famous exploits of Howleglass; but we have now ocular demonstration of them. We have indeed paid two hundred florins for the sight; but henceforth, we pronounce upon him, the sentence

of a malicious wretch, and banish him for ever from our dominions."

Howleglass, however, was already at some distance, but he did not again resume the profession of a painter.

HOW OUR HERO DISPUTED AGAINST THE RECTOR AND LEARNED DOCTORS OF PRAGUE.

After this last feat, Howleglass retired to Prague, a city of Bohemia, where there was then established an university of doctors and students. He affixed a notice on the gates of the churches, declaring that he was prepared to answer any questions that could be put to him. He next went with his host and some others, to the university, and boldly inquired whether the students were agreeable to let him mount the learned chair? This was granted: and Howleglass soon found himself seated in cathedra, while the rector proceeded to question him.* 1st. "How many buckets of water are contained in the sea?" Howleglass said: "Stop the tides and I will measure them, and give you a very satisfactory account!"

* Part of the scene that follows would appear to have been borrowed from the *Fourth Novella* of Sacchetti, in which a miller answers the questions of Messer Bernabo lord of Milan, who imagined he was questioning a certain abbot.—*Translator.*

The rector expressed his inability. A little dashed, he next inquired: 2nd. "How many days have flown from the time of Adam, to the present?" "Seven, to be sure," replied Howleglass, "and no more, for when seven are finished, seven begin again, and so it will continue to the end of the world." 3rd. "Now then," cried the rector, "where is the centre of the world?" To this, Howleglass replied: "This house, to be sure; you ought to measure it, honoured sir, with a long cord, and should there be a mistake, even of an inch, I will let you know it." Sooner than do this, the rector granted him the question. 4th. "How far may it be from earth to heaven?" "It must be pretty near," returned Howleglass, "for when we chaunt ever so low in church, it is heard plain enough, sir, above; I will now sing small, and you shall try if you can hear!" The rector confessed his inability. 5th. "But yet," cried he, "how large is heaven." "It is," said Howleglass, "twelve thousand leagues broad, and ten thousand high, and if you will not believe me, go and see; take the sun and moon, and count the planets and the stars; measure them all, and you will see whether I am not right."

After this they had no more to say; but admitted that Howleglass was in the right; and had returned very satisfactory answers to such questions.

He then dismounted ex cathedra; and left the place, apprehensive lest something disagreeable might

occur, in consequence of the triumphant answers he had returned.

HOW HOWLEGLASS ENTERS INTO HOLY ORDERS.

WHEN the name of our hero had spread through all the adjacent states, and all agreed in banishing him, for his excessive malice, he bethought him of a new method of levying money, with little risk or trouble. For this purpose, he stole a priest's surplice, and began as a clerk. In this capacity he looked out for a *memento mori*, or dead man's skull, in the church-yard, and taking one from a handsome vault, he got it furbished up, and elegantly ornamented with gold and silver. With this he journeyed into the land of Pomerania, in order to levy offerings, where the priests use greater diligence in drinking, than in preaching.

In short, throughout all the villages where there were any indulgences, any nuptials, any funerals, or congregations of any kind going forward, Howleglass was sure to be found there. The priests, for the most part ignorant rogues, were all agreeable to this, and cared not, so that they might only go shares, for, upon the whole of the offerings made, the curates are always allowed one half.

When the congregation was ready, Howleglass mounted the pulpit, and took occasion to mention

that no offerings would be received by him, but such as were pure and free from suspicion; and that none of those of the female part of his congregation, would be acceptable, who were carrying on, or had carried on any intrigues.

Of a truth, he continued, "I recommend to every adulteress, if unhappily there should be such present, to stay behind; for, let all who bring their offerings to me, see to it, that they are not obnoxious to this failing." He then bestowed his benediction upon the assemblage, and leaving the pulpit took his station before the altar.

Soon there flocked persons both good and bad, to bestow their offerings. The poor women gave easily into the snare laid for them by Howleglass, firmly believing, that the one who should offer no tribute, could be no better than she should be, but rather worse. They all therefore vied with each other, in presenting their tribute at the altar, thinking it was the only way to continue in good repute.

Some there were, who the better to be seen, repeated their offer two or three times; and the worse they were, the more eagerly did they flock round Howleglass. Such was his dexterity in raising money, both from the good and bad, that he found himself possessed of a considerable sum. After receiving the whole of these peace offerings, he forbade them, under pretence of excommunication, ever to accuse

each other of the least frailty; for that they were all absolved and clear; had there been a single frail one among them, he would by no means have allowed her offering. Upon hearing this, the whole of the female congregation looked upon Howleglass as a very devout preacher, because they were unable to penetrate into his cunning tricks.

HOW HOWLEGLASS WISHES TO BE REPAID FOR THE TROUBLE HE TOOK IN DINING.

One day, Howleglass came to Nuremburgh, not far from Bamburgh; and being very hungry, he entered into a house of entertainment where he saw a jolly hostess. She told him he was very welcome; for she saw by his equipment that he was a boon companion, and a wonderful knight of the stirrup; in short, a merry guest. When dinner was set upon the table, our hostess inquired whether he would take his repast with them, or dine at the usual price alone?

Howleglass said, "You see I am a poor companionable fellow, that will bless heaven if he can get any thing to eat." "Aye, aye, but it must be with money; go to the butcher and baker, see whether they will give you any thing for the love of heaven? We eat here for the love of money; if none, you must go without your dinner." Now Howleglass, who had words always ready to serve two purposes,

said; "Good hostess, I mean for money and nothing else. It is all I ask; I would not for the world think of dining upon nothing; no, no, let it be for money---come! how much do you ask?" The hostess made answer; "The gentlemen's table is eightpence, the next is six." "Then the most is the best for me," cried Howleglass, as he made for a large well-furnished board, where he eat to his heart's content. He went to the hostess as soon as he had finished, and begged her to pay him, as she had said, for that he was a poor man, and could not afford his time for nothing. "My friend," replied the woman, "you have to give me eightpence, and then you are quit." "No, no," cried Howleglass, "you are to give me eightpence, and then you shall be quit of me. You declared we were to eat here for love of money, and that for dining at the gentlemen's table, it was to be eightpence. Certainly, as I told you, I did not intend to dine upon nothing, nor for nothing; but I expected to get eightpence; and I assure you I have worked hard and performed my best to deserve it: I can do no more, give me the money, and let me go!" The hostess replied, "You have said well, for I think you have eaten as much as any four; yet you have the conscience to ask me to pay you for it. That would be strange indeed! But you are a wag; away with you, a meal is not much; but deuce take me if I pay you too for eating me up. And hark

you! come to my table no more; unless you come to pay to-day's reckoning with it---a pretty trade, I should drive, marry come up, on these terms. I might very soon shut up shop." So Howleglass took his departure, not without saluting her, before she had worked herself into a great fume; and adding; "Well! if you can, on your conscience, take my labour for nothing, fare you well!

HOW HOWLEGLASS JOURNEYED TO ROME, WHERE HE HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE.

After Howleglass had practised his arts for some length of time, he bethought him of the proverb which says; "Go to Rome, my honest man, and come back a rogue again."

"To Rome thy manners to amend—
Home again thy life to end."

For true it is, that neither a good horse nor a bad man, mend their condition by going to visit Rome.

Forthwith then, our hero set out for that city, where he first shewed his wit by taking up his residence at the house of a rich widow, who seeing so handsome a young man, inquired whence he came. He said, "From the country of Saxony, and that he was purposely come to have an interview with the Pope."

"Then," said she, "my friend, you may indeed

see him, but to speak with him is a very different matter, especially if you be a stranger, as you say. For my part, I would give a hundred or two of solid ducats to any one who will obtain for me a conference with him." "Will you give me a hundred ducats if I will do it?" "That I will," repeated the jolly widow boldly, for she little imagined that he could bring about such an interview without paying a number of fees.

Howleglass now watched the time when the holy procession was accustomed to proceed to the church of St. Giovanni (the Lateran) in order to celebrate mass. Observing the procession go by, Howleglass contrived to pass into the chapel along with the rest, edging up as near to the chair of St. Peter as he possibly could. When the time drew nigh for the elevation of the host, he turned his back upon the altar, just as his holiness raised the chalice, and fixed his eye upon the cardinals, keeping the same position until the whole ceremony was over. Mass being finished, one of the cardinals acquainted the Holy Pontiff, that there was a young man present who had turned his back upon the holy sacrament. The Pope commanded that he should be instantly secured and brought before him as he would banish him for an example to all bad Christians; and Howleglass speedily found himself seized and confronted with the mighty pontiff himself.

He first inquired of our hero what was the nature of his creed? He replied, "I am a Christian, and observe just the same faith as my hostess;" and he then mentioned her name, which was pretty well known.

The good dame was instantly sent for, in order to throw light upon the mystery; and the pope first inquired of what faith she was? "Oh dear, of the holy Catholic faith, to be sure! I believe in all that the holy church chooses to command or to forbid." Then Howleglass cried out, "So do I! I believe all that too." "How came it then, that you turned your back upon the holy sacrament?" said the Pope. Howleglass replied: "Most holy father; I am a very great sinner, and I felt as if I were not worthy of beholding the holy sacrament, before which I was to make confession." Hearing this, the pope said, that such being the case, it only did him credit, and he permitted him to go; after bestowing his benediction on Howleglass and his hostess. In this way Howleglass won the widow's hundred ducats, and remained confirmed in his malice more than ever; being in no degree amended by his pilgrimage to the holy city of Rome.

HOW HOWLEGLASS OBTAINED AND CARRIED OFF THE PARSON'S HORSE BY MAKING KNOWN HIS CONFESSION.

In the village of Rosseinberg there lived a curate who had a very pretty chamber-maid, and a good horse which he highly prized. Now the Duke of Brunswick had a great desire to purchase the said horse, and sent more than once to know whether the parson would be induced to dispose of him; for he did not venture to seize him because the parson held his living upon the territories of the counsellors of Brunswick. Still the parson obstinately refused to make any bargain; which coming to Howleglass's ears, he said to the Duke: "Sir! how much will you give me, if I will deliver you the parson's horse, safe and sound into your hands?"

Then the Duke made answer: "I will give you my rich robe of red satin, and a grand mantle, all embroidered with pearls." So forthwith Howleglass took leave of the duke; and not only set out to the village, but on his arrival walked straight into the parson's house. For though he was pretty well known there, he received an honest welcome considering who and what manner of man he was.

After he had sojourned there about three days, he pretended to fall sick, and took to his bed, at which both the priest and his servant-maid were much vexed. In spite of this, however, Howleglass kept getting

worse and worse, so that at last the priest enquired whether he would like to be confessed, and receive the sacrament of holy church, to which Howleglass expressed his readiness. Upon this the priest took his confession, and questioned him well, at the same time exhorting him to save his soul by expressing the utmost contrition for his faults,—doubting that he had passed off some notable tricks and impostures in his time.

Howleglass replied, "That there was only one sin, which he did not like to confess; and that he would rather do it to another holy man than to him, for should he inform his then confessor, he might, perhaps, be very angry." But the good man said: "Friend, it is too far to send for another priest; and should you unluckily die in the mean time we shall both of us become sinners in the sight of heaven; so haste to inform me; and trust me it will not be too great for absolution. Whether it happens to displease me or not, need not trouble you; we are forbidden to publish our confessions." "Well," said Howleglass, "I should like to confess it, though I much fear it will greatly enrage you; for all it is no great offence, and it concerns yourself." The parson now became more urgent than ever to learn what it was; and he said: "Whatever petty theft or grand larceny you may have committed, your confessor who stands be-

fore you will forgive you; he is too much a Christian to hate you."

"Yes," said Howleglass, "but I know too well that you will be greatly offended; but still I feel I am going so very fast that I have no time for demurring. The truth is, good sir, that I have five times fallen from the paths of grace, owing to the temptations of your servant-maid." The parson bit his lips: and hastily granting him absolution, left the room and went to summon his chamber-maid. At the mention of the charge she was justly indignant; but the priest said he had heard it from confession—from a dying sinner, and was therefore bound to believe it.

"I say no," cried the maid, "you are not!" "I say yes," retorted her master, "I am!"—"No"—"Yes"—and the dialogue became so warm that the priest making use of his staff, began to lay it about the poor girl's shoulders. The malicious rogue hearing the uproar as he lay in bed, laughed wickedly in his sleeve, at the idea of having deceived the priest; but he lay still until evening. Then getting up as if nothing had been the matter, he asked the parson, "How much he had spent during his malady?" Both the master and his maid were heartily glad to see him upon his legs, and walking towards the door, rejoiced on any terms to be rid of him.

But as he went out, Howleglass said to the priest: "Sir, recollect that you have published my confes-

sion—I am going to Holnstadt, and I shall inform the bishop." The parson hearing this, suddenly grew calm, and even supplicated Howleglass that he would not serve him such an ill turn. He declared he would go as far as twenty crowns to purchase his secresy;—if he would not breathe a syllable of what had passed. "No, no," replied Howleglass, "I would not accept a hundred to have my tongue tied; I shall inform the bishop as it behoves me to do." In great perplexity the poor parson then brought the servant-maid to use her utmost influence, on any terms, to prevent so fatal a catastrophe.—At last, when he saw the parson in tears, Howleglass said: "Well! I will consent, then, to take your horse; and will say nothing. If not I will keep no terms with you." The parson made several offers of money to bribe Howleglass from his cruel resolution; to which he would not listen; and he finally rode away on the parson's horse, which he presented to the Duke of Brunswick. For this feat he was mightily praised and recompensed; the duke gave him the fine robe; and on hearing further particulars bestowed upon him another. The parson was in despair at the loss of his steed; and again vented his anger upon the poor chamber-maid, so that she was compelled to seek safety in flight.

In this cruel manner, was the poor priest deprived of his horse and his maid-servant together, Howleglass having so mischievously worked a complete revo-

lution in her master's mind, thus leading him to hate and maltreat her whom he had so tenderly regarded before.

HOW HOWLEGLASS BECAME APPRENTICE TO A BLACKSMITH.

It happened that at a certain village in Eastland, named Rosteck, there lived a blacksmith who had several bellows in his forge; which Howleglass took a fancy to blow. So he hired himself; and blew for his master whenever he bade him. Now the master was in the habit of working a small pair of these bellows himself; saying as he puffed away:—"Come, follow me with the big bellows." One day as Howleglass and his master were thus engaged, the latter, after having made this observation: "Come, follow me with the bellows," walked into his garden. Howleglass taking down the large bellows, followed him, and when he reached the place said: "Where shall I set them down, master, while I go for the rest." "Thou dolt," cried his master, "I did not mean thee to do this; carry them back for thy pains."

This same master thought to make his concern answer well by rising soon after midnight to rouse his journeymen to their work, and then afterwards going to bed again. His men murmuring among themselves, said; "What is the reason we are roused so confounded early? we are not accustomed to that sort

of thing at all." "If you like," observed Howleglass, "I will enquire the reason." "Do so!" they all said; "and thou shalt lie a little longer a-bed."

Then Howleglass went and said to his master: "Good master, how comes it that you stir us up so plaguy early in the day?" "It is a rule with me," replied his master, "that for the first seven days my journeymen should sleep only half the night." Howleglass answered not a word, nor did any of the rest. But the next morning when their master set them all as usual to their task, Howleglass came down stairs with his bed upon his shoulders; and the sparks that were flying about on all sides, fell some of them upon the bed. "Are you gone mad," cried his master, "that you bring your bed to such a place as this? what is it for, may I ask?" "It is a rule with me," replied Howleglass, "when I have slept only half the night, to take my bed along with me, and let it rest the remaining half upon me."

"Carry thy bed speedily back again, rogue, and up there quick, out of my house." "All very right," said Howleglass, as he went off; and then taking a ladder, he mounted through the roof, breaking his way through the sky-light, without saying adieu to any one.

The master hearing every now and then something heavy falling on the floor, ran up with some of his workmen to see; and found the wood, and glass, and

plaister, spread on all sides, but our hero had already disappeared. More enraged than ever at this sight, he seized a sword and was going up after him; had not some of his journeymen prevented him, observing: "Master! he has only done what you commanded him to do *by mounting up there quick*, out of your house. He has disappeared, as you see;" and the master was compelled to chew the cud of his anger as he best could.

HOW HOWLEGLASS HIRED HIMSELF TO A SHOEMAKER.

OUR hero next entered into the service of a shoemaker,—a man who was fonder of spending his time in walking to the Hall, than of working at home. One day Howleglass said to his master: "Pray master, in what fashion shall I cut these?" "Cut up all the hide, big and little, just as you see a porker driving his pigs through the gate!" Forthwith he began to cut the leather for pigs, oxen, horses, sheep, claws and hoofs.

In the evening when his master returned; he was astonished to find his leather cut up in so strange a style, and was naturally very angry. "Why," said Howleglass, "I have only done as you commanded me;" but his master said; "Nay, not so, I never bade you cut up my leather into shoes for beasts—

nothing of the sort; but that you should cut them up into small and large sizes for men." "Aye;" quoth Howleglass, "if you had told me that, master, so I would willingly have done, and I will still do it, and every thing you can direct me;" upon which conditions his master pardoned him. The next day however, the master cut out himself, and gave Howleglass the shoes to stitch, the large with the small. His master wished to see how he would go to work; when proceeding directly as he had been told, he very solemnly began to sew together one of the small shoes with a large one.

Remarking this his master said, as he began to chastise him, "You are a good servant, for you do every thing to the letter, as you are bidden." "Then," cried Howleglass, "that is a very good reason why you should not cudgel me." "That is true, my friend," continued his master; "but I wish you would learn how to make first a small and then a large pair of shoes. If you mind my exact words, more than me, it will never do. See here is some more leather; cut others as I have told you again and again."

Having occasion to leave him, the master returned again in about an hour, not a little anxious, as he recollected having told Howleglass to cut out in one form—first small—and truly he found an immense heap of leather all cut into small shapes; besides

they were the whole of them *lefts*, made only to fit one foot. "Oh you villain!" cried his master; "is there not a right shoe as well as a left." Without being the least disturbed, Howleglass said; "Yes, to be sure, if you want them, I can cut right as well as left; but you ordered me to cut first upon one last." "Friend," cried his master, "if I were to make you my foreman, you would soon send me to the devil; come, pay me for the leather you have already spoiled, and you may go try your fortune elsewhere!" "For that, master," replied Howleglass, "you must ask the tanner to supply you with more leather; it is none of my business!"—and he forthwith ran out of the shop and out of the town.

HOW HOWLEGLASS IMPOSED UPON THE TAVERN-KEEPER OF LUBECK.

A SHORT time afterwards, Howleglass went to Lubeck; but he stood upon his good behaviour, as the police was especially active at that place.

Now there was a certain tavern-keeper who kept good vaults for the great men of the town, and who was very proud, declaring that no one could outwit him; but his conceit made him many enemies in the place. This coming to Howleglass's ears, he laid a project for undeceiving him in his own good opinion. For this purpose he took two drinking vessels of the

same size, one full, and the other empty, which he carried secretly under his cloak. When he went in, he handed the empty one, bade the tapster draw him a quart of wine which he took and put under his mantle, at the same time placing that which was under, full of water very dexterously in its place, as he turned aside.

"What is your charge," inquired Howleglass? "Ten-pence," said the man, "no less." "The deuce it is," cried Howleglass; "why, man, I have only eightpence here. It is too dear for my table." "What! would you have it for nothing?" exclaimed the fellow in a great huff; "if you don't like it, you can leave it, can't you?"

Thought Howleglass, no, I will not do that! but he said aloud, "I wish I could make eight into ten, but as I cannot do so you had better let me have the wine for them, than lose the sale." Then the tavern-keeper coming up in a great passion took Howleglass's vessel of water, and threw it into a large wine vat that stood by, imagining that it was the wine. "What a fool you are," he continued to Howleglass, "to call for wine which you cannot pay for." "Stop there,' cried Howleglass; "it is you who are the fool; for there is no one so full of wisdom, but he may at times be deceived even by a fool; however wise he may be." Saying this he departed, with the wine and his money both, concealed under his mantle. The man,

however, suspicious of something wrong, even from his own words, sent a constable after him; and Howleglass being overtaken and the wine found upon him, he was thrown into prison.

Many observed that he well deserved a halter for his pains; while others maintained that it was only an ingenious trick, and that the conceited tavern-keeper ought to have taken better care of himself; in particular, considering that he challenged any one to deceive him. Howleglass, moreover, might only have done it to mortify the man's pride and arrogance, but the tavern-keeper's party declared that he was an arrant rogue, and insisted that the sentence of the law, that of hanging, should be carried into full effect.

When the day was come, on which he was to be carried to the gallows, the matter was quickly spread through the town of Lubeck, and men on horseback and on foot were seen collected to witness the end of Howleglass's wonderful life. None believed that he possessed the art of necromancy in a sufficient degree to effect his release, but the greater part would willingly have enjoyed the sight of his deliverance.

While they were bearing Howleglass to the place of execution, he said not a word; and the people round said that he was more dead than alive. However when he arrived under the gallows, he said he wished to have a word with the sheriffs, and very meekly intreated that they would be pleased to grant him his last petition;—a prayer offered neither for his

life, nor for silver or gold, but only for a very small matter. This might be granted him without in the least injuring any one, and each of the sheriffs and counsellors present could execute it without spending a farthing. After shortly debating the affair, it was concluded that such a petition from a poor dying wretch might be safely granted. Now there were a number who were curious to learn what it could be he wished for, after excepting so many other important points. "For none of these," continued Howleglass, "do I entreat you; but for the small favor I so much desire, pray let me have your solemn oath and assurance that it shall be fulfilled."

The counsel made no difficulty, and our hero went on to say: "Now, as I feel certain you will solemnly adhere to your engagement, I do enjoin, that you my lords and counsellors, beginning first with the provost, and proceeding in degree to the rest, will, during three mornings after my decease, before taking breakfast, come and kiss me."

Then they all began to laugh, and to spit; agreeing one and all, that it was by no means a fair request. "Yet," cried Howleglass, "I hold the famous council of Lubeck, to bear so good and honest a reputation for fidelity and justice, as it will not lightly sport withal; but that all will keep me that same promise which they have sworn by word of mouth." After this appeal, the council again went to deliberate upon the affair, and at length concluded

that the most fair and satisfactory mode of proceeding, would be to leave Howleglass alive as he was, and so release themselves as well as him, each from a very disagreeable operation in its way.

HOW HOWLEGLASS TOOK UPON HIMSELF THE BUSINESS OF A SPECTACLE MAKER.

It happened, that the electors were one day at variance in their choice of an emperor of Rome, and the Count of Supplemburgh was finally elected. But there were others who wished to elect themselves by force of arms; and it was requisite for the newly chosen potentate, to station himself, during three weeks, before the town of Frankfort, waiting the attack of any who chose to encounter him. Owing to this, a vast concourse of people had assembled; hearing of which, Howleglass said; "There will be a grand assemblage of lords, and great people, who will surely give me something; were it only a silver medal; and most certainly I will go." So when he arrived near Frankfort, he there found the bishop of Treves, who observing him so oddly habited, inquired who he might be?

Howleglass then replied: "Sir, I am a maker of spectacles; I am coming now from Brabant, but I can no where find any custom; our trade is become worth nothing." "I should think on the contrary,"

said the bishop, "that your business ought to go on daily improving; for, truly men grow more weak-sighted every day. Therefore they ought to apply to you for spectacles." Howleglass replied: "My much honored lord, you say very true; but one thing hurts our trade, which I would mention, were I not afraid of offending you." The bishop replied: "Say it boldly, man, and fear nothing; we are pretty well accustomed to hear such men as you." Then Howleglass said: "My reverend lord, what most hurts our trade, is the apprehension that in future it will be good for nothing. And for this reason, that we observe you and other great lords; along with popes, cardinals, bishops, emperors, kings, dukes, justices, and governors of all lands; all of whom God amend; have got a trick of looking through their fingers, (instead of spectacles) and hiding their eyes from the sight of justice, except she come arrayed in gold, and precious stuff.

"Formerly great men used to study the laws, in order to learn to whom to administer justice, and do right. At that period, they wore spectacles, and our business flourished. Priests too, studied more than now, and spectacles indeed were in great request. At present, they read their lessons by heart; and never open a book, for weeks together. This fault is so frequent throughout the country, that even the peasants themselves study through their fingers."

Now the bishop could read this text without any gloss; so he said to Howleglass: "Follow me to Frankfort; I will give you my arms and livery," and Howleglass remained with him until the emperor was inaugurated, and afterwards returned into the land of Saxony.

HOW HOWLEGLASS ENTERED INTO A MERCHANT'S SERVICE, IN QUALITY OF A COOK.

In the town of Herdellem, there resided a rich merchant, who, happening one day to be walking in one of his own fields, a short way out of the city, saw Howleglass lying on the green. He inquired who he was? To this, Howleglass replied: "I am a cook without a master, and I have been a cook's servant; otherwise a scullion; but that is now not a place for me." The merchant said: "If you like to become my servant, I will give you good board and wages, besides your clothes; you shall have a trial, for my wife is continually bickering one after another with all her cooks." Howleglass promised to do his best to please him; and his new master asked him his name, to which our hero replied, that it was Bartholomew. "The name," said the merchant, "is too long, you shall be called *Dol*." "Sir," said Howleglass, "just as you like best, it pleases me well." "Then come," added his master, "you are

the sort of man I want; let us go directly into my garden, to gather herbs for the young boiled chickens, as to-morrow I have a party coming, and we must make merry with the best cheer." So they went to the house, and when the merchant's wife saw them come in, she said: "Heyday, master mine, what kind of a servant have you brought us here? Are you afraid lest the bread should be left to grow mouldy? what is he for?" "Oh, you shall see that, my dear, to-morrow; here, Dol, take this pannier, and follow me to the shambles."

Away they went, and the merchant bought some pieces of roasting meat; saying on his return: "Now, Dol, remember when you put this sirloin down to-morrow, that you leave it to do coolly at a distance, so as not to catch, or singe; the boiling piece you may put on a good deal earlier."

"Very good, master," said Howleglass, "it shall be done." So the next morning he rose betimes and brought the meat he was to boil near the fire. But that which he intended to roast he stuck upon the spit, and placed it at a cool distance as he had been told (namely, in the cellar between two barrels of beer) from the fire. Now before the merchant's guests had assembled, he went to see that all was going on well in the kitchen, (for his wife was a fine lady) and he enquired whether the dinner was almost ready, to which Howleglass made answer: "Yes,

every thing but the roast beef." "Every thing but!" exclaimed the merchant; "and where is that?". "It is on the spit," answered Howleglass; "it is doing cool, at a distance as you desired, in the coolest place in the house, which is the beer cellar. You did not say when you would like to have it roasted." While his master was discussing this point with Howleglass the guests began to arrive; to whom he candidly related the incident, at which some looked grave and others laughed; while his lady was least of all satisfied with the joke. Indeed she proposed an ejectment of the new cook from the premises forthwith.

"My love," said the merchant, "give yourself no kind of uneasiness about that! to-morrow I am going to Gollai; and he must see me there, but on my return he shall be discharged. They then all proceeded to dinner, and made as good cheer as they could upon what they had got. In the evening when all was over, his master called Howleglass, and said: "Dol, see that my coach is in readiness early to-morrow morning, for I and the priest are going as far as Gollai; so look that it be well cleaned and greased." Accordingly when the whole family were abed, Howleglass proceeded to grease the chariot well both inside and out. And in the morning our merchant and the priest mounted to drive off; but slip went the priest wherever he laid his hand or foot;

and he had many a time nearly broken his neck as they drove along. "What the deuce," he cried, "can it be, that is so thick and greasy?"

So they stopped and called Howleglass in a great passion, enquiring what vile work he had been doing, and swore and threatened dreadfully. Just then a waggon load of straw luckily went by, and the unhappy party purchased a small quantity with which to purify the well bedizened chariot. Quite enraged, the merchant cried out: "Off to the gallows, you rascal!" and soon after Howleglass saw one not far from the road side, and driving the chariot right underneath it, he was proceeding very leisurely to unharness the horses. "What is that you are about villain!" said his master. "Why," replied Howleglass, "did not you order me to drive off to the gallows; where I thought I was to set you down." On looking up, the priest and the merchant sure enough saw the gibbet; upon which his master being seized with a panic commanded him to back, and drive right away as hard as he could flog.

Hearing this, Howleglass dashed neck and nothing through the mud, so that by the horrible pulling and tearing, the vehicle came straight in two, the hinder part remaining with the merchant and the priest stuck in the mud, and the other proceeding with Howleglass and the horses just as if nothing had happened. At length with much shouting and run-

ning the merchant overtook his driver, and was beginning to inflict summary vengeance upon him when the priest came up and prevented him; and in this fashion they contrived to accomplish their journey, and so home again. Well! his wife enquired how the merchant had enjoyed his journey? "Oh delightful," cried the merchant, "now that we are safely returned." They then called Howleglass, saying: "To-night eat and drink to your heart's content, for to-morrow you quit this house. I cannot keep you, you are too great a malicious rascal for me." "All right, master," said Howleglass, and in the morning when the merchant went out he again said, "Eat and drink, take as much as you like, but do not let me find you here when I come home from church." So while the family was at church, Howleglass proceeded as he had been ordered to take what he liked; and very shortly he had almost completely gutted the house. In short the merchant met him with a whole load of his goods in the street as he was coming from church. "Ha! my honest cook," he cried, "what are you dressing now?" "What you commanded me to do," replied Howleglass, "you informed me that I might take what I liked, and rid the house of me." "Leave these things where they are," exclaimed the merchant, "and go to the devil if you please." Howleglass said: "I do every thing that my masters order me, and yet I cannot live in peace." So

he quitted the merchant in a huff, whom he was sorry again to have met with, while the former had his goods conveyed back to the house.

HOW HOWLEGLASS WAS INVITED TO DINNER, AND WHAT HE DID.

In the town of Luxembourgh, there lived a certain maker of flutes, who had so long beaten up the whole country round, as to be up to all kind of tricks. Being in Howleglass's company, he one day said to him, "Let us some day have a drinking bout; suppose you were to come and dine with me to-morrow, if you are able." "That I can very easily do," said Howleglass; though he did not rightly hear his words. The next day, however, when the hour was come, he proceeded to the house of the flute-maker. What was his disappointment to find the house doors fast, and no answer to his calls; and after many vain trials, he was compelled to kick his heels backwards and forwards, in hopes the host might return, until the afternoon being far spent, he was compelled to own himself a fool and went reluctantly home.

On the ensuing day, he met his acquaintance, the flute-maker, in the market, and said; "My good friend, when you invite any one to dinner, are you in the habit of shutting your house door when it is ready?" The other answered; "If you will recollect right, I asked you to come and dine with me, if you

were able; but the house door being shut, and no one coming to open, it seems you were not able, therefore I excuse you." Howleglass, sadly nettled at being made the subject of a trick like his own, replied, "I thank you, sir; I did not think of that; but I see we may still live and learn something." The other then laughed, and added: "But jesting apart, if you will now go to my house, I will soon follow, and you shall have an excellent dinner of roast and boiled, with no one but yourself."

So Howleglass went, and found every thing as he had said, the man's wife busily directing about the dinner. As it was quite ready, the girl went to look out for her master; his wife too finding she lingered, went after her to the door, while Howleglass following, just as they had stepped out, shut the door upon them both. He had told them that the master was carrying home a fine sturgeon, and both wife and servant now hastened to meet him.

Seeing them running so quickly, he said, "Whither so fast?" and his wife made answer: "Howleglass is at our house, and told us that you had bought a fine sturgeon; where is it, that we may help you to carry it?" Much vexed, the man said: "Why not stop within doors; depend upon it he has tricked us!" True enough, when they arrived, they found all the entrances secured. "Aye, this is the sturgeon you are come to fetch," cried the husband, as he knocked

again and again; "and so Howleglass stood in our shoes yesterday; verily I fear we shall dine as he did." "Leave off knocking there," cried Howleglass from within, "and go about your business; for the good host assured me that I was to dine here alone, but you may come after dinner." The flute-maker said; "I said so, but did not mean so;" but he was obliged to go to the house of one of his neighbours until it pleased Howleglass to admit him into his own house, where he was enjoying himself dining with *no one but himself*, as he had been told.

Afterwards, he opened the doors as a great favor, and admitted the host, who only said, for he was very hungry: "Howleglass, this is a bad habit of yours to shut the owners out of their own houses!" and in this way was the trick of the host doubly requited.

HOW HOWLEGLASS BY FALSE WITNESSES OBTAINED A NEW PIECE OF CLOTH.

Now as Howleglass belonged to that class of quiet citizens who are not at all fond of hard work; at the same time loving a little good cheer; he was obliged to be continually on the look out: 'quid edendum, quid bibendum,'—what he should eat and drink. One day he went to a fair, where he saw a countryman who was buying a large linen sheet. Howleglass began to think how he might have it instead of him,

after letting him pay for it, which he did. Accosting him, he inquired where he lived? and this being ascertained, he next accosted a priest, and a malicious rogue like himself, to whom he said: "Now is the time you must assist me; and only maintain that the color of that fellow's cloth is blue, and I will give you a florin, if I trick him, for your pains." Then Howleglass hastening after the man, with the priest and his companion following at a distance, both of whom were instructed to appear when he should make signal, he joined the devoted countryman.

"Well, friend, where did you buy that blue cloth?" The man answered, that it was green, and not blue. Howleglass said: "It is blue sure enough, in my eyes." "You have got the blues if not the jaundice, then," said the countryman. "But, sir," cried Howleglass, "I will lay you twenty florins against this cloth, that it is blue, and let the first man we shall meet decide the point." "Done," cried the man, and it was agreed; when Howleglass making signal, the priest's companion joined them. Said the countryman: "Sir, we two are disputing about the color of this here piece of cloth; tell us truly what you think of it; we will abide by your opinion." Quoth the priest's companion: "There can be no doubt of that to any who have eyes: it is a piece of blue cloth." "The devil it be!" exclaimed the man; "then you are a couple of rogues who have conspired together,

to pass such a skit upon me." But Howleglass replied: "I will say nothing of that; however, here comes a priest, I will consent to end the matter as he shall judge best; for he is the Lord's priest and surely *he* will not lie;" to which the man agreed. So when the priest came up, Howleglass said: "Sir, pray inform us what is the color of this piece of cloth?" "Why, my friends," replied the priest, "don't you see that it is blue?" The poor countryman afraid of gainsaying the priest directly added, "That is true, but these other fellows told me that I lied." The priest said: "What have I to do with your quarrel; whether it be black or blue?" The man answered, "Only, sir, that you would please to decide it." The priest replied: "Man, I can say nothing to the business, except that this piece of sheeting is blue." "Then," cried the countryman, "if you were not a priest, I should say that you had told a horrid lie, and that you were all three a set of malicious rascals; but because you are a priest, it is my duty to believe you;" and he reluctantly gave up the cloth, which the villains cut up into wearing apparel for the winter, leaving the unhappy rustic and his family in great necessity.

HOW HOWLEGLASS PRETENDED TO BESTOW TWENTY FLORINS UPON TWELVE BLIND MEN AS A SIGNAL ACT OF CHARITY.

In the town of Hanover, where Howleglass was then residing, he effected a number of wonderful tricks, famous for their rare ingenuity, and of which the following was one. One day he saw a dozen blind men proceeding along the road, all of whom stopped when they came opposite, thinking Howleglass was a gentleman by the sound of his horse's feet. When they heard him stop, they made a most humble obeisance, and said: "Good sir, we are weary travellers coming from town, where a rich man has just given up the ghost, for the purpose of collecting alms." "Well," said Howleglass, "it is shocking cold, it is enough to kill you; so go back to the inn which I have just left. Here are twenty florins, with which you may enjoy yourselves," at the same time giving them nothing; and mentioning the name of the tavern he had been at. The blind all thanked him, each supposing that the other had received the florins, and then they turned back to stop at the place which Howleglass had pointed out. "Good host," they said, as they entered, "we have met a gentleman on horseback who has given us twenty florins to spend with you during the winter season."

The landlord being an avaricious dog, received them with a kind welcome, without ascertaining which of them was the treasurer; so ushering them

into a room, he said they should have the best he could afford. Accordingly he gave them good fare, and plenty of strong drink, until he had made out a bill amounting to the exact sum of twenty florins. He then went to know whether they would like to settle? to which the blind answered, "Yes;" adding, "let him who received the florins, give them to our host for change."* Here was the difficulty; first one and then another denied having received any; and so with all the rest, when they began to scratch their heads, and look very foolish at the good host. They declared that they had been sadly imposed upon; when after some vain reproaches, the host began to consider that it would be worse to detain than to let them go; if he were to keep them at his inn. Yet, having resolved to be paid his money, he compounded the matter, by disposing of them in a large pigstye for a prison, and sent them a little hay and straw to feast upon.

When Howleglass imagined the blind men must almost have spent their money, he rode back towards the inn; and in going to the stable with his horse, he saw his blind friends in their new abode. Then accosting the host he said; "What can be the reason

* This incident has been frequently worked up and become current in a number of stories, in particular among the Italians. It forms the subject of a Tale of Sacchetti; and has been likewise given by Sozzini.---*Translator.*

that you have got those poor fellows shut up there like hogs? have you no bowels of compassion?" "Would," cried the host, "that the rascals were with the rest of their pack, and I was paid for their entertainment;" at the same time telling Howleglass how he had been imposed upon. "But," said our hero, "could you not take bail for them?" "Yes," said the man, "I should be glad to have good bond, and then let the pigs out of the stye." "You wretch," said Howleglass, "I will see whether it cannot be done for love of charity," and he hastened to the curate's house and said to him: "Sir, I entreat you will lend your hand to a pious work; mine host of the ——— hath suddenly become possessed; I think he hath a legion of devils; I beseech you to try if you can exorcise them, and you will be rewarded." "That," said the curate, "I will do willingly, but we must wait a few days; we must do nothing in a hurry." "Good," said Howleglass; "and in the meanwhile, I will bring his wife, to whom you may communicate our intention." "Let her come," said the curate, "and I will see to it." So Howleglass went back and said to the hostess, "I have found good bond for your husband, if he will let you go with me to speak to the party." This being agreed they went to the curate, and Howleglass said: "Here is the man's wife; now let her hear what you have promised." "Very good," replied the

curate. "If you will only have patience a day or two, good dame, I will call upon your husband, and hope to set him at rest." "That is a good hearing," said the hostess, and hastened home to acquaint her husband, who satisfied of the curate's respectability gladly permitted the blind men to go free.

Howleglass having thus settled matters with the host took his departure; leaving the curate and him to decide the question as they best could. Then on the appointed day, the hostess waited upon the curate to receive the amount of the blind mens' bill. Then the curate replied: "It is by your husband's order you, are come?" to which she assented. "I thought so," said the holy man, "it is the devil that makes him talk of money." "Nay," said his wife, "please you sir, not the devil; it is he himself who wants the money." "Aye," said he, "I am told that the devil has prevailed with him, though I trust with the grace of God that he may yet be restored." "Well, well," said the hostess, "I see how it is; when ill-disposed people are averse to pay, they make these inventions;" and she went home, complaining bitterly of what the curate had said.

But the host himself was so enraged, that he ran out of the house with a piece of roast beef which he had upon the spit, in his hand, and hastened towards the curate's, who seeing his approach made the sign of the cross, and calling his neighbours to his aid, he

told them that the man was possessed. The host running towards him cried in a loud voice: "You shall pay, you shall pay." All present crossed themselves, and stood round the priest, who ran a narrow chance of being spitted by the demoniac, who was with much difficulty driven away. All the efforts of the holy man proved in vain to dispossess him of the bad spirit that made him continually harp upon the curate's money; which he never ceased to demand, though the former assured his neighbours solemnly that he owed him nothing. Still he repeatedly tried to rout the evil spirit without success; and the strife continued between them as long as the parties lived.

HOW HOWLEGLASS PUTS ANOTHER LANDLORD TO ROUT BY THE SIGHT OF A DEAD WOLF AT ISLEBEN.

At that place there dwelt a proud and spiteful landlord, who also piqued himself greatly upon his courage. Howleglass arrived at his house during the winter season in a great fall of snow. Three merchants from Saxony, likewise arrived late in the same evening. The host casting a sidelong glance observed: "Where the deuce can you be coming from at this time of night?" The merchants said they had unluckily met a wolf in the way, which together with the heavy fall of snow had delayed their arrival.

On hearing this, the host became more free in his remarks than before, ridiculing the idea of being scared by a wolf. "For my part," he continued, "were I to encounter a dozen in the open fields, I would not budge a foot. I would engage them like a man, and not go out of my way like you;" and in this manner he went on jeering them till nightfall.

Howleglass being present, and having heard the whole history, said not a word, but proposed to occupy the same room as the strangers, which they agreed for with the host. When they had retired to the chamber they began to consider how they might requite their host for all the ridicule which he had heaped upon them.

Then Howleglass spoke out: "Gentlemen, I see this fellow is a great braggadocio, hardier in word than deed; but I will put him to the proof, if you please." "Nothing could be more agreeable to us," said they; "and we will moreover pay you for your trouble." Our hero answered: "To-morrow go about your affairs, and return here in the evening. I will be prepared, and draw a draft upon the valour of our host, which we shall see how he will honor." So the merchants did, and paid both for themselves and Howleglass; while the host on his side, did not forget to warn them to take heed of the wolves, and shouted after, mocking them as they went. They thanked him; observing that if the wolves should eat them,

they would be in no condition to return in the evening; saying which, Howleglass and they rode different ways. But at the time appointed they were true to the hour; while Howleglass meantime had the good fortune to meet a wolf which he killed and flayed, being the most ingenious thief of the two. When the wolf's hide had become hard with the frost, he conveyed it secretly into the host's house; who had still recourse to his old bravados when he saw the merchants return. They only replied: "As you can encounter so many wolves at a time, suppose you were to kill one just to shew your valour."

In a great passion he swore that there was nothing which he said that he was afraid of doing; and the merchants soon after went into their own room. Then Howleglass said: "Pray, let me deal with him; only take care, when the host and his household shall be at rest, to be on the watch." At that time Howleglass went down stairs, and took the wolf's skin, quite hard and frozen, and placed it before the kitchen fire in an upright position, supported by sticks so as to look perfectly natural, with his jaws stretched wide with another stick, into which he had stuck two old shoes, as some sign of the hunger he felt. This done, Howleglass returned to the merchants who directly began to rouse their host: "Landlord, landlord, I say!!" "What do you want?" answered the host. "Want!" retorted they, "we want something,

to be sure. Up with your tapster, your chambermaid, or yourself; we will settle tomorrow." The host vexed at being thus disturbed, swore it was not the custom to drink during the night in Saxony. Still he called the bar-maid, bidding her carry what they wanted into their room. So she got up and ran to light her candle. Seeing the wolf at the kitchen fire, she ran into the garden, imagining he had already eaten the children in the cradle. Next the host called his tapster and he too went down to light his lanthorn, which he did before he got a sight of the wolf; and supposing he must have already devoured the girl, he hid himself in the cellar. Now Howleglass called the host himself for the third time, vociferating that the merchants were dying for drink; or at any rate to bring them a light and they would go and draw for themselves.

Supposing his servants must have fallen asleep, mine host at length rose, and went like the others to light his candle. In going to the fire, he got so near the wolf before he saw him, that when he did, he fell down with fright, thinking he was already in the beast's paws, and uttering cries for help. As the merchants drew nigh, he howled out most piteously: "Oh haste, haste, he has eaten the tapster and the bar-maid; he is just swallowing her shoes!" As he uttered these words, Howleglass and the merchants with peals of laughter ran in; exclaiming, "Here is

the brave man who would clear the country of a dozen wolves, and yet he is afraid of being shut up in his own house with a dead one." When the host found himself thus tricked, he was quite at a nonplus, being taken so very short, so that he had not a word to throw at a dog, much less at a wolf now. He saw well that his previous proud looks and boastings had lost all their lustre at the apparition of a dead wolf; and he sneaked back to his bed-room. Next morning the merchants in high triumph settled their own and Howleglass's account with the humbled host, who never more ventured to boast of his peculiar valour; and they then departed.

HOW HOWLEGLASS FLAYED A LITTLE DOG AND MADE A PRESENT OF ITS SKIN TO ITS MISTRESS, THE HOSTESS, TO SETTLE A PART OF HIS SCORE.

HOWLEGLASS having next taken up his quarters at Aslar, where he lodged with a person who had no other lodgers, except a little dog, to which she was mightily attached, our hero had a quarrel with her, which arose as follows. She was always cherishing her favorite at Howleglass's expence, seating him near the fire, treating him to tit-bits and teaching him to drink beer out of a porringer.

Now whenever Howleglass was drinking, the dog began to make his court, and the hostess uniformly added: "You see, friend, what he wants; give him a

drop in his porringer; he is asking you;" and this was so often repeated that he shared with Howleglass every thing there was on table, until being quite full, he stretched himself again before the fire. At length after being both well fed for a length of time, Howleglass inquired for a settlement. On looking it over, he said: "Now, my good hostess, answer me one thing. If you had a guest, who should eat all your victuals, and drink your beer, and had no money to pay you, how would you like it?" The dame, thinking he spoke of himself, and not about her dog, said: "I give no credit here; I must have either money or pledge from all." Howleglass replied: "I am content for my share, let my companion look to his own." Then on finding a fit occasion, in her absence from the room, he took the dog, and going into the stable he put him to death, and flayed him; after which he returned into the house, with the skin under his coat. Then calling to the good lady, he said, "Now, madam, I think we can settle." So she presented him again with the account; which he soon handed her back again, taxed with half costs. She eagerly inquired, "Who is to pay the other half? for you have had the whole yourself." "Not so, madam," replied Howleglass, "there was one more, and he had no money to pay his share. However, he is willing to leave his pledge."

The hostess said: "Who can that be?" "He

will leave you," said Howleglass, "the best suit he had to wear;" at the same time, shewing her the little dog's jacket. "Here take it," he said, "this is the best suit of clothes, by way of pledge, which the fellow who eat and drank with me, can leave you." The poor dame was dreadfully shocked at beholding the favourite's jacket in such hands, and she cursed Howleglass from the bottom of her heart. He replied: "Your maledictions are of no use; it is all your own fault, for you enjoined me to give plenty to eat and drink to your little cur; and I kept telling you that he had no money, though you would not believe me. Now, as he has no money, he must e'en leave his coat; pray accept it for his part of the score."

The hostess at this, was more angry than before, and shrieked out: "Away, villain, out of my house, and never shew your face again; march, sir, march." "No," cried Howleglass, "I will not march, but I will ride away;" saying which, he sprang upon his horse, saying, "Good hostess, take precious care of your pledge, until you get the money; for I shall come back again, and hope to taste the flavour of your wine, without paying any thing at all."

HOW HOWLEGLASS FARTHER MOCKED THE SAME HOSTESS, BY MAKING HER BELIEVE THAT HE WAS TAKEN PRISONER, AND STRETCHED UPON A WHEEL.

In little more than a week after this adventure, Howleglass came to lodge at a village near Aslar, where he left his horse, and changing his dress, went to see his former hostess. Now, there happened to be a wheel lying before the door, upon which he seated himself, and bade the hostess good day. He then asked whether she had yet heard tidings of Howleglass? "What should I hear," said she, "of a wretch too horrible for me to hear even named!" "Why," said our hero, "what has he done, that you are so very angry? Don't you know that he never leaves any place, without committing a number of wicked tricks?" "That," replied the hostess, "I can well aver; for it is not more than eight days since he flayed my little dog, and himself gave me the hide for what he said he had drunk." Howleglass said: "That was not well done." "But," said the hostess, "it will come home to him, some of these days." "True, hostess," said Howleglass, "he has already got his deserts; he is stretched upon a wheel." "Praised be the Lord," cried the hostess; "and had I been there, I would gladly have paid for the wheel; and if I had the power, I would have broken his legs and arms with my own hand."

"Then," said Howleglass, "we have said enough upon this subject; it is, however, all true that I have said;" for he was then leaning upon a wheel; and bidding her farewell, he hastened from the spot, nor ever returned to it again.

HOW HOWLEGLASS TOOK OCCASION TO PLACE HIS HOSTESS UPON A SEAT OF HOT COALS.

AFTER Howleglass's departure, he went to quarter himself upon a house, where the landlord was absent; and to begin, he inquired of his wife, whether she knew any thing of Howleglass. "No, not I," said she, "but I have heard that he is a mischievous hound." Howleglass however, again addressed her with fair words: "I wonder, madam, that you don't know him!" "I have no wish," she replied, "for every body repeats it, as far as I hear; and complains of him." Then Howleglass said: "Madam, if he have done you no harm, why do you abuse him so? You only know him to be such a malicious rogue, from hearsay." "Yes," said the woman, "I tell it you just as I heard it, from my lodgers;" at which, Howleglass held his tongue. The next morning, however, he rose early, and finding the embers still warm in the kitchen, he kindled them up a little, and then went and carried the hostess, who was in a sound sleep, down stairs, and laid her upon the

hot coals, which made her smart well, before she awoke. Then Howleglass said: "Now, indeed, dame, you may say from your own experience, much better than hearsay, that Howleglass is a malicious rogue; for you have had a taste of his tricks." The hostess began to cry murder, and stop thief, stop thief, with as loud a voice as she could, but Howleglass made his escape; adding, "This is the way to serve people, who say ill of one by hearsay, though one never did them any harm, nor even so much as saw them."

HOW HOWLEGLASS DECEIVED A DUTCHMAN WITH A ROASTED APPLE.

A SHORT time afterwards, Howleglass went into a tavern where there were a number of Dutchmen. Being disgusted with them, he ordered a dozen eggs to be boiled, and set before him. One of the Dutchmen, however, taking Howleglass for a simple rustic, took the eggs one after another, and devoured them all; each time setting a shell before Howleglass, and observing: "Here, sir, is the husk, but the kernel has slipt out." The rest of the company laughed, and Howleglass likewise, staring at them like a fool, as if he had been moon-struck. But hear the sequel!

In the evening, Howleglass called for a roasted apple, which he emptied as adroitly as the Dutchman had done the eggs; leaving only the pippins within;

to which he added a goose quill cut up into several bits upon a trencher; he then took and laid it upon the table, with sugar and ginger, as if he had been going to make a feast; and leaving the room, he patiently awaited the result. He was no sooner gone, than the same Dutchman took his apple, and devoured it hastily, to empty the apple, before his return; but lo! in a minute or so, he was seized with the most excruciating pangs and vomitings, and became so extremely sick, that the host and his companions believed he would infallibly die. "Alas," cried the man, "I am poisoned; fare you well." "No," replied Howleglass, "you are not poisoned; but you are labouring under a very strong emetic, such as the great gourmand's stomach is sometimes subject to. Had the Dutchman first informed me that he was about to devour the apple, I could have told him that it would not agree with boiled eggs. In fact, they are bitter and sweet enemies to each other; they cannot remain five minutes under the same roof, so you see they are compelled to part."

With some difficulty, the Dutchman recovered; and he then said to Howleglass: "Eat in future, whatever you like best; I will never meddle with you, nor ever invite myself to sup with you again."

HOW HOWLEGLASS PREVAILED UPON A WOMAN TO DESTROY HER OWN EARTHEN-WARE.

ONE day Howleglass went to pay a visit to the Bishop of Bremen, who had a great regard for him; as they had spent many a merry hour together. So having first lodged his horse in the bishop's stable, and ordered him good provision of hay and oats, he hastened into the palace. Bidding him welcome, the good bishop expressed a wish to see some specimens of his ingenuity; but Howleglass wore a very grave countenance, and slowly repeated his *Pater Noster*, to which his friend the bishop listened rather impatiently.

Now Howleglass had just before been with a a crockery-ware woman, and had made a bargain with her for all her crockery ware, which she was bribed, with suicidal hand, to break to pieces, at a signal to be given by Howleglass. The bishop now enquired of him where he had last been; and Howleglass answered; "to church." "Indeed, you are very solemn," said the bishop; "will you do nothing to make one laugh?" "Please your Grace," replied Howleglass, "if you will come as far as the market-place, you will see a woman who is selling earthen-ware, and who without saying a word, when I make a secret sign to you, shall fall upon her own wares, and break them to pieces." The bishop said: "That I should like to see! but I will bet you thirty gold

crowns that she will do no such foolish thing. What! break her own pots! impossible."

So the bargain was made; and the bishop went along with Howleglass to the market, who pointed out the woman where she stood, and just as they had reached the steps of the town-hall, he made a sign as he had said, and the bishop looked attentively towards the spot.

The same moment the crockery-woman got up as if in a great passion, and began to smash her wares with a huge stick, until the whole were demolished. All the spectators burst out a laughing as well as the bishop and his people; and on their return the bishop said to Howleglass; "How the deuce could you possess the woman to break her own crockery? tell me, and I will pay you the thirty crowns?" "Please your Grace," said Howleglass, "it was not done by chance nor ignorance; the truth is I had bought them." The bishop began to laugh, and gave Howleglass the thirty crowns, only making him promise that he would not amuse any one else with the story; in which case, he would give him a good fat beeve; and Howleglass very joyfully took his departure.

The bishop being seated at table with his gentlemen, informed them that he had learnt the secret of the crockery woman's conduct; and the whole party shewed great curiosity to know it. The bishop said: "If you will each of you give me a fat beeve for my

kitchen, I have no objection." The whole party agreed to give one; most of them indeed two, each to the value of six crowns. When the beeves were collected, Howleglass came forward and declared that one half of them belonged to him. "No," said the bishop, "only what I promised you;" and he selected one of the finest, which Howleglass drove off.

The bishop then calling his lords and gentlemen said: "Listen and I will keep my promise: it was that malicious rogue Howleglass who bribed the woman in order to impose on me; the rest your sagacity will account for." When the whole company heard this, they were quite ashamed and chapfallen; for they repented having bartered their oxen on such terms, but they were obliged to hold their tongues. The bishop on his side, had even done better than Howleglass, for he not only repaid himself the thirty crowns, but cleared a much larger sum by the sale of the beeves, of which our hero obtained one. The lords and gentlemen indeed were sadly chagrined at having been thus tricked by their bishop, but there was no help for it.

HOW HOWLEGLASS BROKE THE CHAPEL STEPS OF THE HOLY MONKS GOING TO SING MATINS, AND WHAT ENSUED.

HOWLEGLASS being now pretty far advanced in year began to think of repentance, and turned his thoughts

to religion, with the hope of reforming his evil ways. For this purpose he went to the Abbot of Mariendal in the land of Saxony, whom he intreated to find him a resting place, as a sort of lay brother. The abbot who was a facetious man, replied: "I will give you a place, but it must not be a resting place; you must do something for your living, we have no sinecures here. Both I and my brethren are all engaged in doing something, and all here do as they are bidden." "Reverend Father," said Howleglass, "what pleases you will please me well." Then the abbot said: "Yet I see pretty well that you do not much like work, so you shall have a station at the gates, which you will only have to open and shut, and to converse with civil people." "Reverend Father," replied Howleglass, "Heaven reward you, I will assuredly do whatever you command, and leave undone, whatever you please to forbid. I can say no more." "Then", said the abbot, "here are the keys; and be sure not to admit all that knock at our gates, but only three or four at the most; for there are so many idling rogues abroad, that if we were to admit them all, the gourmands would eat up our monastery." Howleglass made answer: "Reverend Father, I would willingly prevent that."

Now it one day happened that a party of the monks were returning with a convoy of provisions for the convent, and Howleglass would permit only four

to enter, leaving the rest to kick their heels on the outside. A complaint of this being made to the abbot, he said to Howleglass: "Oh, I see you are a wag, and is that the reason you would not admit my monks into the monastery?"

"Father," said Howleglass, "I admitted as many as you commanded me, and no more." "Nay," said the abbot, "you have played the rogue, the malicious rogue; and you are no longer worthy to be called our porter." So he put another in his place, feeling quite assured that he would never abandon his old tricks, and transferred him to another post. This was to take a muster of the monks who came to matins; "and mark," added the abbot, "if you be tripping here, I shall give you notice and rid the convent of you." Howleglass said: "Reverend Father, this taking muster will be a heavy job; how many are you, I wonder!" "Do it as I say," repeated the abbot; for he had already wished to get rid of him. Then thought Howleglass, I shall never be able to number all these sheep by the head. They must not come to matins too fast. So he went and broke some of the staircase steps leading into the place; and first came, and first did go, plump down, the prior, an ancient holy man, who was in the habit of leading the way to matins, and broke his leg upon the steps. He made such piteous moans, that the rest of the monks ran in a body to see what

could be the matter, and in their zeal to save the prior they all fell down the steps from top to bottom. Howleglass was standing near counting them as they fell, with a piece of chalk upon a slate, and just as the abbot got up, he observed: "Reverend Father, have I not well fulfilled your orders? I have taken a muster of the monks; here it is." Then the abbot answered: "You have played the part of a malicious wag as you are; so budge speedily hence!" Then it was, that Howleglass took his departure for Müllen, where it is no wonder that he fell sick, and had time to repent of his late impious tricks.

HOW HOWLEGLASS GREW VERY SICK AT MULLEN; HOW HE TREATED THE APOTHECARY, AT WHOSE HOUSE HE WAS; HOW HE WAS CARRIED TO THE HOSPITAL, AND WHAT HE SAID: WHEN HE COULD DO NO MORE MISCHIEF IN HIS OLD WAY.

At Müllen, Howleglass feeling himself grievously sick, marched straight to the house of an apothecary, asked for some medicine, and walked up stairs to bed, bidding the doctor to attend to his case. Somewhat vexed at this want of ceremony, yet supposing he could pay well, the doctor determined to administer sharp medicines; which being taken, very speedily compelled Howleglass to get up again. Being in the night, however, he began to advise with

himself, what was best to be done. On going down stairs, he found all the doors made fast, except that into the doctor's shop, into which he entered, still greatly puzzled, and reasoning within himself: "At all events, this good apothecary shall lose nothing by me. True it is, I have neither silver nor gold, but I will give him what I have." And now he was just on the point of replacing one of the doctor's drug boxes; when the doctor hearing a noise below stairs, suddenly entered. On finding how matters stood, he went into a passion, and vowing Howleglass should stay no longer in his house, he had him conveyed to the hotel of San Spirito, where his mother hearing that he was at his last hour, being very poor, and believing he might have some money to leave, was soon in attendance. Beginning to weep and lament over his condition, she said: "My poor son, where are you so unwell?" Howleglass replied: "Here, mother, between the wall and the bed." "Nay," said his mother, "speak to me sweet and pretty words, dear son!" Howleglass replied: "Honey, honey! is that a sweet thing?" She then said: "My good Howleglass, where is your money, and where are your goods?" "They are so safe, I think nobody will find them; but I leave you, mother, all my goods, just straight and crooked as they are."

Howleglass now fast getting worse, was asked

whether he would not like to have a confessor, and take the sacrament, to which he agreed; for he said he felt that he should never give this last enemy the slip. "Never mind," said an ancient Beguine nun, "you have only to repent, in order to smooth your way out of the world." "Nay," quoth Howleglass, "I shall die neither more smoothly, nor pleasantly, for repenting of my sins, for death is hard and bitter; it takes a good deal to kill one, good or bad; besides I will make no private confession. Why should I? I have sinned against all nations, and all individuals, wherever I found them. Those I have any way benefited, will speak of it after my death; and as for such as I have injured, you may depend that they will not hold their tongues. However, I only repent of two things, which I have never been able to accomplish." "Nay," said the old nun, "rather be joyful, if they should be any thing wrong, and repent of the rest of your sins." "You may think of it as you please," replied Howleglass, "but they are as follow: whenever I saw any one picking his teeth with a knife, or any thing else, I felt infinite regret at not having put something on the point of it. The other is, that whenever I saw an old woman above fifty, I felt a great inclination to have her either burned or drowned, to rid the world of her." "Then heaven take care of you," said the old nun, "for I no longer will; I am myself sixty years old."

"Yes," said Howleglass, "it is that that vexes me." "Oh! the devil fetch you!" cried the nun; and she left her sick patient, in a great huff, to himself. "Ah!" said Howleglass, "I find she is not a truly devout sister, or she would not so lightly have taken offence; in my opinion, she is worse than the devil."

HOW HOWLEGLASS ONCE PURCHASED SOME BUTTER-MILK, AND THE MANNER IN WHICH HE PAYED FOR IT.

We must not here forget to mention, that before Howleglass went to the monastery of Mariendal, of which there has already been an account, he arrived on occasion of a festival at Bremen. He perceived a number of countrywomen coming to the fair, carrying buttermilk, and he marched up to them as if he had been a public officer, and ordered them to empty their milk into a large vessel, marking down the contents of each, upon a slate, in order to obviate all abuse.

Supposing they were to be paid for their milk, the women stood waiting; and Howleglass told them that he would settle with them the week after, when they all ran to take their milk back; while Howleglass told each of them to take her own. Great was now the scramble, all were drenched and painted from head to foot with butter-milk, and flung their

jugs at one another's heads, making a most hideous din.

When they a little recovered, hardly knowing on whom to take vengeance, they sought every where for Howleglass, crying out, "Where is that malicious rogue, who pretended to measure and take our milk? Let us have him that we may duck him in the mashing tub.". The spectators of this scene were greatly amused, observing to all that passed, "What a day it is! Do you see how it has been raining buttermilk? the streets are swimming with it."

HOW HOWLEGLASS ENTERED INTO THE ORDER OF ST. ANTONY, AND PREACHED AT A VILLAGE NEAR BARCELONA, IN CATALONIA; AND EXHIBITED RELICS TO THE PEOPLE, WHICH HE HAD BROUGHT FROM THE HOLY LAND.*

At the time when Howleglass was a monk of the order of St. Antony, and called the Rev. Father Anastasius, he was often in the habit of going to collect alms, as much as the simple were pleased to give him, at least once a year. Now Howleglass

* It will be observed, that portions of this and the next chapter, are almost identical with similar descriptions in the Italian Novelists, and in some parts of Friar Gerund. In what direction the current of fiction first ran, it is difficult in this instance to say, but we are inclined to think that Howleglass has occasionally arrogated to himself, the exploits of others. *Translator.*

was a little squat figure, with a sharp keen visage; red head and beard, and one of the best jokers and ralliers in the world. Though he had no learning, he was so perfect and prompt a speaker, that any one not acquainted with him, would have called him a great orator; equal to Cicero or Quintilian; and indeed he was gossip to most in the same country, and related to or welcomed by all. According to his old practice, he went there in the month of August; and one Sunday morning when all the good people were about to go to mass, in the grand church, he advanced when he thought it was the right time, and said: "Good ladies and gentlemen, it is a custom with you, as you know, to send some small part of your products every year to the poor followers of St. Antony, each according to his power and piety. By these means only will St. Antony consent to be the guardian of your beeves, your pigs, and asses, and all your flocks: besides which, you have to pay the small duty marked down to be paid once a year, in the books of our fraternity. Now here am I, sent by my superior, our good Abbot, to collect these little dues; so that with the Lord's blessing, you will come when you hear the bells, as you go out of church, and I will preach you a discourse, such as will be pleasant to the ears of the disciples of St. Antony. You shall kiss the cross; and moreover, I will shew you a very precious and holy relic, which I myself brought

from the Holy Land, beyond sea, no less than one of the feathers from the wing of the angel Gabriel, which he dropped in the chamber of the Virgin, when he came to make the annunciation at Nazareth." Having announced this, he ceased, and returned to hear mass. But now at the time when he made this modest proposal, there were present two boon companions, both of whom, though intimate with Howleglass, no sooner heard his intention, than they resolved to play him one of his own kind of tricks. Knowing that he was that day dining with one of his friends at the castle, they no sooner saw him seated at table, than they slipped down into the street, and went forthwith to his lodgings; and while one amused the servant, the other contrived to find the famous feather which he secretly secured, leaving every thing else exactly as he found it. They were curious to hear what Howleglass would say to the people, when he found the loss of his relic—the parrot's feather, of which they had deprived him. To complete the joke, they likewise substituted some coals in the box from which they had taken it. At the appointed time, they went to see how Howleglass would look when he found the coals instead of the feather in the presence of all the people. After grand mass had been said, the simple audience waited in the utmost state of excitation for a sight of the angel Gabriel's feather. Every one repeated the approaching mi-

racle to his neighbour, and dinner was no sooner over, than they begun to collect on all sides, with expressions of the greatest piety and wonder. To add to the numbers, Howleglass let them wait a good while; he eat a good dinner, took his wine, and after sitting a little, rose very quietly, sending word to Gucchio Imbrate that he should bring the little bells and the besaces, which after having unwrapped with much difficulty, assisted by the scullion and Nutto the servant, he proceeded to the place of exhibition. He ordered his attendants to go to the church gate and ring the bells with all their might. And the people being now all in readiness, Howleglass unconscious of his loss, began his discourse, which he very artfully led to his particular purpose. At length wishing to display the angel Gabriel's feather, having first concluded his devotional confession, he ordered two torches to be lighted; and then unfolding the wrapper, and taking off his monk's cowl, he pronounced a grand panegyric upon the angel Gabriel and his relic. Now he opened the sanctum sanctorum of his box, which he found full of coals, and inwardly cursed his valet's negligence, in having suffered such a trick to be played; for he knew that he had not wit to think of such a thing himself. However, without in the least betraying his confusion, he raised up his hands and eyes to heaven, and in a loud voice he exclaimed: "How great and miraculous!!"

and shutting up the box, he again went on with his discourse: "Good ladies and gentlemen, I must now inform you, that when I was very young I was sent by my superior into the east, in order that I should do my utmost to discover the privileges of St. Antony, which, though they cost nothing, are more useful to others than to us. I took my route from Venice, through the Grecian city, and the kingdom of Algarve. Here I found the venerable father Messire, to whom I said, when I waited upon him, 'Do not be offended, most worthy patriarch of Jerusalem;' and he, out of reverence for every one who bore the habit of our patron St. Antony, wished me to behold that holy saint's relics, which he possessed. Of these, indeed, he shewed me so many, that if I were to attempt to give you an account of all, I should never have done. However, he had some bottled rays of the star which appeared to the three eastern kings, and a small phial, containing St. Michael's drops of sweat, which poured down, in his combat with the devil. He had, also, some of the sound of the bells, belonging to the grand temple of Solomon, and the feather of the angel which I have mentioned, with the coals which roasted the blessed St. Lawrence; all of which I was permitted to bring back with me. True it is, that my superior would never permit me to exhibit them, until it had been clearly certified, that they were the genuine

things: but now from undoubted miracles, which they have wrought, as well as from letters lately received from the patriarch of Jerusalem, we are here authorised to exhibit some of them, which I always carry about me, being afraid of trusting them to any one. The angel Gabriel's feather I secure in a small box, and in another the coals with which St. Lawrence was roasted; and both boxes bear so striking a resemblance that I often take one for the other, as has happened in the present instance. I find, that instead of having brought that containing the feather, I have here brought the box of coals, which I firmly believe has been owing less to my inadvertency, than to some miraculous interposition. And so it is; for it now occurs to me, that within two days from this time is the festival of St. Lawrence! Yes, it is St. Lawrence's day, only the day after to-morrow; and you see, my good friends, that it is intended to awaken your piety against the occasion, to turn your hearts to him, by the sight of these precious coals. Approach nearer, and behold them, saturated as it were with the unction and good humour of the saint: approach nearer I say, for whichever of you shall be marked with the sign of the cross by one of these coals, he will be sure to live during the whole year, and no fire shall harm him wheresoever he shall be."

Then, after singing a hymn to the saint, he

opened the box, and shewed the coals, which, when the stupid people had admired to their heart's content, they all began to press round Howleglass with their tribute, and to be marked with the cross. This he did, with huge figures upon their clothes and dresses, remarking that whatever quantity of carbon was lost by the process, would be again supplied, when the coal was returned into the box. After having in this way fleeced all the good people of Certaldi, as well as disappointed the rogues who had hoped to enjoy his confusion upon missing the feather, he took his leave. But his companions were so greatly amused, and astonished at the ingenuity and resources he displayed, that they were almost convulsed with laughter.

When the immense assembly had dispersed, these wags went to find Howleglass, to whom, with infinite jests and railleries, they discovered the trick which they had just before played upon him, at the same time restoring him his parrot's feather, which, in the ensuing year, proved as lucrative to him, as the coals had before done.

HOW HOWLEGLASS, BECOMING A MILLER, EXTRICATED THE PARSON OF THE VILLAGE OUT OF A GREAT DILEMMA.

DURING the time that Howleglass was playing the miller, there was a certain lord who had the reputa-

tion of being at once extremely eccentric and cruel, and was in possession of a large domain. Happening to hear that the parson of his parish piqued himself upon the shrewdness of his divining faculties, which the simple country people looked upon with the same horror they felt for judicial astrology; whereas the poor parson was only of an inquisitive turn, calculating from almanacks, of fine and rainy weather, according to the conjunction of the planets, which most frequently join to deceive those who trust them; hearing of all this, we say, the lord of the manor determined to summon him. For though the parson made no kind of professions, his parishioners still maintained, that he was a great diviner, as well as a divine. Now, this lord ridiculed all those whose superstition led them to believe that any man possessed the power of foretelling what was to come—a power, only exercised by the Almighty; and forthwith the parson was ordered to appear before him.

Trembling he obeyed; for he knew the reports that had been spread, and the strange humour of his lordship, whom he found in bed. The moment he made his appearance, he said to the parson: "So, they want me to believe that you meddle with divination!" To this the unlucky parson made answer: "No, my lord, I make no profession of the kind; I am only a little curious in matters of judicial

astrology. By means of the stars, we are sometimes enabled to form a judgment according to their peculiar aspects, conjunctions, and influences." This lord being in fact extremely ignorant, and not a whit the wiser for the parson's explanations, told the parson that he thought he must be mad. "And to cure you, my friend, now mark me! unless you can solve me four questions, such as I shall ask, you shall be committed for contempt of my person, and treated to the most severe flagellation that ever an astrologer calculated upon." The poor parson wished to excuse himself. "No, no," said his lordship, "you must either consent to solve my questions, or feel the strap; and to cut matters short, I will tell you what they are:—First: Where is the middle of the world? Second: What am I worth? Third: What do I think? Fourth: What do I believe?" "Oh, my lord," cried the unhappy parson, "Heaven alone can see into the hearts of others." "Well, well, my friend," said his lordship; "but you think to trap poor simple people by your usual tricks; however, they will not do here. Come, confess that you are an impostor, and I shall hold you highly contemptuous, or read me my riddles aright."

The parson knowing this lord's strange and savage temper, saw there would be no further use in contesting the point; and all that he could do was to delay the fatal hour, by begging time to consider and con-

sult his ephemerides until the next day. On his return to the parsonage, he met Howleglass, who observing his downcast mien, inquired what was the matter? Then the other related all that had just passed between him and his lordship; upon which Howleglass observed: "Let me deal with the brute, and I will deliver you out of his hand. You have only to lend me your gown and cope; and as he has never seen me, and was in bed when he spoke to you, I will be bound he will not recognize me. I shall assume your name, not your wits, and shall be able to resolve all the gentleman's doubts, I doubt not." Now the parson, aware that Howleglass was extremely subtle and ingenious, and being quite at a loss as to what he should answer on the morrow, determined to be wholly guided by him. He gladly accepted his proposal; and the same evening sent him his gown, his cowl and hood, with his best red bonnet.

Accordingly, the next morning, Howleglass arrayed himself in the parson's long flowing habiliments, nor would any one who met him have taken him for less than a master of arts. Thus attired, he waited upon the great lord, and sent in his name by the footman, adding, "that he was come to answer for himself, as he had been commanded." This soon brought him into his lordship's presence, who inquired whether he was able to resolve him the questions he had proposed? Howleglass answered, "That he

was, upon peril of his life." Rejoiced to hear this, the lord said: "Tell me then, where is the middle of the world?" "It is just where I stand for me,* and where you stand for you, and so with every one else." "How will you prove that?" said his lordship. "It is for you to prove that it is false; do that, and you may flog me to death." Being unable to prove him in the wrong, he said, "Well, let this pass; and to the second: How much do you think I am worth?" "Something under thirty pieces," answered Howleglass boldly; "you will have no reason to complain, if I state it at twenty-nine; for our Saviour was betrayed for thirty." "You are right again, friend. Now let us see once more, if you get over the next, you will have nearly saved your bones; you will gain something." "My lord," quoth he, "I fear your lordship is thinking more of your own profit than of mine, and I imagine I have pretty well satisfied you there." "That is true," said the other; "but how will you get over the fourth, think you! will you tell me what I believe?" "Yes, sir, I will; is it not true you believe that I am your curate?" "I do," said the lord. "Well, but I am not," replied Howleglass, "for I am only your miller. So I have answered all."

* The Translator has here slightly altered and curtailed the original, in order to avoid much absurd discussion and puerility quite too stale and obsolete for modern ideas.—*Translator.*

In this way did Howleglass by his subtilty, not only save the poor parson's jacket from a severe dusting, but gave this whimsical and harsh landlord a hearty laugh, which served to banish for a season his odd and atrabilious humour.

HOW HOWLEGLASS WAS IMPOSED UPON BY A BLIND MAGISTRATE, AND HOW HE TREATED HIM IN HIS TURN

In the city of Rouen, there was a certain tax levied upon all those who chose to set up public houses of entertainment, called the sign tax; four francs, or a crown piece being required for permission to hoist a sign. Now, Howleglass wishing to become a publican, as well as a sinner, could never obtain permission from a certain blind officer, who held the office, unless he would consent to give him a whole pistole, for they had formerly had a dispute together. This he was at last constrained to do, but not without making an inward vow that he should live to repent its exaction.

So the moment he obtained his licence, Howleglass had a sign painted, representing a blind taxgatherer, in the act of receiving a pistole; and there was written underneath; "Au Borgne qui prend," "To the blind rogue who receives." Now every one who saw the sign, and knew of the previous quarrel, was almost convulsed with laughter at the sight;

until it came to the turn of the blind magistrate to hear of what he could not so well see; and mightily scandalized he was. So forthwith he prosecuted Howleglass for a libel; who when examined, and cross-examined upon the point, confessed that it was true he had set it up in derision of the man, who had exacted from him double of what was due, before he would give him a license. Upon this the plaintiff, after being put to his oath, reluctantly owned that it was true, and consented to give up the surplus. This was finally decreed; and at the same time, that Howleglass should alter the sign of his house, which he afterwards did in the following manner, by merely striking out one of the letters, a single *P*, in his sign; leaving the whole painting just as before. It was now "Au Borgne qui rend;" "To the blind rogue who restores," alluding farther to the judicial settlement of the affair.

Moreover, it is true, that from the posture in which the blind signman stood, it was difficult to ascertain whether he was in the act of taking or giving the money; insomuch that Howleglass now stoutly maintained that he had thus satisfied the ends of justice. And in fact, on the second complaint being brought forward by the blind rogue, it was dismissed by the court, which had detected his former malversation.

THE SUBTLE VENGEANCE TAKEN BY HOWLEGLASS, WHEN HE EMBRACED THE PARTY OF SOME FRENCHMEN AGAINST A SPANIARD.

WHEN Howleglass took his departure from Germany, with the intention of going to travel in different places, more particularly in Spain, he went through France, in order to shorten his journey. As he entered into the former country, he met with a native, who asked him somewhat rudely, who he was, whence he came, and what he wanted? Howleglass answered; "I am a German, I come from travelling through the world, and I want none of your company. I want to know the manners of the people, wherever I go." "Faith!" said the Spaniard, "I am surprised to hear, that you, who are a German and doubtless a catholic, should visit France, a country where there is so little religion, and hardly a saint to bless themselves withal; while in Spain here they are as innumerable as the hairs on one's head." "But," said Howleglass, "I heard a very different version of the story, as I was passing through France; for there they stoutly maintained that their saints were at the head of the calendar." Upon this, the Spaniard flew into a great passion, and asked Howleglass if he meant to espouse the French party, to which our hero replied, that he did. The dispute then rose high, respecting the prerogatives of the two

nations; and the Spaniard finding that he had the worst of it, the French having an evident advantage over the Spaniards, began to rest his argument upon the merits of their religion. "Where," said he, "will you meet in France, with true devoutness, such as you witness here? I have traversed that wicked country, where religion is so little honoured, that when the holy sacrament is administered to the sick, it is borne by a single priest, with a little clerk, who rings a little sheep bell, followed by no kind of train. Now, behold in Spain, when the holy sacrament proceeds through the streets; with what pomp and train, and majesty it is accompanied! How the holy torches blaze; what a concourse of people follow; what honour is on all sides shewn! insomuch, that passengers, whatever pressing affairs they may have in hand, are bound to join the procession; even the king and his mighty grandees themselves, think it a favour to be allowed to support one of the staffs of the holy cloth, with which it is covered." "I own," said Howleglass, "that all this is very grand; but in France, religion is celebrated by its ancient and devout ministers, and stands in little need of all this parade and ceremony: while in Spain, where you have such an abundance of Jews, I suppose you would be afraid, if you did not make a strong party, as you went along; and this is the reason that you muster so strong, lest you should be crucified?" "How," cried out the Spaniard, still more inflamed;

"do you presume to enter into competition with us, even in religion? why, sir, there have been more saints canonized here in Spain, than there are hairs in my beard." "Very likely," said Howleglass, "but there are more in France;" and the dispute continued in the presence of a number of people who had assembled. So Howleglass pursued his victory more boldly: "More saints than there are hairs in your beard, indeed!! Why, in France there are more than all the hairs of my beard and head put together. But let us at once come to the proof! Only consent that at every French saint I name, I shall extract a hair out of your long beard, and you shall do the same for every Spanish saint, with mine." "Oh, very good," replied the Spaniard; "for very shortly, you poor wretch, you will not have a hair left to number with." A pretty round wager being staked, Howleglass was the first to begin, by plucking a hair from the Spaniard's beard, in pronouncing the name of St. Denis. The Spaniard next returned the compliment in the name of St. Ignatius. Howleglass followed with that of St. Martin. The Spaniard's next was St. Xavier. Howleglass then gave him a pull for St. Louis. The Spaniard gave St. Isidore. Howleglass, St. Bruno. But now the Spaniard, snatching two hairs at a time, which made poor Howleglass smart, cried, "St. Cosmo, St. Damien, St . . . ." Here Howleglass interrupted him, for, desirous of revenging the

pain of his two hairs, he seized the Spaniard's whole moustache in his hand; and with a fierce tug, he cried out in the name of the eleven thousand virgins, which speedily terminated the contest. For such was the agony that the poor Spaniard endured, as to compel him to leave the field, which he was glad to do; as he would have found some difficulty in matching Howleglass's eleven thousand virgins, with a single saint.

HOW HOWLEGLASS GROWING INFIRM MAKES HIS WILL, AND DEPARTS THIS LIFE.

HOWLEGLASS now daily feeling himself getting worse and worse, proceeded to make his will, and thus divided his property into three parts. The first he left to his friends, the second to the council of Müllen, and the third to the parson of that place. He also desired that after he should have slipped his breath, they should inter his body in holy ground, and that they should say the service as on other occasions for the peace of his soul. He then went on to describe the place where he kept a large money chest, in which the whole of the property he had bequeathed was to be found, secured with four heavy locks; to be divided exactly into the stated portions.

This chest was found and put into the care of the public authorities; and in truth it was heavy and solid enough, awakening agreeable anticipations on

the part of the legatees. Shortly after this disposition of his effects, Howleglass departed this life, and being wrapt in his winding sheet, was placed in his coffin, and carried upon two biers to his last home. While the priests were busy singing dirges and placebo over his remains, there came a sow with her little pigs into the church-yard, and beginning to scratch herself against the side of the supporters, she unluckily upset Howleglass together with the bier, making such a horrible clatter, that the priests, it being in the night, all took to their heels thinking he had come to life again, leaving our hero uninterred. The Beguine monks, however, came and placed him upon the supporters, though with his face downwards, insomuch that being thus placed in the earth, his own fancy was accomplished, as it were by accident.

In about a month the three parties met to divide the contents of the great money chest, agreeably to the tenor of the will. On being opened with all due form and ceremony, what was their vexation to find only a heap of stones. They cast angry looks at each other, the parson imagining that the temporal authorities had pillaged the chest; while the magistrates conjectured that his own friends must have broken it open during Howleglass's illness. His friends on the contrary thought that the priest had committed the burglary, during the time that Howleglass was making his confession. In fact each party was highly exasperated against the other. The par-

son and the council were for disinterring the body, and having it deposited in a fitter place under the old gibbet; but when they began to remove him, he saluted them with such an uncommonly strong odour, that they could no longer support it, and were glad to cover him up and leave him where he was.

Howleglass was buried in the year 1350, and his latter end was almost as odd and eccentric as his life. For as they were lowering him again into the grave, one of the ropes supporting the feet gave way and left the coffin in an upright position, so that Howleglass was still upon his legs. Those who were present then said; "Come, let us leave him as he is, for as he was like no body else when he was alive, he is resolved to be as queer now he is dead."

Accordingly they left Howleglass bolt upright as he had fallen, and placing a stone over his head, on which was cut the figure of an owl with a looking-glass under its claws, the device of his name, they inscribed round it the following lines:—

HOWLEGLASS'S EPITAPH.

HERE LIES HOWLEGLASS, BURIED LOW,
HIS BODY IS IN THE GROUND,
WE WARN THE PASSENGER THAT SO
HE MOVE NOT THIS STONE'S BOUND.*

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD MCCCL.

* There was a drawing of Howleglass's monument taken not long ago by an English lady, during a tour in Germany, answering the above description of it.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS.*

THIS facile Princeps of magicians, Dr. John Faust, the hero of so many old dramas, besides the more modern ones of Lessing and of Göthe, was according to the best calculations of historians born towards the commencement of the 16th century, and said to be the son of a peasant. But possessed of singular genius, he succeeded in obtaining a degree of Doctor in Theology, until finally wearied with religious researches, (a very bad symptom) he betook himself to the study of medicine and astrology, which finally conducted him to that of magic.

His extensive learning soon acquired for him the reputation of a necromancer, he became invested with the attributes of popular superstition, conjured up the prince of darkness, as we shall shew, and forced one of the infernal spirits, by name Mephistopheles, into his service. Dr. Faust farther entered into an agreement with him for the space of twenty-

* Des durch die Ganze Welt berufenen Erzschwarz kunstlers und Zauberers D. J. Fausts mit dem Teufel, aufgerichtetes bundniss, &c. Cologne on the Rhine and Nuremberg.

There is a copy with part of the same title preserved at the British Museum. It is in 8vo. with the date of Brunswick, 1727.

four years, in order that he might enjoy full leisure to explore the earth, to descend into hell, traverse the celestial regions, &c. after which he was to deliver up his soul pro bono inferno.

There are a number of traditions extant in Germany, most of them of a popular character, connected with the feats of Dr. Faust, and there are others (in which the magician Virgilius appears more pre-eminent) which long preceded the doctor's exploits. Among these too is the work mentioned by Görres, and first cited by Koch, containing "The Fall of Lucifer and his Companions: and how one of these same spirits bound himself apprentice to a knight and served him well." Bamberg, 1493. 4to. Theophilus is another fiction of the kind, in which the hero on certain terms signs away body and soul to the devil, the bond being consigned to the infernal records until the period when it should become due. His end however was not so tragical as Dr. Faust's; by timely repentance he obtained grace with the Holy Virgin, and she snatched him from perdition just in the nick of time. Of a more remote date is the history of Virgilius, contemporary with the early fathers of the church, and there is still extant a Dutch version of the original, entitled, "Een Schone Historie van Virgilius, van zijn Leven, Doot, ende van zijn wonderlijcke werken, di hy deede by Nigromantien, ende by dat behulpe des Duyvels. T' Amsterdam,

by H. S. Muller, 1552." "A Pleasant History concerning the Life and Death of Virgilius, and of the wonderful works he did by Necromancy, and with the help of the devil." Here it seems that, when a young man, he discovered an imp intended to be incarcerated until the last day in a hole in the mountain, unless some mortal should meanwhile luckily set him free. He addresses Virgilius by name, intreats his assistance, and promises to instruct him gratis in the rules of the Black Art. Virgilius consents, takes lessons, and then opens the devil a way out, who having squeezed himself through with singular dexterity stands before him in his full proportions. Virgilius expresses his surprize that so imposing a personage should have issued through such a very narrow outlet, and refuses to credit his own eyes. Piqued at his want of faith the imp offers to repeat the experiment, and having squeezed himself back again, Virgilius dexterously closes up the hole, and consigns him to his old abode.* How he subsequently built a castle, enchanted the whole army of the emperor who beleaguered it, outwitted

* In this adventure we recognize the origin of the escape of "Le Diable Boiteux," and so many others who have followed Virgil's Imp. It is popular in Switzerland, among other incidents from the same source; except that the demon is there confined in a hollow tree, from which he is finally freed by Theophrastus, on condition of instructing the latter in magic. Görres Folksbucher, p. 226.

less expert magicians, conjured up Eastern palaces and gardens more beautiful than the Hesperides, and finally founded the city of Naples, are all forbidden exploits upon which we must not presume to touch.

We may remark, however, that the whole has a more airy, romantic, and southern aspect, than the northern tradition of Faust, which embraces more both of a comic and tragic character than its predecessor in the magic class. Virgil indeed betrays strong traces of his Italian descent, and his far-famed exploits most probably owe their existence to some Italian, Spanish, or Greek writer, and were first recorded in Italy. Frequent coincidences are to be met with in the Gesta Romanorum, as the Salvatio Romæ, and in the Seven Wise Masters, which very clearly indicate the early origin of the work, perhaps anterior to the twelfth century.

The popular work relating to Dr. Faust, is an abridgment of a more extensive one bearing the title of "First Part of the veritable Historie of the lamentable and execrable Sins and punishment, together with many wonderful and rare adventures of Dr. Johannes Faustus, a far-famed Sorcerer and Practitioner in the Black Art, throughout the whole of his evil practises until his final and horrible doom. Along with useful comments and beautiful illustrations, with many matters interspersed by way of warning and instruction." Explained by G. R.

Widman. Published at Hamburgh, 1599, 4to. Second Part, Third Part. Earlier however than this last, as it is supposed, is an edition in 8vo. which appeared at Berlin as early as 1587.

That Faustus really lived and flourished towards the close of the fifteenth century, is sufficiently evident from a mass of historical testimonies, among which there are not wanting a number of eye witnesses, who we are assured had seen him in the course of their travels. He was the contemporary and friend of Paracelsus, no less than of the still more renowned Cornelius Agrippa. Melancthon mentions him in his Letters, and Conrad Gessner alludes to him as a contemporary of his. Manlius too, in his Collectanes Locorum Communium, openly states, p. 28, "Novi quendam nomine Faustum de Kundling, quod est parvum oppidum patriæ meæ vicinum." I was acacquainted with one Faust of Kundling which is a small town not far from my native place. Widman in his introduction cites various opinions entertained respecting him by Luther, and concludes by saying: "These and many other amusing and freely spoken conversations, drawn from authorities well known to me, it is my wish to relate."

"In truth, although there is a good deal of conflicting evidence in regard to the particular spot where he was born and flourished, there is little doubt of his being an historical personage, and one who had wit to take advantage of the times in which he lived,

whose superior intellect and adroitness outstripped the superstitious fears and prejudices of his countrymen, to which he was indebted for so much of his notoriety. The Reformation had newly awakened religious zeal, to which Faustus, long familiar with the quietism and insipidity of the northern character, was so far from giving the rein, and entering into all the fervors of pious transcendentalism, that he rather turned polemic, and by venturing to dissent and to oppose, drew down upon himself the anger and abhorrence of the saints. Shortly, Faustus appeared conspicuous in history as the common representative of mischievous magicians, guilty of all kind of diablerie. Their sins, throughout centuries, were all laid at his door; and when the general faith falling as it were to pieces, divided into ferocious schisms, it found a common point of approach in a man, who during his frequent tours, and his intercourse with all ranks of people, had boasted of his infernal connections and influence in the NETHER lands."—*Görres.*

'From the earliest period, the people delighted in deceiving themselves with similar fictions of diablerie, no less of a comic than of a tragic cast, intimately connected, as they were, with the more bewitching world of faerie, spirits of the fountain and of the green, of mountain dwarfs and of elves, all of whom were more or less invested with the powers of mischief, and drew their origin from below rather than

from above. They entered into league, and admitted mortals into their confidence; they even became their faithful familiars, and Zoroaster, Socrates, Democritus, and Empedocles, like Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus and Agrippa of a more modern date, had all their respective demons. And however much inclined to turn their infernal counsel to good account, we are told that Zoroaster, who piqued himself upon being the prince of magicians, was in spite of all his art, at last drowned by the devil.

Robert, surnamed also the Devil, Duke of Normandy, was in the habit, about the year 768, of metamorphosing himself, like Faust, into any kind of beast he chose; a freak for which, though he received absolution, and soundly repented, he was carried off by his namesake in the end, who swung him aloft in the air, and gave him a severe fall.* Baian too, Prince of Bulgaria, in the time of Lothar, was as unlucky a dabbler in the art, for though he fled to Rome, and was guarded by the Pope himself, in the identical chains of St. Peter, the devil nevertheless found an opportunity of wringing his neck out. Even Popes themselves, as witness the heroic Sylvester II., had a bond with the same personage, who used to accompany him in the shape of a great shaggy hound, and was at the trouble of carrying off his holiness out of

* La terrible et merveilleuse vie de Robert Le Diable, lequel apres fut homme de bien. A Troyes.

the church-yard, when he had finished his career. Popes John XIII. XIX. XX. XXI., seem to have fared little better; while Gregory VII. was entrapped by making and breaking a vow of perpetual celibacy, and borne away by his sable majesty, in the appropriate form of a huge blackamoor.

Benedict IX. was served by seven little bottled imps at his elbow; Paul II. signed himself away with his own thumb's blood, to a little grey man, and became richer than any Pope before him; led a most scandalous life, and when his time was come, was carried off from the side of his mistress, without the least note of preparation, "unanointed, unanealed."

Thus, every age would appear to boast its own Faust, upon whom it delighted to confer the honour of supernatural martyrdom, exemplifying in his person, the popular ideas upon the subject; until at length, these scattered examples acquired full force and perfection, in the adventures of the hero before us, of the real historical Faustus, who left his own Memoirs, Letters, MSS, his house and furniture, to his friend and servant, the faithful Wagner.

He has thus become the representative of all preceding magicians; the master spirit of the circle, one who, like Cæsar, may be said to have conducted, and written the history of his own infernal campaigns, and like him too, he was assassinated by his familiar.

There is little, however, in the Doctor's Memoirs, which has not been ascribed to elder practitioners; for though he feasted the Emperor Maximilian, and treated him to a few Jeux de Diable, Albertus Magnus enjoyed a similar honour, in 1248, with the Emperor William, and in the midst of frost and snow, exhibited a rich summer garden, with trees and flowers in full leaf and blow, enlivened by the song of nightingales. Nor was Erolfus, the jolly Abbot of Fulda, a jot behind-hand in his magic illusions, which he turned to substantial account, being in the habit of conjuring up excellent dinners, and tapping the trees for luxurious wines of every description. There is also the narrative of the four Frankfort jugglers, who suffered themselves to be beheaded, for the company's amusement; a very ancient custom, recorded by Simon Magus, and by Johannes Teutonicus, canon of Halberstadt, in 1271. The latter, indeed, beheaded one of his own congregation in his study, and handed down the head upon a dish, to his guests in the dining room, who ran one and all to behold the scene of action, and again ran out of the study, shocked at the sight, and found their deceased friend sitting very quietly in the dining room, with his head upon his shoulders. Hondorff confirms this account, to the satisfaction of all good believers, and relates a no less illustrious feat, on the part of a Flemish gentleman, who

openly brought his own page into the market place, where he smote off his head, which, after lying some half hour at his feet, he re-adjusted to the bust. He then mounted into the air, with a whole pack of hounds, which he cheered to the chace, resembling that exhibited by Faust to the Italian ambassadors; it will be found to correspond, likewise, with similar feats of Scotus, of Zoroaster, and Robert the Devil, of Normandy. In the same way as Faust too invokes the shade of Alexander the Great to gratify the Emperor Charles, so in the old French Chronicle we find that Robert the Devil summoned Charles the Great by dint of a magical writ.

And though the Doctor asserted his claim to originality, by devouring a cart load of hay for a sallad, he was still rivalled by his predecessor, the Abbot Erolfus; who, not content with disposing of the whole of his host's dishes, ended his meal, with eating his hostess; and had the further malice to pay his reckoning, by returning him the said wife and provisions, not the least damaged by the voyage.

Neither is the narrative of eating the whole of the host's family unrivalled in its way; for, when Charles IV. celebrated his nuptials with the Bavarian Princess Sophia, the bride's father brought a waggon load of magicians with him to enliven the city of Prague. Two of the chief artists were se-

lected by the court to contend with each other in diablerie; when the great Bohemian Sorcerer, Zytho, after a desperate trial of skill, seized the Bavarian master, Gouin, and opening his jaws from ear to ear, eat him up from top to toe, hide and all, until he came to his shoes. Not liking the flavour of these, he spit them out, declaring that they must first be cleaned. Next, he restored his rival to life with the same facility as he had eaten him.

And, in truth, from these and other resemblances between Dr. Faust and his predecessors, there is every appearance of his having summoned these less formidable necromancers to his aid, of whom he is the sole historical survivor, and compelled each to relinquish and to supply him with whatever he judged most essential to his own fame, as the prince of necromancers, who might pass his word for them all. Nor is it improbable, as we have before stated, that he was the compiler of his own history and adventures, in great part borrowed from the traditionary reliques of his country.

Widman's work is founded, as the editor himself declares, upon an autograph of Faust, discovered in his library after his death, though the moral reflections, and a number of Faust's disputations with his demon, concerning heaven and earth, and the abode of condemned spirits, appear to have been supplied by another hand. It is certain that Faust in-

structed his friend and pupil Wagner, not to betray his secrets, by feigning dumb when abroad, and permitted him to rattle away only when within doors. Equally true it is, that he left him the whole of his books, and in a conversation he had with him, shortly before his decease, said to him very earnestly: "I have also particularly to intreat, that you will reveal nothing concerning my transactions in the art, until long after my death; but that you will then, from my MSS. assiduously apply yourself, in writing and arranging a full narrative, in which your demon will assist, and remind you of any circumstances that may happen to have escaped your memory. My history will thus prove very acceptable to the world from your pen."

Respecting Wagner himself, there appeared some biographical accounts of a later date, such as were here requested from him by his master: and entitled, "The Life and actions of Christopher Wagner, and what he did by power of magic. Weyland, by Dr. Scotus Totel, written in the German tongue, by P. S. M. Berlin, 1712." It is, however, a mere vamped up article, commenced long afterwards, and without any claim to notice.*

In addition to the above testimonials of the Doctor's veritable existence, there might here be submitted those of an English gentleman who resided in

* Görres, Folksbucher, p. 220—5.

Germany during some part of the 16th century; but we can only afford space for one or two of the most conclusive and authentic. From their local details and accuracy they go far to establish the biographical facts and anecdotes contained in the Doctor's lamentable history, and are fully sufficient, we apprehend, to dispel all further doubts, and set the question at rest for ever. They are extracted from an old English work entitled, " The Second Report of Doctor John Faustus, containing his appearances, and the deedes of Wagner. Written by an English gentleman, student in Wittenberg, an University of Germany, in Saxony. Published for the delight of all those which desire novelties, by a friend of the same gentleman. London, printed by Abell Jeffes, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at the middle shop, at Saint Milfred's Church by the Stockes. 1594."

" First, there is yet remaining the ruins of his house, not farre from Melancthon's house as they call, at the towne's end of Wittenberg, right opposite to the schooles.

" Secondly, there is yet to be seene his tree, a great hollowe truncke wherein he used to reade nigromancy to his schollers, not farre from towne in a very remote place, which I thinke is sufficient testimony to any reasonable eare. And enquire of them which have been there, see if they will not affirme it. Notwithstanding, I doe not goe, by these meanes I,

to entreate men to beleeve, for I care not whether they do or no, but onely to certifie you of the trueth as I myselfe would bee.

" Next, his tombe is at Mar's Temple, a three miles beyond the citty, upon which is written on a marble stone, by his owne hand, this Epitaph, which is somewhat old, by reason of his small skill in graving.

HIC JACEO JOHANNES FAUSTUS, DOCTOR DIVINI JURIS INDIGNISSIMUS, QUI PRO AMORE MAGIÆ DIABOLICÆ SCIENTIÆ, VANISSIME CEDIDI AB AMORE DEI. O LECTOR, PRO ME MISERRIMO DAMNATO HOMINE NE PRECERIS, NAM PRECES NON JUVANT QUEM DEUS CONDEMNAVIT. O PIE CHRISTIANE, MEMENTO MEI, ET SALTEM SUAM PRO INFIDUCIA MEA LACHRYMULAM EXPRIME, ET CUI NON POTES MEDERI, EJUS MISERERE, ET IPSE CAVE.

" The stone was found in his study, and his will was fulfilled and he lieth betwixt a heap of three and thirty fir trees, in the fort of the hill, in a great hole, where this is erected."

There is a copy of this old English work preserved in the very select and valuable library of Mr. Douce, which he kindly submitted to the Editor.

HISTORY

OF THAT

RENOWNED ARCH SORCERER,

DOCTOR J. FAUST,

&c.

Doctor Faustus was the son of a peasant who dwelt at Rot, near Jena, in the domain of the city of Weimar; and he was born of honest pious parents in the year 1491. He had, likewise, a number of relations in the town of Wittemberg, all of them decent good kind of people, and in particular one of his uncles who resided there, a very respectable good-hearted man. He it was who educated young Faustus, and every way treated him as if he had been his own son. Indeed, having no children of his own, he took particular notice of him, sent him to college, and placed him under the best theological masters of the time, conceiving he would some time prove an ornament to the holy church. Faustus, however, soon ungraciously set at nought his uncle's pious intentions, by beginning early to deride God's holy word, insomuch that his parents who had ever shewn him the utmost kindness

and forbearance, as well as greatly exerted themselves for his advantage, were greatly afflicted, though in no way to be blamed. They were good parents, and their names will therefore not be found in the following history; as those who had never seen, and never could have believed, the cruel and fatal depravity of their son. They only knew previous to their decease, that his uncle had adopted him for his son, which gave them the more pleasure as they were well aware of his astonishing memory and intelligence, so that like Job they felt greatly interested in the welfare of their offspring, "Desiring that he should walk uprightly before the Lord his God." (c. 1.) Yet so it often happens that devout parents are afflicted with froward godless children; as it was also in the case of Cain (Gen. iv.) in that of Reuben, (49.) and also that of Absalom, so dearly beloved by his father. I have here to add a still more unfortunate instance, though I know there are persons who attach blame to his parents, (whom, however, I must persist in pronouncing innocent,) by declaring that he incurred his fate through their means, by their permitting him to indulge in his froward and wilful conduct, instead of correcting him betimes and bringing him up to honest pursuits which might have reflected credit upon their exertions.

His friends too, remarking his strong powers of mind, urged him, like his uncle, to embrace the study

of theology. To this, however, he had no inclination; while there soon got abroad among the people, an impression that this Faustus was after no good, and even beginning to dabble in sorcery; a report that finally grew so strong that his friends thought themselves authorized to speak to him seriously upon the subject; often admonishing him of the dangers of so impious a pursuit. For he had already greatly distinguished himself among his fellow-students, insomuch that he imbibed all the knowledge and answered the most learned interrogatories of the first masters, carrying away the whole honors from his head class consisting of sixteen collegians. He had thus far benefited by his situation, and soon acquired a degree of D.D. His success now made him more proud and headstrong; he looked for still higher things, and soon obtained for himself the name of the great speculator. At length too he mingled in bad society, and was even seen to throw the holy scriptures behind the door, or under the table, with an air of unseemly levity. This was followed by a life heartless and abandoned, as will sufficiently appear in the course of the following unhappy pages.

In short, he began to shew the truth of a very well-known proverb: that it is in vain to think of stopping or turning aside a man who is set upon running to the devil. At this stage of his career Doctor Faustus met with some contemporaries of similar

pursuits, no less in physical science, than in Chaldean, Arabic, and Greek characters, with strange figures and incantations, and supernatural influences, acquired by the most unholy means, though none reached to such a pitch as he did. All which pursuits are no other than these: Dardian Artes, Nigrimantia, Carvina, Veneficum, et Incantatio;—similar to the names of the sorcerers' books; and these were such as most pleased Doctor Faustus, so that he would sit absorbed in the study of them, both night and day. He no longer took pride in his theological eminence, which of a truth had never any touch of real piety in it; he sighed for distinction as a man of the world, he took the title of M.D. aiming at equal celebrity as a doctor of medicine, the better to disguise his astrological and mathematical labors. In this way he rendered medical assistance to many very celebrated characters; he was eloquent too, and so well versed in scripture that it was impossible for him to mistake the will of heaven: "He that knoweth the law of God and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes:" also, "Forsake not the Lord your God." But Faustus gave no heed to these things, and thus, in time, brought his soul into the snares of the Evil One; in which he is no way to be excused, as if he had fallen into the same through ignorance and inadvertency.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS BECOMES A PHYSICIAN, AND CONJURES UP THE DEVIL.

PROCEEDING in the same track, as we have said, this proud doctor farther attached himself to his bold and bad practices; he did those things which he ought not, and omitted the things which he ought to do, pursuing his dangerous speculations both day and night. There was nothing either in heaven or on earth that could escape the boldness of his profane inquiries; he mounted, as it were, on wings, carrying his audacious questions and calculations to such a length, by means of unhallowed processes, such as magical figures, characters, and other forbidden means, that soon he determined to invoke the devil, in order to assist him in his diabolical sorceries.

And so it happened, for as he was one evening walking in a thick dark wood, a short way from Wittemberg, which he afterwards found was called the Spesser Voud, it suddenly came into his head that that would be the right place to begin his magical circles. Forthwith he boldly marked out a cross in fourfold figures, containing a large circle, with his wand, and within these he drew two smaller circles, in one of which he himself stood. It was in the dusk of evening, between the ninth and tenth hour, when the Prince of Darkness, well aware of the whole proceeding, laughed outright for triumph, and said within himself: "Ha! ha! I must cool this mood of yours;

if you will only approach a little nearer the brink, so that we may catch you both body and soul."

With this view, he artfully sent a messenger, as if he were himself unwilling to appear, and avoided his conjurations, which had the effect of further provoking the doctor's wishes and curiosity. At the same time, as he continued to invoke, the devil raised a great hurly-burly over his head, as if he were about to burst his confines and sail into view. The trees bowed down their heads to the ground, and the wood began to be filled with demons, who drew near and nearer to the circle with a hideous din and uproar, like the rushing of swift chariots, lighted with a thousand fiery trains, that shone like a conflagration all around. Then commenced the diabolic rout, with all kind of dancing and waltzing; a scaramouche encounter of spears and swords was heard clattering far and wide; and this continued so long that the doctor was on the point of leaping out of the circle to decamp. But mustering fresh courage, he remained firm, and with still more impious efforts, he summoned the devil repeatedly to appear. Upon this the latter began to exhibit a variety of strange delusions: first, it seemed as if a vast brood of birds' or dragons' wings were flapping overhead; and then, as the strongest conjurations concluded, the strange appearance drew nigh with piteous lamentations, and again vanished. In a short while afterwards, there

fell a fiery faggot close to him, which again mounted into a sheet of flame, which hung like a canopy over the spot where he stood.

At this sight even Faustus began to tremble, though he also exulted in the idea that he was thus compelling the devil himself to obey him, and he earnestly pursued his unhallowed labors, bent upon knowing the result.

In this fatal design, he doubtless succeeded, as he was afterwards known, in a certain society, to have boasted that he had brought under his power, and could command the services, of the chiefest potentate in the wide world. One of the students in company, upon this observed: "That there was no greater potentate than the emperor, the pope, or the king, acknowledged upon earth." But the Doctor warmly retorted: "Sir, the one under my orders is greater than any of these!" as if he wished to allude to the sixth chapter of the apostle Paul to the Ephesians; "The Prince of this World," &c. but he would explain himself no further.

And in truth, after several more invocations of the kind, the figure which had appeared to him in the wood, began to send forth a flame of fire, which mounting to the height of a man, at last assumed a human shape, and bounded round the circle in which Faustus stood. Then the demon assumed the form of a monk, and entered into a dialogue with the Doc-

tor, inquiring hastily, "What might be his pleasure?" To this the Doctor answered, that it was his pleasure that he should attend upon him on the ensuing night at his house, exactly at twelve o'clock; which at first the demon flatly refused to do.

Then Faustus again invoked him by the power of his superior, that he should accede to his proposal, and obey him too when he came; all of which the infernal spirit was at length compelled to do.

DIFFERENT AUDIENCES BETWEEN DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND THE DEVIL'S AMBASSADOR.

When Doctor Faustus returned to his own house early in the morning, he found the demon seated, uninvited, in his chamber, who candidly said, he had appeared to know what the Doctor's commands were.

Now it is very extraordinary, but very true, that when heaven has wholly abandoned a man to his own evil machinations, a spirit has thus the power of playing off all such tricks upon him, coming like a troublesome servant uncalled for, and often refusing to come when he is called. So that as the proverb has it, such evil-minded persons will see the devil in spite of themselves, here and there, and at all times except when they want his assistance.

Forthwith in his turn, the Doctor somewhat cavalierly dismissing the demon, set to work with his

magical arts afresh in order to give him the trouble of returning, like an ill-humoured master ringing for his servant before he has well got down stairs. The next time, the Doctor shewed him the articles of the compact which he had drawn up, namely: Imprimis, That the demon should obey him in every thing he required, or chose to exact, during the whole term of the Doctor's natural life. Secondly, That he should be bound to answer every question, upon every subject put to him, without any quibble or demur: Thirdly, That he must there reply to all the different interrogatories that the Doctor chose to trouble him with. This the infernal spirit flatly refused to do, excusing himself by declaring that he had no such authority from the prince under whom he held office to sign any such articles. "It is quite out of my power, friend Faustus, to venture on such a step; it remains with our royal master himself." "What am I to understand from this?" inquired the Doctor, "do you want power to do it, do you say?" "That I do indeed," replied the spirit. "Let me hear the reason, then, now!" "You must know, Faustus," said the other, "that there is a supreme power over us, as there is over the earth: we have our governors, officers, and catch-poles, of whom I am 'one and many;' we name ourselves Legion: in fact ours is a kingdom of legions; because when Lucifer himself, owing to his pride and arrogance, fell with fierce downfall and punishment,

he brought along with him a legion of devils called Prince of the Orient from his holding dominion over those eastern regions. He likewise holds sway in the south, in the north, and in the west.

"And inasmuch as Lucifer the fallen, holds all his influence and empire under the sway of heaven, so we demons had it left in our power to render ourselves subservient and serviceable to mankind. Were this not so, it would be impossible for any mortal to bring Lucifer under his power, who then sends his messengers as he has now sent me to you. It is true, that we have never yet acquainted mankind with the real nature of our state and government; not even the wisest among you can fathom them; a knowledge which is reserved for those only who travel thither on their own account." The Doctor was not a little startled at hearing this, and said: "I have no desire to earn that knowledge and be damned for your pleasure." "Will you not?" replied the spirit; "that will perhaps not help you in the end; for your evil heart and life have already merited condemnation." Doctor Faustus replied: "You may as soon think of catching good St. Valentine! so take yourself speedily off—away!"

As the demon was departing, the Doctor seized with some fresh doubts, again called him back, and enjoined him to appear in the evening about vespers,

to hear something farther which he had to propose, to which the spirit assented, and took his departure.

From this first scene the abandoned heart and imagination of this man are made evident; and although the devil had fairly warned him by singing the "song of poor Judas," as we say, he still clung to his diabolical thoughts and projects.

SECOND INTERVIEW BETWEEN DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND THE DEMON NAMED MEPHOSTOPHILES.

TOWARDS the appointed evening the same busy fiend again made his appearance, between three and four o'clock. He now promised entire service and obedience, according as he had received permission from his master; adding, that he was enjoined to carry back word of the Doctor's intentions. "Yet I must first hear, Faustus, what was your object in again summoning me into your presence?" Doctor Faustus gave him a mysterious, but at the same time very dangerous answer, as concerned his soul; for he told him plainly that he desired to become either a complete demon, or to enter into league with demons; in addition to which he mentioned the articles which here follow:

First, That he might freely assume a diabolical shape whenever he judged proper.

Secondly, That his demon should bind himself to perform every thing that the Doctor thought fit and expedient.

Thirdly, That he should ever be faithful and obedient to him.

Fourthly, That he was to hold himself ready to appear at the doctor's house at the slightest notice, and in such shape as should prove most convenient and agreeable.

Fifthly, That he should perform his household duties invisibly, or appear only to the doctor, as he judged best. In respect to these several articles and conditions, the demon promised unconditional submission; except that he wished to add some slight clauses, when every difficulty in the way of the negociation would be removed. It will be right to touch upon the leading points in these clauses:—

Imprimis: Let Doctor Faustus swear, promise, and sign, that he holds the said service and obedience from the devil, upon a lease of years, to have and to hold. Secondly, that the Doctor, for further assurance of the same, shall sign and witness it with his own hand and blood. Thirdly, that he shall declare all Christians to be his natural enemies. Fourthly, he must forswear the Christian faith. Fifthly, that he must watch and pray, that no one may prevail upon him to return to it. Before the signing and execution of these conditions, a certain number of years

to be mentioned, at the expiration of which the demon was to return to fetch the Doctor away. Now should he choose to accede to these conditions, there was nothing which heart could desire upon earth that should not be his; and he would also be at liberty to assume an invisible or diabolic shape whenever he pleased.

Doctor Faustus exulted greatly on hearing these terms, so much that he paid not the least heed to the safety of his immortal soul, while the wily demon took advantage of his eagerness to impress upon him the necessity of stoutly maintaining these several articles to the rigor of the letter. For the Doctor imagined, like many other children of this world, that the devil was probably not quite so black and ill-favored as he is described, nor his place of residence so uncomfortable as we suppose.

THIRD DISPUTATION BETWEEN DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND HIS DEMON, RELATING TO THE PROPOSED TREATY.

After having executed the proposed deed, the Doctor summoned his familiar demon to his presence, ordering him to appear as a minor friar, with hood and skellet, and also to give some token by which to announce his approach. He next inquired of him what was his name; to which the spirit replied, "My name is Mephostophiles." They then proceeded to business, when this audacious and godless man con-

firmed his abandonment of the true faith and the true God; even the Creator who had fashioned him from his birth. He entered into this devilish league, the sole causes of which were his towering pride and ambition, discontented with all he had already seen and known, and aspiring, like the giants of heathen fable, to heap mountain upon mountain until they should mount to the skies. Yes, even like his master, that bad angel who would have set himself above the Lord—a boldness and arrogance which drove him with shameful flight from his heavenly abode, shewing how those who will climb the highest shall be sure to incur the heaviest fall. This headstrong ambition impelled Faustus to meet all the demon's wishes, executed in contracts duly signed and sealed, all which terrific deeds, along with other writings, were discovered in his house after his death. These last are what are here described in this history, as a timely warning to all good and prudent Christians, in order that they may be deterred from affording the devil any advantage, or in any way sporting with their lives and souls; a madness which brought those of Doctor Faustus into such bitter jeopardy and devilish servitude, never to have an end.

After each of the parties had become bound in their mutual contract, Faustus, taking a sharp knife, opened a vein in his left hand, of which it has been asserted, there was afterwards read, branded upon it, these words: "Homo Fuge, Shun him, oh man,

and do that which is right." In this way the Doctor let himself blood into one of his crucibles, which he then placed as an experiment upon a hot coal fire, and finally wrote therefrom the following testimonial: To wit—"I, Johannes Faustus, D. D. et M. D. hereby acknowledge with my own hand, for the farther assurance of this deed, that in consideration of the manifold services and instructions of every kind, not to be obtained from any living mortal, I accept for my familiar and faithful demon, the demon hight Mephostophiles, late Chargé d'Affaires to the infernal Prince of the Orient, but now subject to all my demands. Item, On the other hand, I do hereby hire and bind myself to him, after the expiration of four and twenty years from the date of this deed, that he may deal with me as he shall judge best; to govern, to handle, and to misguide in all that appertains to my life and soul, my good and my blood, renouncing all Christian communion upon earth, and all hope of celestial inheritance. Amen.

"As additional confirmation of the same, I consent to sign this contract with my own hand, as witness below, in my own blood, being at this present time, of sound mind and understanding, rightly to will and to bequeath, &c.

Subscribed,

JOHANNES FAUSTUS, D. D. et M. D.
Doctor of Divinity, and of Medicine, &c.,
experienced in all the Elements and Arts.

Here follow some verses, very applicable to Doctor Faust's arrogance and fool-hardy audacity.

" He whose rank pride, and dark audacious will,
In devilish arts, set nets to catch his soul,
Bereaving soul and life of heavenly weal
For temporal gains, must bear eternal dole:
Wherefore guard well your ways! for who may save
Those wilful ones, that rush into the flames
Or waters round them? Who weep o'er their grave,
Who fall amid their own unholy aims?
The fire must burn, the waters o'er them roll."

A STRANGE VISIT FROM THE DEMON MEPHOSTOPHILES, AND HIS EXHIBITION.

At the third dialogue, Doctor Faust's demon announced his approach in a somewhat humorous style, in the following manner. He first went roaming through the whole house, like a man on fire, so that the beams and flames darted from him like arrows. And he was followed by a monkish procession, singing hymns, though no one could imagine what kind of a song it was they sung. But Faustus being greatly amused with this sort of exhibition, desired that the demon would not enter into the chamber, until he had seen an end of the whole of this scene. Then forthwith was heard a battle, rout of swords and

spears, as if at some mighty siege, so that it seemed as if the whole house was on the point of being assaulted and carried by storm. Next came riding by a splendid scene of hunters and of hounds, all eager for the chace: the horns blew, and a deer started forth, which was pursued until it sought refuge in the Doctor's room.

Then there rushed in after, a lion and a dragon, to dispute the prey, which presently commenced a fierce and bloody strife. The lion appeared full of irresistible strength and spirit, and yet he was at last overcome and slain by the other. Doctor Faust's page afterwards said, that he had only seen a linkworm creeping over his book, quite jet black, and it crawled along the walls of the chamber, until at last chamber and all disappeared. Next were seen a beautiful peacock and pea-hen, as it were wreathed in one; and first they separated and then they folded again together. Soon a great horned beast ran tilting at the Doctor, threatening to throw him aloft, but fell down and vanished just as it reached his feet, and he was crying out stoutly for Mephostophiles. Indeed it alarmed him not a little; but next a large ape ran up and presented his paw to the doctor. It then sprang over his head and danced out of the room, at which he laughed heartily. Then followed a strong fog, which enveloped the whole room, so that he could hardly see. When this vanished, he

found lying on the floor, two huge bags, one full of silver and the other of gold. An organ now began to play, followed by a harpischord, a lute, a violin, a harp, a base viol, horns, drums, trumpets, with a variety of other instruments, all modulated and adapted to celestial voices, so much so that Doctor Faustus began to think that he was in Paradise. This music continued above an hour, and produced such an effect upon the Doctor's spirits, that he rather exulted than felt uneasy at the step he had just taken.

All these illusions, we may remark, were got up by the devil in order to confirm Doctor Faustus in his purpose, to harden and to lead him to fancy that he had not so much to dread as to enjoy in the infernal society into which he had entered. This exhibition being closed, Mephostophiles hastened into the Doctor's apartment, in semblance of a pious monk, and Faustus said, with a smile, "You have indeed treated me to some right strange and merry scenes. These are what I like, and they have pleased me well. Only continue such mad work as this, my Mephostophiles, and count upon me rather as a friend than a master." Mephostophiles replied: "Oh, there was nothing to admire here; I shall serve you in more important matters by and by, I hope, than these, provided you only observe your part of the engagement; sights which will excite

your utmost astonishment." The Doctor answered by presenting him with a copy of the contract; while Mephostophiles, on his side, insisted that Faustus should preserve another copy by him, to prevent all chance of litigation or mistake.

MEPHOSTOPHILES' APPRENTICESHIP TO DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

ALL good Christians may easily conjecture what was the situation of the Doctor, deserted by the Lord and all the heavenly host, after having delivered his blood-signed contract into the demon's hands, a contract which no honest pious householder would put his name to, being more like the act of a fiend than of a mortal.

Doctor Faustus now resided in the house which had been his uncle's, and which the latter had bequeathed to him. There too he had taken into his service a young student as his secretary and attendant, a knowing rogue of the name of Christoffel Wagenar, who liked the sort of sport he saw, too easily imbibing his master's example, who promised to make him an expert fellow. And this was no difficult task, as like most young people he was well inclined to avail himself of such lessons as his master taught. Excepting this hopeful youth and his familiar demon, Faustus would have no boarders in his house. Me-

phostophiles still attended upon his master in the shape of a monk, and he was accustomed always to summon him, as he sat in his study, which he constantly kept closed.

The Doctor next began to indulge in very luxurious living, feasting upon rarities, and eating and drinking only of the best. For whenever he wished to have the best wine, he sent his familiar to the cellars of the most distinguished personages of the place; as those of a certain prince, of the Duke of Beijiren, and of the Bishop of Salzburgh, whereby they were all considerably diminished. By the same method he obtained the most costly meats cooked by the same magical arts, as his demon could convey them with the swiftness of a bird, and dart as quickly through an open window.

Thus all the houses and palaces of the neighbouring counts and princes, and all their best furnished tables were laid under contribution; insomuch that the Doctor and his secretary appeared in elegant apparel, the clothes and silks having been ordered upon commission by his demon who visited the shops at Nuremburg, at Strasburg, and at Frankfort, in the night, taking very long credit for his pains. The same happened to the shoemakers, and numerous others among the operatives, who have all so strong a prejudice against this kind of sale of their articles during the night. And, in short, though they were

stolen, they were always something excellent and good in their way; while Mephostophiles evaded all informations and pursuits.

For these services his familiar was to receive twenty-five crowns per week, amounting to an annual income of thirteen hundred, with which Mephostophiles was quite content. Doctor Faustus now continued to lead the life of a confirmed epicurean both by day and night; until he lost all notion of Heaven and Hell, and flattered himself that life and soul would alike perish together. His familiar had long been persuading him to enter into a demoniacal association, previous to naturalizing himself in the infernal state, to which his master, heedless of every thing but good cheer, and conceiving the whole little more than an idle imagination, or mere fudge, at length consented, and said; "Let my name be entered in your books, friend Mephostophiles, come what will as soon as you please." Mephostophiles next advised him to think of adding to his establishment by taking to himself a wife. "Stop," cried Faustus, laughing, "that is a more serious consideration, friend; it will require some more discussion;" and the demon joined heartily in his laugh.

Scarcely, however, had he adopted his first proposal and finished these words, when a violent storm of wind shook the house, as if every thing was about to fall topsy-turvy. The doors and windows sprang

ajar, and there was so strong a smell of sulphur that any one would have thought the whole house was on fire. Doctor Faustus attempted to run down stairs, but found himself seized by a strong arm and pushed back into the room, with so much violence that he could move neither hand nor foot. A blaze of fire encircled him on all sides, as if ready to consume him, and he cried out for Mephostophiles with all his might, to assist, to save, and to obey him. Upon this the devil himself appeared; but in such grisly and savage forms as quite terrified the Doctor: "What is the meaning of all this," exclaimed Satan: "howling there like a dog? what think you now?" The doctor, aware that he must have in some way infringed upon his compact with Mephostophiles, very humbly intreated the devil's pardon, to which the Prince of Darkness briefly replied: "Then see you better to it, and stick to your promise, I advise you!" and with this he disappeared.

Mephostophiles now attended his master and said: "As long, sir, as you continue true to your engagements, you may always rely upon my anticipating your wishes, in every thing most agreeable; and in proof of this you shall every evening be presented with a lady of such surprizing beauty, as not to be exceeded by any thing you have ever seen in this city. Cast your eye on all sides, choose where and whom you will, the same shall be sure to attend

upon your pleasure." This proposal consoled and pleased Doctor Faustus exceedingly, and he greatly regretted that he had so long continued in his single and unsociable state. Henceforward his head was full of nothing but beautiful women both day and night, insomuch that the devil had no farther trouble in keeping him to his promise, (for the Doctor had just before been plotting to save himself by retiring to a monastery and leading a chaste single life, which had so greatly enraged the devil,) whereas he now considered the whole of his previous life, unenlivened by the charms of female society, as little better than lost. One favorite succeeded to another, he never dreamed of one and the same during four-and-twenty hours, and the devil triumphed in the success of his plan.

A QUESTION PROPOSED BY DOCTOR FAUSTUS TO HIS FAMILIAR SPIRIT MEPHOSTOPHILES.

When Doctor Faustus had become a great proficient in the forementioned species of devilry, his demon one day handed him a great book, which appropriately contained a description of all kind of enchantments, sorceries, necromancy, and so forth, the better to confirm him in his lost state. These *Dardaniæ Artes* were afterwards found in possession of his ser-

vant Wagenar; and when the doctor had studied them a little while, his infernal hardihood increased, and he determined to ask a few more and bolder questions of his demon than he had before done. With this view, he told Wagenar to prepare his study, as he was going to hold a dialogue with Mephostophiles. This done, he was summoned, and the Doctor said: "My good fellow, tell me once for all what kind of a spirit you are?" Mephostophiles replied: "To say the truth, my dear master, I am but an understrapper, and that with Heaven's leave; I am a kind of ambassador or errand boy on important occasions, as you see." Doctor Faustus said: "How did your infernal master come by that great fall of his from the top of heavenly bliss where he once stood?" "Know," replied the demon, "that my prince Lucifer was created a beautiful angel, and such was his power over the saints that he was himself named a Hierarchy. He likewise enjoyed the titles of Seraphim, of Cherubim, and of Throne Angel, with a governorship over lower orders, some of whom again governed and protected mankind. But a third and highest class, as we know to our cost, are called archprince, prince, and prince-envoys, angels of chief wonders and miracles, ambassadors of most important tidings, and angelic governors of infinite care and prudence. Now Lucifer was one of the most beautiful angels under these; the most beautiful of

whom was Raphael: the other two were Gabriel and Michael. And this is all I can inform you of here."

A DISPUTATION CONCERNING ERREBUS, AND ITS CAVERNS.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS, after this last adventure, began to be more inquisitive as to the site and substance of the infernal abode, and dreamed, it is affirmed, of nothing else. He therefore questioned his familiar demon in regard to its particular situation, customs and manners, and more especially, as to its primal origin and purposes. Of these Mephostophiles gave the following explanation: namely, that when his master, Lucifer, came by his fall, he found the place ready made for him; even his dormitory on a dark lake, where he was bound down by chains, surrounded by a thick fog, fire, sulphur, pitch, and similar combustibles. "In fact," continued the demon, "we could not well have become devils, unless we had been accommodated with an appropriate residence, constructed upon those diabolical rules of art, discovered, heaven only knows how.

"And this is all which I have at present in my power to say;" upon which the demon ceased speaking, and disappeared, before the Doctor, who had another question to propose, had time to call him back. Back, however, Mephostophiles was shortly compelled to come, and further answer the Doctor's

questions respecting the laws and government, as well as the residence of his fellow demons. The spirit said: "My dear master, the bare country and its rivers form the sole places of residence we possess, which are about as wide as your world above them, or as heaven above your world. They consist of ten governments, some of which are superior in point of power and influence to the rest. The chief among them are:

1. Lucus Mortis.
2. Stagium Ignis.
3. Terra Tenebrosa.
4. Tartarus.
5. Terra Oblivionis.
6. Gehenna.
7. Herebus.
8. Barathrum.
9. Styx.
10. Acheron.

These are generally known to our demons under the name of Plegeron; and four of these divisions are royal principalities, much upon the same plan that Lucifer governs in the east; Beelzebub's province is in the north, Belial's in the south, and Astaroth's in the west. Yet all these governments continue under the dispensation of the Lord of Hosts. And they constitute the whole government of our kingdom, of which you will learn more hereafter."

A QUESTION RESPECTING THE PREVIOUS CONDITION OF THE FALLEN ANGEL.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS speedily resumed his interrogatories with his demon. He inquired in what way Lucifer

passed his time, and what situation he occupied, previous to his fall? Mephostophiles requested to be allowed three days to prepare his answer, which being granted, on the third, he replied as follows: "My master, Lucifer, as he was formerly called, was then arrayed in a clear sky-blue garment of light, worn only by the chief angels or cherubims, and stood as high in authority and influence as he did in stature above most of the heavenly hosts; sparkling in gold and diamonds, and raised, in his own opinion, above the sun and the stars. He had been placed by his Creator, at the head of a principality, but as soon as ever he discovered an ambition to aggrandize himself by assuming the title of Prince of the East, he was hurled from his princely seat, and driven with hideous rout from the confines of heaven. Banished into the regions of dolorous pain, divested of his princely crown, and doomed to rule only over sulphureous shades, and sorrowful sojourns, he has there established his kingdom for eternity." When Doctor Faustus had learnt these things from his demon, he proceeded to speculate, in his own manner, upon a variety of opinions. He replied not a word; but, turning his back upon the spirit, he went and shut himself up in his study. But the result of all his cogitations was, that he retired that night, sighing and lamenting to his bed. He mused sadly upon what he had heard respect-

ing Lucifer's expulsion from heaven, and the honour which he had before enjoyed at the hands of his Maker. And so with him; he had been richly endowed, and he might have insured an inheritance in heaven, but he had now incurred the penalty of eternal wrath. "Woe, woe!" he cried, "upon my fatal pride and ambition. I begin to see the precipice upon which I stand; for I can no longer disbelieve the things I have seen. Alas, my evil passions, bad blood, the flesh and the devil, with all my pride, have ruined me for ever. And as if these were not enough I added my own reason and cunning; dreaming that I could outwit the powers of darkness, whereas I fear I have committed my own life and soul. For if I must believe, alas I have no hope; I must become like Lucifer, and spend the whole of my existence in eternal durance. Alas, alas, into what a miserable predicament have I brought myself! It were better had I never been born."

Thus unavailingly did the unhappy Faustus complain, for hope expired as his faith revived, and he felt that no expiation could again reconcile him to the grace of God. "Yet I will try," he exclaimed; "far as the devil hath transported me, I will try to retrace my steps, and pray to be restored to heaven and to the holy church.

"I will struggle hard with the bad spirits that

have laid strong siege to my soul, and perhaps all may yet be well." But while he said this, he was still half dubious and unbelieving, while his infernal adversaries were doing every thing to entangle him faster in the net.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS FARTHER INTERROGATES HIS SERVANT MEPHOSTOPHILES CONCERNING THE POWER OF THE DEVILS.

As soon as the Doctor had rallied his spirits a little, he again questioned Mephostophiles respecting the government, councils, influence, and temptations of the devil, and how he first acquired these royal prerogatives. To this his demon answered: "My dear master, such a history would lead us too far, and only give rise to vain misgivings and regrets on your part: better therefore you should not insist upon it; it belongs to the mysteries of our government. At the same time, I must not refuse to satisfy you as far as I am able; and first know, that Lucifer, after his fall, became alike the enemy of God and man. He then commenced that tyrannical system which he has ever since acted upon, as you may still perceive from those daily occurrences of men jumping out of four story windows, hanging, drowning, sticking, and drinking themselves to death in despair. For man was created perfect until the devil taught him how to rebel and to sin; as witness the history of your old

father Adam and his wife Eve, with so many of their posterity, all of whom he seduced from the grace of God.

"Exploits like these, my dear master, I think we may call the tyranny and temptation of the devil. What did he do with Cain; and who persuaded the Israelitish tribes to worship strange gods to offer sacrifices and commit adultery with heathen women? It was one of our demons who laid siege to the soul of Saul, and made him commit all kind of folly, until he put an end to his existence. We have another of the name of Asmodeus, who tempted seven great men to commit adultery. Our demon Chagon was the cause of thirty thousand men being utterly lost and slain, besides losing the ark of the Lord. Who can ever forget Belial's treatment of King David? how he made him number his tribes of people, by which he lost twenty thousand at a stroke. There was another of our busy devils did no less by King Solomon; for he even brought him to worship idols. And as to our little friends or imps, who tempt common men to sin and scandal of all kinds, they are almost innumerable. They are despatched in regular divisions over the whole earth, and make their attacks both openly and in ambush, until they undermine the fabric of Christian people's faith, persuade them to all kinds of petty thefts and crimes, and likewise to blaspheme, until numbers of them end their days upon the gallows.

"Moreover, we harden the hearts of princes and rulers, more especially against the ministers of the gospel, and this, Faustus, you are learned enough in theology to know."

To this the Doctor replied: "You say well, and you have satisfied me; but have you told me the truth?" The demon replied: "I have; why should I not? for as soon as I got possession of your heart, Faustus, and led you to form designs which all tended to draw you on nearer and nearer to the devil; we then inspired you with greater ambition and deeper speculations than before, so that you could get no sleep neither night nor day, until you committed yourself by overt acts of sorcery. Then, when you began to conjure us up, we made you so fool hardy and resolute, that you would sooner suffer yourself to be seduced by the devil, than be thwarted and abandon your design. Thus we continued to harden and irritate your ambition, until unable to check yourself in your mad career, you laboured how you might best bring one of us into your power. On our part we got you into a contract for life and soul, a piece of information of which I need not remind you."

"That is true," said the Doctor; "it must be so, I see, for even had I tried to encourage holy thoughts, it would have been a difficult task, though I have only to thank myself for the hateful predicament I am in. Had I kept the commandments, the devil would not

so soon have been able to prevail with me, by his tempting offers, to barter life and soul. O, what had I done to deserve his malice?" The demon replied: "That I leave you to find out:" and Doctor Faustus turned sorrowfully away.

A DISPUTATION RELATING TO GEHENNA; ITS PROPORTIONS, AND THE PAINS AND PENALTIES IT INFLICTS.

Ever since he had been so roughly handled, for trying to elude his contract, Doctor Faustus felt considerable regret at having so lightly implicated his soul, by bond and signature, but his remorse was like that of Cain and Judas. It was more like despair of the grace of God, than a wholesome sorrow which mends the heart. Thus, though he saw heaven as it were lying before him, and longed to reach it, he still kept walking the other way. Yet he at times flattered himself that by dint of long disputations and interrogatories with his ghost, he might finally hit upon some method—some loophole, by which to escape, and so reconcile himself to heaven. In this he deluded himself; for the devil had struck his fangs so deep, that the Doctor still persisted in summoning Mephostophiles to his examinations, and his whole thoughts and dreams turned upon infernal matters. He inquired therefore of his demon what hell and the pains of hell were like? First, as to what kind of la-

mentation the damned in general made? Secondly, whether they had any hope of expiation, and of being restored to grace? To these questions his demon made no reply, only he said: "My good master! as to these questions respecting Erebus, with its moral and geographical position, you had just as well let them alone. Consider whither they will lead you in the end? For granting it were in your power to climb as high as the seventh heaven, depend upon it, I could follow, and hurl you down again into the infernal abyss; because though I am now yours, you are to be mine; you belong to our courts.

"Away then, my dear Faustus, with these absurd inquiries about the place, but speak within compass, upon other topics. Believe me you will only repent of having wasted so much precious time upon them in the end, so pray abandon them for more profitable speculations." Doctor Faustus replied, "But I must know them, I say, though it cost me my life; I insist upon your informing me." "Well then, have it," cried the demon, a little nettled;—"hear all, for it can do me no manner of harm. You want to know what Hell is? It goes by manifold names, signs, and tokens. You may call it sometimes ravenous and thirsty, inasmuch as it debars its inmates from the least refreshment, even a drop of water. It is also justly said, that hell is a large vale, situated not far from Jerusalem; inasmuch as it is of

equal breadth and depth, with that called Heaven's Seat, in which reside the blessed of the heavenly Jerusalem.

"It is moreover, appropriately named a place of which none who go there can see the end either in point of time or space; and it is as properly called the burning lake, because it consumes every thing it comes in contact with, as a faggot is burnt in the oven. So the souls of the damned burn in perpetuity; they are tortured and plagued continually though they cannot be quite destroyed. For the same reason hell is called eternal perdition, everlasting pain, which though it has a beginning has neither hope nor end.

"It is known and felt also as the bottomless pit and gulf, because it is quite unfathomable. From its rigidity and hardness it has come under the name too of Petro, or a rock, for it contains reckless and stony souls. Then it is surrounded and braced on all sides, like a chain of projecting cliffs embracing their interior fastnesses. Another it boasts is the name of Carcer, on account of the damned lying everlastingly confined in it. It is known also by the names of Damnatio, Eritum, Consultatio, Damnatia, Condemnator, &c.

"Of its despair and pains and penalties, you may gather some idea from scripture, which is a sealed letter to me; as likewise of the species of lamenta-

tion they elicit, such as weeping and gnashing of teeth. And you may rely on the correctness of what I have hitherto explained to you: in fine, the noise of the perturbed spirits is like a very disagreeable crying, howling, shrieking, moaning, groaning, and adjurations for mercy and for help, all mingled together like the fierce din of a field of battle; for the wretched beings know that they are become sworn and irreconcileable enemies to God and man. The pangs of some, however, are much more severe than those of others, in proportion to the sins and offences they may have committed. There are damned souls which complain as much of the intense cold as of the heat, and as much over thirst and insufferable stench and brimstone, as over fogs and pools and springs; as much from tedious and empty vanity and idleness, as from the terrific countenances of the devils, and the despair that visits those to whom hope never comes. They bite their own tongues for spite and smart, they roar, blaspheme, and tear their hair, vainly attempting to put an end to their existence. Their pains seem to increase instead of diminishing, for even death refuses to relieve them. In fact, my dear master, this terrific place was planned according to the wrath of God, how best to produce the greatest torture for the damned and the greatest possible space; amidst sad and dreary deserts, icy shores and promontories, bleak hail and storm, and fiery sleet and

drenching thaws, all painful and ignominious punishments to satiate the mockery and scorn, as well as the vengeance, of the powers above.

"Now as to your final question which concerns the reach of mercy in the Most High, whether it extend to any among those condemned souls, so that by expiation they may be restored to grace? For once I will mingle a little instruction with my answer. You enquire whether the damned are ever likely to be restored to grace? I answer flatly, no. Because all we Hellites, or damned spirits, being once separated from grace, must remain in a state of reprobation to all eternity. Even supposing we could make progress, we should be guilty of backsliding before we had reached half way up the heavenly hill. And as little as ourselves can those who are foredoomed ever hope to escape; let them weep and pray and repent as much as they please. For they cannot get rid of their conscience, do what they will. An emperor, king, duke, count, or any other kind of ruler, may easily say: 'Ah! I wish I had not been such a monstrous tyrant, and driven things to such a pitch!' A rich man may exclaim: 'Good God, what an avaricious wretch I have been.' The haughty man: 'Ah vain fool, woe to me!' And the dissipated character: 'Oh ye heavens! what a villainous seducer, gambler, and blaspheming wretch I have been.' But what avail all these vain regrets!

The predestined and the damned, after proceeding a certain length, have no more to fear or to hope. There is no sort of reason why Heaven should trouble itself about them, far less pity or assist them! Why should not they be allowed to remain there, as the dead are also permitted to do in their graves?

"Then give yourself no farther concern, Faustus, on this head; and I now tell you frankly once for all, that in future I will no longer give ear to such idle questions; let us converse on other subjects."

But Doctor Faustus turned away from Mephostophiles without making any answer, in no very happy mood. Indeed his uneasiness and remorse bordered almost on despair. He endeavoured to turn his attention to other matters, and by every other means to banish the final prospect he had in view from his mind; but it was in vain. He dreamed of nothing else, for the devil had so very successfully tempted, betrayed, blinded, and grappled him, that he no longer ventured to struggle to get free. For instance, if he began to entertain serious and religious thoughts when he was alone, the devil was sure to put them to flight by throwing some very beautiful woman in his way, which had the effect of banishing all holy thoughts, and destroying the foundation of the reformation he had commenced.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS STILL PERSISTS IN EXTORTING MORE ANSWERS FROM HIS DEMON MEPHOSTOPHILES.

VERY shortly the Doctor again summoned his familiar in order to satisfy himself upon another point; which however, the demon refused to listen to. "What can you possibly want with me again?" said he. "I want an answer to a certain question," replied Faustus, "and it is this: If you were in my place, Mephostophiles, what would you do? I mean in order to reconcile yourself to God and man." "Why," said Mephostophiles, "If I were a man, and you a devil, as you will be, my good master, I would as long as I had breath cry unto the all-merciful God, vowing never more to offend, or to break the least of his commandments, but ever to do his will, to kneel and pray with humble and grateful heart, and to love and revere him, until I might be rendered acceptable into some portion of his grace, evermore content and happy, provided I could secure my eventual salvation and escape from doom."

"And have I not, have I not done all that?" cried Doctor Faustus, eagerly. "No!" retorted the demon, "that you have not; far from it, you have denied your creator, you have despised his holy will and word, the salvation which he proffered you, and the gifts of nature he bestowed upon you, insomuch that you have no one to accuse besides yourself, your own evil pride and passions, which have deprived you of

your best gifts and the robes of righteousness you might have worn." "That is too true," replied Doctor Faustus, "but would you, Mephostophiles, take my place in a mortal shape, if you could." "Yes," replied the demon, sighing: "we should not dispute much about that. For however greatly I might have sinned against Heaven, I should still make every effort to be restored to grace." "Ergo," exclaimed Faustus, "it ought to be my endeavour to better myself as far as I am able in the same way." "Yes," said the demon, "as far as you have a chance of expiating your offences towards Heaven; but it is now quite too late; its vengeance hath passed over your head and hath smitten you." "Go! leave me alone," cried the Doctor, as he turned away. "And leave me alone," retorted the demon, "nor pester me with such questions any more."

HERE FOLLOWS THE SECOND PART OF THE HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS, THE CELEBRATED AND UNFORTUNATE CONJURER.

As Doctor Faustus now found that he could obtain no further satisfaction from his demon, as to spiritual matters, he asked him no more questions.

He next began to make almanacks, for he was one of the best astrologers and almanack-makers of his time; well versed in calculating nativities, and setting down prognostications, as the world well knows. Nor was he less celebrated as a mathema-

tician, as appears from his history, no less than from his writings. Thus, all those events of which he gave warning to different princes and lords, in regard to which, he possessed a particular gift, never failed to happen as he had described them, in the end. His almanacks were sought after, beyond those of any other astronomer; because he set down nothing in his calculations, but what happened as he had written it, both concerniug fogs, wind, snow, and thunder, and all changes of the weather, so that his almanacks were superior to any others, and far more correct in astrological calculations. For he likewise pointed out the precise time in which changes of all kinds were to occur, applicable to states and kingdoms, whether about to be visited with war, famine, or pestilence, such as the devil could best contrive to manufacture out of the sinful lives of men, for the plague of governors and of their people.

A DISPUTATION OR TWO, CONCERNING ART, ASTRONOMY, AND ASTROLOGY.

When Doctor Faustus had been for the space of two years employed in making his almanacks, he once more summoned his demon to inquire what might be his opinion, and proficiency in regard to astronomy and astrology, in the manner the mathematicians were

accustomed to consider them? To this his demon replied: "Why, in my opinion, Doctor, your star-gazers have no certain knowledge, nor fixed principles. For in truth, these are secret and mysterious subjects, of which heaven is jealous, and into which you mortals cannot penetrate in the manner we knowing spirits do, who sweep through the air, and under the heavens, and can grasp some of their mysteries in our ken; because we are old experienced spirits, and have more ample scope for our excursions through the sky.

"For instance, my good master, I could easily cast you some prognostications fit for almanacks, or make a long reckoning of all that has gone before, and give you the proceeds of what is to come; describing each several year distinct from the rest (as in fact you know) so as to exhibit shadows of the events that are in preparation. This we old spirits can do; and I might say in justice to your ancestors of old time, who had the advantage of five or six hundred years leisure, that they too lived long enough to obtain a thorough acquaintance with such subjects; for in the course of years, the great leap year was fulfilled, upon which their calculations were founded. Thus they were enabled to illustrate and arrange the arts they acquired upon certain known principles, whereas less experienced astrologers make their calculations and prognostics upon mere hazard, the result of false

prophecy and mere guess-work;" to which Faustus agreed.

Again, in regard to winter and summer, it puzzled the Doctor not a little to account for the manner in which Heaven had divided and created them. On this head his demon explained them as follows: "My good master, cannot you as a physician, and with the help of the sun's course, divine these matters? You must know then, that with the exception of the moon, the remainder of the heavenly constellations are all composed of fire. The earth on the contrary is frozen, cold and hard throughout; while in proportion as the sun mounts higher in the heavens and shines, the hotter it grows, and that is the cause of summer. But as the sun declines horizontally towards the earth, then it becomes colder and colder until winter at length ensues."

A NEW QUESTION FROM DOCTOR FAUSTUS HOW GOD CREATED THE WORLD, THE ORIGIN OF MAN, &c. RESPECTING WHICH HIS DEMON MEPHOSTOPHILES GIVES HIM A FALSE ANSWER.

ONE day Doctor Faustus feeling very heavy and sorrowful, summoned his demon who began to console him, and enquired what it was that pressed upon his spirits. But the Doctor returned no answer; upon which the demon persisted in his enquiry and said: "I beg you will reply candidly upon this point, and I will do

every thing in my power to relieve you." Doctor Faustus answered: "You know, Mephostophiles, I engaged you as my servant, one who was to perform every thing I required, instead of which you set up your opinion against mine, and refuse to fill your place as a faithful servant ought to do." To this the demon replied: "My good master, you know very well that I have never willingly opposed you, for in regard to your questions, however disagreeable and improper, I have always, though reluctantly, I confess, answered them, and proved my obedience."

"Therefore good master mine, speak boldly and truly, what is it that you now want?" Doctor Faustus replied: "That he wished to be more particularly informed respecting the creation of the world and of the first man." Upon hearing this, Mephostophiles secretly resolved to pass off a false and profane account upon the Doctor, and he said; "The world, my dear Faustus, to say the truth, never was created, or without form, nor will it ever perish. And the same in regard to man, his evil generation has continued from eternity, and it is all nothing that you hear of his origin, and in fact the earth itself may very well have engendered him with the help of a hot sun. And the sea separated itself from the earth of its own accord, and they mutually exchanged places, just as if they were able to converse together upon the subject."

"The earth for instance requested from the sea a certain dominion, as of mountains, woods, meadows, trees and herbs. Besides this there are four other dominions, consisting of the elements, of earth, fire, air and water. There is the sea and all that in it is, the great fish and the little fish which eat one another, a practice continued from time immemorial; so that there is only heaven and the angels left, and these must be in some kind of subjection to the rest. But farther than this I cannot satisfy you; in short it is all I know."

Doctor Faustus proceeded to speculate upon what he had heard, though he could not easily credit it. For he had read Genesis, c. 1. and was aware that Moses had given a different version of the matter. Hence he felt convinced that the devil was a great liar, just as he had been described in holy writ, though he took care not to accuse him of it, nor so much as to shew that he had observed it.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS OBTAINS A SIGHT OF THE INFERNAL SPIRITS IN THEIR TRUE SHAPE, SEVEN OF THE CHIEFS OR PRINCIPALS OF WHOM ARE MENTIONED BY NAME.

ONE day it pleased the prince and rightful master of Doctor Faustus to appear in person, which was so horrible as to excite no little alarm. Though it was in the middle of summer there blew so cold a blast

from the side he came on, that the Doctor shivered with cold. The demon who was no other than Belial spoke to Doctor Faustus, and said: "When you awoke, Doctor, about midnight, I was reading your thoughts, and they were these; that first you should like to have a sight of some of the leading infernal spirits, and secondly to inquire how they fared; upon which I thought to oblige you by appearing forthwith in my proper shape." Doctor Faustus replied: "Well, and where are the rest of you?" "They are waiting your pleasure there without," said Belial; who himself appeared to the Doctor in the shape of a great black bear, with huge overhanging ears, and eyes shining like burning coals. He had long white sharp teeth, and a tail about three yards in length, and upon his neck he had three fleet wings or pinions. And thus he approached the Doctor, followed by the rest of his train, until the room was so full that they could not all be seated. Belial now explained to the Doctor who they were, and introduced them one after another by their names. In this way seven of the chiefs or principals came in review, with Lucifer at their head, the Doctor's rightful master, with whom he had entered into the contract, and he was about the size of a common man. After him followed Beelzebub bearing a huge ass's head with two large horns, red and hairy as a beast, with two great wings

as sharply edged as the thistles of the field, half green half yellow, while both from under and above the wings shot forth fierce beams of fire.

Next to him advanced Astaroth into the study in the shape of a large snake poised upon his tail, for he had no feet, and his bulk was thick, white, and smooth as glass. Next came and next did go Zathanas, dressed in iron grey, bearing a bull's head upon his front, and at his nether end, a tail like a tiger-cat, with claws to his feet about a yard in length. Anubius followed him, dog-headed and of a motley black and white; with huge feet and slouching ears like a hound, and he was four yards high.

About a yard's length too came Ditiryanus in form of a bird, most like a large partridge, only his neck was green and speckled. Drachus crawled next upon four short feet, in shining green from tip to toe, except his head which was of a dazzling blue, and a red fiery tail. The seventh in order was Belial himself, and Ketele the eighth, both arrayed in the same splendid style as the former. The remainder of the train were of the same unsightly and brutish form; some as hounds, bears, and wolves, others as apes, goats, harts, buffaloes, asses, and the like.

In such form and order did the demons appear to the Doctor, and so numerous that some were compelled to remain outside his study. Doctor Faustus was very much astonished at their appearance, and

he inquired of the seven chief demons, why they had not appeared in more agreeable shapes; to which they made answer, that they could not assume any other in the infernal regions, where they were all hellish beasts and snakes, only much more horrible and unseemly than they then were. Yet they were always at liberty to assume the human form whenever they pleased on earth. Doctor Faustus observed that it was enough that the seven principal ones should remain in the study, while the rest might retire; to which they immediately assented.

The Doctor then requested that they would give him some proof of their powers, which they forthwith did by assuming the forms of different animals at their pleasure, and also of the human figure. He next inquired if he could do the same thing; for he seemed much amused at the fantastic figure they cut. They answered that he could; and they threw him a conjuring book, in order that he might make the experiment secundum artem; and he managed it. Before they took their departure, Doctor Faustus could not refrain from asking, why all kind of winged insects, poisonous animals, and birds of prey were made? They then informed him that they had been sent after the fall in order to plague mankind, to poison the air, and injure his possessions. "We are ourselves enabled," they continued, "to metamorphose ourselves into all kinds of winged insects

and torture you as much as you please." Doctor Faustus laughed, and said he should like to see them change again, and this too they forthwith did.

Soon after they had taken their leave, Doctor Faustus's study began to swarm with all kinds of poisonous insects, such as gnats, scorpions, hornets, wasps, &c. &c. insomuch that his whole house was filled with them, and what was worse they began to torture him, not as the chief demons had facetiously threatened, but by actually biting and stinging him in such a manner, that he hardly knew which way to turn himself. In fact, I believe they were all so many young demons, who had watched their opportunity when their chiefs had departed, and, determined to enjoy their share of the sport, had fallen upon him quite unawares; and continued to bepester him to such a degree that he was compelled to run out of his own house.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS NEXT VISITS THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

THE Doctor had now reached the eighth year of the term set down in his contract, so that he was slowly but surely proceeding towards the end of his career. The greater part of this time he had spent in questions and disputations; and he again began to grow uneasy and to dream about hell. Upon this he summoned Mephostophiles and bade him to inform his

master Belial or Lucifer himself, that he should like to see one of them as early as convenient. This message his servant delivered, when it was agreed to despatch Beelzebub in preference to either, who soon arrived and inquired what were the Doctor's commands. The latter requested to know whether it would be agreeable to his master to send him a demon as a guide to conduct him into the lower world in order to observe the nature of the country, its inhabitants, and its most remarkable productions, which he was desirous of seeing. "Yes, certainly," replied Beelzebub, "I will return about midnight and fetch you myself;" and so he departed.

Accordingly when it grew quite dark, towards twelve o'clock, Beelzebub again appeared, carrying an easy chair wrought out of pure bone upon his shoulders. It was a round arm-chair with a guard before, into which the Doctor mounted, and was borne away. But hear what a trick the devil played him in order that he should not be able to inform any one else of the route he went. He found the chair so easy, and was conveyed so gently through the air, that he could not help falling asleep, just as if he had been lying in his bed at home.

Ghostly he approached a high mountain, which was as large as a vast island, and which cast up nothing but sulphur, pitch, and fire-brands, and with such violence and hurly-burly of a rocket that it frightened

the Doctor out of his sleep. But his demon held on, and entered the fiery cavern with the Doctor on his back, who imagined that he had jumped all at once out of bed into the middle of the infernal pit. Yet fierce and glaring as were the flames around him, he felt no sort of pain nor heat, only he heard a booming and lashing of the hot billows, as if he had been at sea.

He also heard all kinds of musical instruments, which clanged and resounded in a surprising manner, though with the help of the grand illumination around him, he could discover neither the instruments, nor the musicians, nor any orchestra where they were placed. Still he ventured not to inquire whence the music came, having been warned before-hand to ask no needless questions, and three other demons now joined Beelzebub with no very inviting looks. As he was descending lower down, there came behind him at full speed a large stag with vast antlers threatening to hurl him into the infernal cavern that yawned below, upon which Faustus shrieked out in the devil's name for help, when the three demons turned sharp round and frighted the fierce beast away.

The Doctor now hastened to reach the next region beneath that he had just left, whose dimensions however, he could not ascertain for the vast number of flying dragons, snakes, and animals of all kinds, which impeded his view. One of the oldest and most

mischievous of these beasts, came ramping and bellowing towards Beelzebub, as if intending to upset both him and the Doctor, so that with the sudden alarm he lost his balance, and was precipitated, with hideous outcry and uproar, into one of the deepest pits; but luckily before he reached the bottom, a large old ape, who happened to be cracking hot nuts upon a walnut tree, kindly stretched out a paw and saved him from perdition. But he had lost his infernal guide, and there rose so thick a fog from the adjacent pools, that it was long before he could see his way.

Suddenly was heard a loud rumbling noise, and there issued two huge dragons from the dense clouds with a chariot yoked at their tails. It was attended by black footmen in flame-coloured livery, one of whom called out, "Doctor Faustus's coach;" another let down the steps, and the old monkey handed the Doctor in. It then grew so dark that he could distinguish neither the chariot nor the dragons, though he could feel that they went at a devilish hard pace. Soon it began to lighten in such a tremendous manner, that the Doctor felt his teeth chatter, and the more as he heard the sound of a tempestuous sea; and down went the dragons into the vasty deep. Still the water was not cold, but rather warm and pleasant, though the waves came so heavily over the chariot that the Doctor was unfortunately thrown

overboard and went down, leaving horses and chariot behind him, like a piece of lead. By sinking and sinking he sunk into a kind of cavern, where he contrived to stick fast, and sat dripping upon a rock, more dead than alive. There he could see and hear nothing but the booming of the water in his ears, until turning his eyes towards the interior, he observed a light, and thought to himself, "Which way shall I wend, now that these infernal rascals have deserted me! whether must I throw myself down the cavern here into the water, or die like a fool, for my pains, where I am?" Then mustering his courage, though mixed with no small degree of apprehension, he made a bold leap into the cave (for he knew he was safe until his twenty-four years' bond expired,) crying out: "Now, ye little infernal imps, catch me, body or soul, he who first can!" at the same time, however, he was in huge dismay. He had no sooner said this, than down he went, and such a terrific thunder-clap and infernal hurly-burly followed as to split the neighbouring stone quarries and mountains. When he came near enough to cast anchor at the bottom, he found something worth his notice.

These were the shades of many mighty heathens, fierce and stately forms of emperors, kings, princes and their lords. Item, Many dozen armies, as if ready equipped for battle. A pool of cold water stood near the fire, in which some of them drank

and some bathed, though such was the intense cold, that they soon leaped into the fire again.

Doctor Faustus first stepped into the fire, and tried to catch one of the damned souls by the hair of his head, but just as he imagined he had got him safe between his fingers, he always slipt through, and vanished. Finding it, however, too warm to stay in long, he was just turning back, when who should meet him, but Beelzebub with the chair, who invited the Doctor to mount again and set off; soaring into a higher region, because the sulphur, fire, smoke, hail, and heat, and cold together, were rather too much for Faustus. Besides the horrid noise, lamentation, and swearing of the condemned souls, were beginning to affect his nerves.

Having now been a good while absent from his house, his faithful servant well knowing the errand which his master was on, began to think he must have met with something more than he liked, and might be detained there longer than he expected; when, just then, in comes Faustus, borne safely in his chair asleep, in which state he was carried to his bed.

When he awoke in the morning, he lay thinking in bed concerning the tragedy he had seen acted the night before: he now felt certain there was such a place as hell, for he had been there and seen it. He was at least no longer a sceptic; though after all, the devil had merely played him a knavish trick, de-

luding him with a sort of phantasmagorian picture, for he had really been admitted into none of his diabolical mysteries, and as he afterwards suspected, had only been tormented with a representation of its sufferings, for the sake of adding to his uneasiness, by striving to avoid them. For, had he really visited the genuine Pandemonium, he would not so easily have returned home; and some remarks to the above purport were found in one of his magical books, from which, with other MSS. this and other passages of his life have been compiled.

DOCTOR FAUST'S TRAVELS THROUGH SOME OF THE CHIEF KINGDOMS, PRINCIPALITIES, AND STATES OF THE KNOWN WORLD.

About the sixteenth year of his bond, Doctor Faustus felt a great inclination to travel; for which end he summoned Mephostophiles in order to accompany him. He came; and forthwith took the shape of a horse, only with the addition of wings, and with the mildness of a dromedary, he went whithersoever his master commanded him. Upon his back the Doctor traversed a few countries, to wit, Eastland, Pannonia, Germany, Bohemia, Silesia, Saxony, Meizen, Deuringen, Frankland, Swabia, Beirland, Lultow, Lyfland, Prussia, Muscovy, Friesland, Holland, Westphalia, Zieland, Brabant, Flan-

ders, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Poland, Hungary, and from the last place, back to Deuringen.

He was three weeks and four days away; and did not see near so much as he had expected, which induced him to retrace his steps until he came to the city of Trier. And there he met with nothing very interesting; there was a wonderful palace, curiously constructed of bakstone, and so compact and strong as to stand in fear of no enemy.

Well! he saw the church too, where brother Simon and the Bishop Papa lay buried, and which was built of immense large stones, admirably knit together.

Next he arrived in Paris, a city in France, where the great schools, the disputations, and museums pleased him well. From there he proceeded to Mentz, where the river Main falls into the Rhine; he did not tarry long, but went to Campagnia in the state of Neapoli, in which he found many churches and monasteries all very lofty, and beautiful houses that excited his admiration. There was also a magnificent castle, which surpassed all others in Italy, for the number of its halls and towers, and the splendour of its decorations. Near it lay Mount Vestius (Vesuvius) covered with vine gardens, olive trees, and other frugiferous plants, delightful to the taste. He next bethought him of Venice, and was

quite surprised to see so proud a city lying in the midst of the sea, and crowded with a forest of sails which brought merchandize from far eastern lands to barter with all the world. It was moreover adorned with noble temples and towers, whose foundations were in the deep, where Adria is wedded to the Doge.

Thence he visited the learned city of Padua, to hear what was disputing in the schools; and he saw three double hanging towers, and dolphins spouting up water; besides a grand cathedral and a council hall as beautiful as any in the world. There too is Saint Antony's church, whose grandeur equals any other in all Italy. Journeying forwards, he reached Rome, whose city is watered by a river called Tiberius, and on the side of the river there stand the seven mountains; it hath also, eleven gates, and a hill named Vatican, where lieth the tomb of St. Peter, and near it is seen the palace of the Pope, very splendid, with a pleasure court all round about. Next to it is the church of the Lateran, wherein is seen the beauty of all holiness, and it is called the apostolick church, whence it is the most celebrated throughout the whole Christian world. Here too, were to be seen the ruins of many heathen temples, more awful and numerous than we can describe. After having long contemplated these, Doctor Faustus approached the Pope's palace, first

rendering himself invisible, by which means he passed more agreeably through a throng of officers and courtiers. As he drew nigh, he could not help expressing his wonder to Mephostophiles, at the prodigious pomp and pride in which his Holiness sat arrayed: "Ah, Mephostophiles," he cried, "why could not the devil make me a Pope!" Never before had Doctor Faustus seen any thing equal to the courteous pride and magnificence of such a scene, added to all the bold and licentious practices exhibited in the lives of the Pope, and his conclave of princes and prelates, whose excessive arrogance, luxury, incontinence and gambling, quite surpassed his belief. He exclaimed, "Oh, Mephostophiles! I thought I was the devil's own child, but he! he leaves me far behind!" And indeed he felt so much interested, and had heard so much of Rome, that he remained invisible during the next three days, in the Pope's palace, amusing himself with his magical tricks. So greatly was he taken up with them, that he forgot either to eat or drink during the whole time, always taking his invisible station right opposite to his Holiness. One day, as he was thus standing, the Pope had occasion to draw the figure of a cross, and in the instant Doctor Faustus appeared, staring him close in the face. The Doctor began to laugh, so as to be heard by every one in the hall. Then he would begin to squeak and to cry, and enjoyed to see them all

puzzled to know what it could mean. But his Holiness assured his attendants, that it was a condemned soul praying for remission of its sins.

As this happened during dinner, and the last course was now coming in, the Doctor, beginning to feel very hungry, stretched out his hands, upon which the dishes flew towards him, and he and his demon disappeared with them together. They then took their station upon the top of Mount Capitolium, where they dined with no little zest. Thence the Doctor shortly despatched his demon to fetch him some of the Pope's best wine, bidding him at the same time not to forget some silver bowls and spoons. No sooner was his Holiness aware of the extent of these thefts, than he commanded prayers and masses for the damned soul to be offered up during the whole night; which, however, did not prevent the Doctor's feasting and tippling at his Holiness's expence. The church plate and other articles which he thus purloined, were discovered in the Doctor's possession, after his death.

Feeling at length quite refreshed, Faustus once more took flight with his demon, and alighted next at Milan, which appeared to him a pleasant and healthy abode, being much cooler than many other places in Italy. He was delighted with the fine rivers, the noble temples and other edifices, such as the great castle, and the hotel of the eleven lovely

women. His next visit was to Florence, where amidst all the wonderful products both of nature and of art, he most admired the beautiful scene of St. Mary's garden, the grand ornaments of the castle church, and the grand marble doors over the entrance gates, which exhibit copper engravings from the history of the Old and New Testament. The wine too produced there he thought excellent, no less than the skill which the inhabitants displayed both in the arts and in commerce.

Thence he proceeded to Lyons, a city lying between two mountains in Frankland; begirt also with two rivers, and boasting a cathedral surpassing any other of the kind. From here he took wing to Kiel, where he saw what is termed the high canon church, within which it is said, that the remains of the three kings who hailed the star of Christ, are interred. "Oh, you good men," cried Doctor Faustus, when he heard this, "how have you contrived, since you were born at Palestine, to have moved to Bethlehem? Were your bodies, I wonder, thrown into the sea, and has the great Rhine caught them in his course, and brought them up to Kiel on purpose to be buried?" There too, he saw St. Ursula's tomb with seventy one thousand virgins.

The beauty of the women made a great impression upon him. Going a little farther he reached the city of Aken, belonging to the emperor, where he

saw the grand marble temple first founded by Charlemagne, in order that his successors might there assume with greater magnificence, the imperial crown. He next touched at Geneva in Savoy, not far from Swisserland, where he again met with very fine wine, for there was a certain bishop there celebrated for his taste. He also sojourned some time at Basle in Swisserland, where the Rhine flows through the city, which his demon informed him was called after a basilisk, which had once its dwelling there. Many old rivers and fruitful land were seen around, besides its grand university and its single cloister. Constance was the next place he came to, where he admired the beautiful bridge across the Rhine, and which his demon informed him was called after the city of Constantinople.

Next he alighted at Ulm, where he was greatly pleased with the parish church of St. Martin's, a very magnificent building, begun in the year 1377, and which contains fifty-two altars, besides a beautiful chapel for the sacrament attached to it. As Doctor Faustus was now preparing to proceed farther, his demon turning towards him said: "Let us pass over the castle and episcopal city of Murtzburgh, where there are so many orders of minor friars, of St. Benedict, St. Stephen, and other saints, till we arrive at Nuremburgh. This city you must know has borrowed its name from Claudius

Tiberius Nero, and in the church of St. Lawrence is preserved the mantle, the sword, the sceptre, and crown of Charlemagne. A beautiful golden fountain adorns the market-place, where it is said that the spear which pierced our Saviour's side is now preserved along with a piece of the Holy Cross. In this there are no less than five hundred and twenty-eight streets, six magnificent gates, two smaller ones, four towers, eleven stone bridges, twelve hills, ten large market-places, thirteen baths, ten churches, and as many preachers, besides other rare and stupendous works."

Next morning on his arrival at Augsburgh, Faustus enquired of his demon the whole history of the city and from whom it took its name? "It had six names," replied Mephostophiles, "before it received the last from Augustus Octavianus." The Doctor likewise put the same questions to him respecting Regensburg and the other places through which he travelled, being always inquisitive to hear something new. Shortly he extended his tour as far as Constantinople, a city which was named after the great Emperor Constantine. From its grand towers and palaces, it may well deserve to be called a new Rome, and lies pleasantly upon the side of the sea. Doctor Faustus spent several days in admiring the grand Sultan's seraglio, and his exceeding pomp and power. One evening as his Turkish majesty was

enjoying his repast, the Doctor played off one of his old tricks, and suddenly the hall of state appeared as if in a blaze of fire, so that every one ran in a great hurry to extinguish the flames, while overhead it began to thunder and lighten in an astonishing manner. At the same time he bedevilled the Sultan in such a way that he could neither rise from his seat, nor be carried out of the place, which shone far more brightly than if it had been high noon. Then the Doctor made his appearance before the Sultan, arrayed like the Pope himself, and thus spoke: "All hail, great Sultan, who hast been found worthy that even I, your own Mahomet, have made myself visible to you!" Having pronounced which words he as suddenly disappeared. Such was the force of the enchantment that the Sultan fell upon his knees, and devoutly cried out to Mahomet, praising and thanking him for having deigned to appear to him. The ensuing morning Doctor Faustus paid a visit to the Sultan's seraglio, where no one besides the guards are permitted to appear, in the presence of his beautiful wives, and ladies of all countries, who are there imprisoned to suit his choice. But the Doctor threw the whole apartments into so thick a mist, that he himself, in the shape of the Prophet, along with his demon, could not be perceived. Here he continued to amuse himself during six days, which to-

gether with the mist so much puzzled the Sultan, that he commanded formal prayers and ceremonies to be offered up to clear the atmosphere in all his mosques. Meanwhile the Doctor, in excellent humour, was partaking of every pleasure which the world could afford. When weary of amusing himself at the Sultan's expence, he flew aloft in his Popish habiliments, high above the seraglio, so as to be seen by all below. After he had taken himself clear away, and the fog had somewhat dispersed, the Great Turk ventured to make his appearance, and then summoning the whole of his ladies together, he very anxiously enquired what could be the meaning that his seraglio had been so long lost in a fog? At this they one and all assured him that the great Prophet Mahomet had appeared to them and commanding them to submit to his wishes, had declared that in future a more lofty and heroic race would thence appear upon the theatre of the world. The Sultan took this in the light of a great compliment bestowed upon him, but his Muftis would have had him not to give ear to it, maintaining that Mahomet had nothing to do in the business, but that it was a spirit. The ladies replied, that whether he were a spirit or no, he had conducted himself in a very friendly and agreeable manner, while with them. These different versions of the story puzzled the Sultan a

good deal, and after all his enquiries and consultations, he still remained in great perplexity as to what he ought to think of it.

Doctor Faustus meanwhile was pursuing his way to the capital Alcairo; the same which was formerly called Memphis, and also Chackam, where the Egyptian Sultan holds his court, and where flows the mighty stream, which overleaping its channels fertilizes the whole land. Thence he winged his way easterly, and again towards the west until he came to the city of Osen, in the royal state of Hungary, which same is a very fruitful city, as it contains a pool of water which produces gold and silver, and all kinds of metal. This Hungarian city is defended by a powerful castle, and ornamented with other noble works. The Doctor next visited Meedenburgh, and touched at Lubeck, in Saxony. The former is an episcopal see, and it is said to be in possession of one of the vessels in which our Saviour changed the water into wine. Lubeck is also a bishoprick in Saxony. From this last he went to Erfurth, where there is an university, and from Erfurth, he bent his way back to Wittenburgh. Though he had been absent only just half a year, he had seen a great variety of prospects, and studied the manners of different countries.

A QUESTION RESPECTING THE CAUSE OF THUNDER.

WHILE at Wittenburg in the month of August, there blew a great hurricane, attended with much thunder and lightning, as Doctor Faustus was standing in the market-place with several other physicians. These last took occasion to inquire into the cause of this sudden tempest; to which the Doctor replied, "Such a tempest is not always accompanied by the same signs; but when the wind has long been up, the clouds of heaven are driven together, and instead of thunder, they sometimes burst in floods of rain. And about the time that the tempest begins to gather most strength, the spirits of the air mingle in the lower sphere, and encountering each other from the four quarters of the world with fierce strife, such is the echo of the shock that we term it thunder. But when the wind is too powerful, the thunder can in no way get vent, and if it could so escape, it would be borne upwards according to the direction in which the wind most fiercely blows. Because from that side the tempest begins to rise, and in the same way we perceive that it more frequently comes from the south, than from the west, the north, or the east."

HERE FOLLOWS THE THIRD AND LAST PART OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS'S ADVENTURES, AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE NECROMANTIC TRICKS WHICH HE PERFORMED IN THE COURTS OF SOME GREAT POTENTATES. IT CONTAINS LIKEWISE HIS LAMENTABLE AND TERRIFIC DEPARTURE, AND SAD END.

AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE RESPECTING DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH.

It so happened that the Emperor Charles, attended by his whole court had occasion to visit Yksbruck, at the time that Doctor Faustus was staying there. The latter being acquainted with several of the free lords and others of the place, for whose pastime he had exhibited different feats of his art, was invited by them to court. The emperor hearing he was there, inquired what sort of a personage he was. When informed that his name was Doctor Faustus, one day after dinner, during the summer, he sent for him into his cabinet, and inquired whether he were really so well versed in the black art as fame gave out, and had brought a familiar spirit under his command? That in such case he, the Emperor, would be glad to see him exhibit some proof of his skill, and moreover required him so to do in respect to his imperial crown, which might otherwise endanger the Doctor's safety. Upon this, Faustus entreated his majesty in the most humble manner, as if he wished to excuse

himself. "Now hear me once for all," exclaimed the Emperor; "I have often wished to learn how some of my great predecessors achieved such wonderful feats, and arrived at such a pitch of fortune and renown, in particular respecting the great Alexander of Macedon; that bright star of heroism, and example of true royalty, as we read in history. He it was who amassed such great wealth, power, and dominion, as to throw his successors, and me and my successors, all into the shade. It is therefore my desire that you should forthwith summon from the shades, into my presence, the forms of this famous Alexander, and his queen, just as they once appeared in their regal attire; and I will then believe that you are an experienced master of your art?" "Most gracious sovereign," replied Faustus, "I am well prepared, and also delighted to think of gratifying your imperial majesty in this matter. The ancient forms of the great Alexander and his queen shall present themselves in as imposing a manner as my art will admit. Yet though their image will appear clearly to view, I must acquaint your majesty that their bodies have not really risen from the dead, because that would be quite impossible. There are, however, a few old experienced spirits who have often seen Alexander and his queen, and who possess the power of assuming their forms, which your majesty shall soon perceive." Having said this, Doctor Faus-

tus left the Emperor's apartment in order to consult with his demon Mephostophiles. After a little while he again returned to the Emperor, and acquainted him that he could execute what he had undertaken upon one condition; that his majesty would be pleased to ask no questions, nor even speak, during the whole scene.

The Doctor then opened the door, and ushered in Alexander the Great arrayed exactly in the same uniform, air, and character as he had exhibited during his life-time. He was a thick set, but well shaped man, with red beard and complexion, and sharp fiery eyes like a basilisk's. He marched into the room in full dress, and armed from top to toe. Advancing courteously towards the Emperor, he made him a profound obeisance, on which the Emperor rose and offered to embrace him; but the Doctor would not permit it. After Alexander had walked round the Emperor a few times, he turned towards the door, when the Queen made her appearance, and also saluted the Emperor with a low courtesy. She wore a blue dress, richly ornamented with pearls and precious stones. Her complexion was extremely delicate, being of a mingled rose and milk colour; her look was thoughtful, and her face and person were altogether graceful and beautiful. While gazing intently upon them both, the Emperor thought to himself: Now I have seen two beings whom I have long

wished to behold, and it is impossible but that it is really so, if the spirit he spake of has changed himself into such a form, like the woman of Endor who raised the Prophet Samuel from the dead.

And in order more fully to convince himself that such was the fact, the Emperor farther considered within himself: Now I recollect to have read, that this same mirror of chivalry and royalty had something of a twist in his neck; upon which he approached nearer to him, and perceived that he actually had a kind of twist; with a wart on his neck, so that having satisfied himself upon this point, directly afterwards his unearthly visitants disappeared.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS NEXT BEWITCHES A CERTAIN KNIGHT BY STICKING A PAIR OF STAG'S ANTLERS UPON HIS HEAD.

When the Doctor had thus, as we have said, so greatly entertained the Emperor in the manner he so much wished, towards evening he began to amuse himself with watching the courtiers as they went backwards and forwards to the royal table, first in and then out. While thus employed he perceived one of the knights lying fast asleep under a window place to breathe as much air as he could, because the day was exceedingly hot. But I shall not mention his name, as he is now dead, and was besides a free-born gentleman, which had the effect of turning the

adventure into greater ridicule. His familiar demon Mephostophiles had a particular hand in this wicked delusion, for he caused a huge branch of horns to spring out of his forehead as he lay asleep in the window-place. After nodding his head a few times, the poor knight, began to rub his eyes to the infinite diversion of the spectators, and at last feeling the horns, he awakened in a great fright. For the window having been closed, he could get his antlers neither backwards nor forwards, which the Emperor perceiving began to laugh; while all his attendants were equally amused at witnessing his curious efforts to extricate himself. The whole court soon gathered round, some mocking, and some compassionating him, but few being able to refrain from laughter until it pleased Doctor Faustus to release the poor knight from his perilous enchantment, and take his departure thence.

HOW THE FOREMENTIONED KNIGHT SOUGHT TO TAKE VENGEANCE UPON THE DOCTOR FOR THE SAID TRICK.

After Doctor Faustus had taken his leave of the court, where every one had sought to shew him honor after the example of the Emperor, the Knight and his friends began to scheme how they might trick him in his turn. He had scarcely proceeded half a mile upon his journey before he perceived seven horsemen make their appearance from an old wood, at

whose head rode the Knight, who had borne the stag's antlers on his forehead. As the Doctor drew nigh, they raised their hands in a threatening gesture, and spurred towards him at speed, on seeing which he rode away as if to conceal himself in a small clump of trees not far off. Emboldened by his retreat, they were proceeding to surround him, when suddenly the place appeared filled with armed knights with spears in rest, all ready to run a tilt. At this sight the Knight and his comrades turned their horses heads, and spurred as hard the other way. But their full speed availed them nothing, for in a few moments they found themselves surrounded by a troop of fierce looking men to whom they were glad to surrender, and solicit the Doctor's mercy.

Upon this the great magician granted them quarter, though not without the conditions of making each of them wear a pair of horns for the space of a month afterwards, while their steeds were graced during the same period with those of bullocks to the no small annoyance of the grooms, as a mark of the Doctor's displeasure. And this last punishment took such an effect upon the Knight's imagination, that he quite lost his courage, and was no longer fit for active service. At the same time, the noise of the affair at court served to spread the Doctor's reputation, and he began to be held in great awe by the knights and squires.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS DISPOSES OF A WAGGON LOAD OF HAY, AND THE HORSES, IN ORDER TO PUNISH A PEASANT.

It next happened that the Doctor was journeying towards the city of Gotha, where he had to transact some business. This was in the pleasant month of June, when the countrymen were all busily employed in getting in their hay. As he drew near with some of his companions towards the city gates, being rather merry with wine, he saw a simple looking peasant, whistling his team jollily along. I will make thee change that tune, thought Doctor Faustus, I like not to see a boor so heartily merry. Hereupon he threw himself into the man's way, and crossed him which ever way he attempted to pass, until the poor fellow after some trials, seeing into his malice, began to grow angry, exclaiming: "Wilt not go neither on one side nor th' other. What would be at?" Doctor Faustus, having already drunk rather too much, made him this answer. "Now I shall see whether you are to make way for me, or I for you." The boor hearing these words began to wax wroth, and threatened the Doctor hard, if he were not allowed to pass. "What, thou boor," retorted the Doctor, "dost thou dare to scoff at me? for a little more I would devour thy waggon, horses, and hay and all." "Do that," replied the man, "as soon as thou wilt; if it pleases thee, it pleases me well, eat and be d—ned." So

forthwith the Doctor began to mistify and delude the poor man's senses in such a way, that he imagined the Doctor grew as high as a church steeple. And first he laid his hands upon the horses, and next upon the waggon and hay, all which seemed to disappear, faster than a man takes his meat, down the giant's wide and ponderous jaws. At this sight, the poor waggoner uttered a dreadful howl, and ran half out of his wits to the house of the Burgomaster, where he related the dreadful event in piteous lamentations and dismay. The Burgomaster ran along with his officers, as fast as possible to the spot, curious to behold so strange a scene. On reaching the place, however, what was the poor waggoner's surprize, to find his load of hay, and team of horses standing very quietly at the city gates where he had stopped them.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS OBTAINED A LOAN OF MONEY FROM A JEW, AND HOW HE GAVE HIM LEG-BAIL, CUTTING IT OFF TO LEAVE IN THE JEW'S POSSESSION.

It used to be an old saying that the conjuror, "charm he never so wisely," for the year together, was never half a stiver richer in the world for his pains. Now Doctor Faustus began to experience the truth of this, inasmuch as the grand promises made by his demon in their first contract were mere bubbles, well worthy of their proprietor—a liar and the father of lies. For

he had led the Doctor to believe that he was compelled into his service and overreached by him, so that vast riches would flow in upon him. Four years of his demon's apprenticeship had yet to run, though he was still not a whit the richer, either in gold or goods for all that Mephostophiles had done. It was agreed likewise that he was to partake only of the best fare that could be obtained at prince's courts wheresoever he should travel, as we have already seen. On this account, he had held a variety of disputations with his familiar demon, which generally ended, however, by his inviting some boon companions to come and banquet with him. At length, finding himself in want of ready cash, he was compelled to apply to a certain Jew, with whom in the first instance, he agreed for sixty dollars which he promised to return in the space of one month. This being expired, the Jew went to demand his dollars with the interest which was become due, when the Doctor replied to his application as follows: "Jew! I have no money; and I have no means, just now, of procuring any. However, if you are willing to accept good security, I think we can come to terms. I will give you either an arm or a leg, which ever shall best please you, and which shall be made over to you as a pledge or mortgage; though under this one condition: that as soon as I shall have the money forthcoming, you will be prepared to restore to me my leg." Now the Jew, being

naturally every good Christian's enemy, thought to himself: I am glad of this, but he must be a most singular genius to think of pawning me his life and blood for the sake of money; what can I do with such security as this? But meanwhile, Doctor Faustus taking out a saw was very leisurely sawing off his leg, which he handed to the Jew (though it was all mere illusion) repeating the same condition, that he was to return it the moment he should obtain the money, as he the Doctor knew how to set it in its place again. So the Jew not a little pleased with his contract, marched off with the Doctor's leg. When he had kept it, however, a short time he began to think: What shall I do with this rogue of a Christian's limb? if I carry it about with me, I shall be poisoned with the stench, besides its being of no farther use to him when he shall want it, however good a security; for what more could he give? Being at length quite puzzled in which way to act for the best, one day as he was crossing over a bridge, weary with calculating pro et contra, he threw the Doctor's leg into the water, and thought himself well rid of it. Doctor Faustus fully aware of what had passed, sent notice to the Jew three days afterwards, that he was ready to repay him the money. The latter now repented that he had been so hasty, but he went. The first question put by the Doctor was, what he had done with his pledge. "What have I done!" replied the

Jew. "What could I do with it! it was of no use, and I threw it away." The Doctor on hearing this, took the Jew roundly to task, declaring that he must have his leg again, come what would; or that he, the Jew, must look to the consequences. Alarmed at the violence of the Doctor's threats, the unlucky Israelite at length consented to adjust the matter by farther advancing sixty dollars, in order to avoid the terrors of the law.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS OUTWITS A HORSE JOCKEY.

In like manner the Doctor succeeded in imposing upon a horse dealer at an annual fair; where a number of merchants and other chapmen used to resort. For he appeared riding into the place upon a handsome and richly caparisoned steed, which brought the most cunning jockeys all about him, and at last he agreed with one to sell the noble-looking animal for fourteen guineas. At the same time he cautioned the dealer how he ventured to ride him to water, as he was a very tickle beast. This only put the jockey upon his mettle, and when the Doctor had adjourned to the inn, he mounted and rode him to the water side, which he had no sooner reached, before the good steed disappeared from under, leaving the poor fellow in the pool, astride of a saddle of straw, gazing round in equal terror and surprize. On recovering

himself, however, and thinking of his bargain, he hastened as fast as he could into the inn, to find Doctor Faustus, though not knowing whether he was dreaming or awake. He was directed into the Doctor's room, where he found him lying fast asleep. He slept so soundly that the dealer perceiving he did not offer to rise when he spoke to him, took him by the foot, and giving him a gentle pull, was surprized to find the Doctor's leg hanging in his hand. He uttered a cry of horror, and at the same moment Doctor Faustus jumped up and began to cry murder as loud as he could. The man, without venturing to ask for his money, flung the leg upon the table and ran out of the place, thinking himself happy to escape the gallows. In this way Doctor Faustus pocketed another sum of money.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS MEETS ANOTHER PEASANT TO WHOM HE SELLS HIS OWN LOAD OF HAY.

His money, however, was all spent before he reached the city of Zwickau, where he was hospitably entertained by the magistrates. Having an eye to more, as he walking out in the evening he met another waggoner driving along his team, of whom he enquired how much he would ask for as much of his hay as he, the Doctor, liked to eat. The man replied that for half a stiver he should have as much as he

pleased, believing that the whole was a mere jest. But suddenly the Doctor appeared to be devouring the whole concern, with so hearty an appetite as to excite the wonder of all the spectators. When he had finished about half his meal, the poor waggoner, alarmed lest the remainder should share the same fate, cried out lustily for mercy, and offered to compromise with the Doctor; enquiring in his turn how much he would take to give up his bargain, and leave him the hay. At the same time he offered the Doctor a gold piece, which the latter put into his pocket, and permitted the man to drive away. By the time he reached the end of his journey, he found on coming to unload, that the whole of his hay was there; for the delusion which the Doctor had raised was vanished.

HOW THE DOCTOR ENDED A DISPUTATION BETWEEN TWELVE STUDENTS.

One day at Wittenburg, there was a disputation held before the Doctor's house between seven students against five. During the heat of the argument it came into the Doctor's head to play them a trick, and forthwith he cast such a mist before their eyes, that no longer able to distinguish their opponents, they grew more and more angry, until at length from words they came to blows, which soon brought a

crowd of spectators around them, not a little amused at the scene. So completely, indeed, had the malicious conjuror deluded their senses, that they fought and reeled like drunken men. But as this novel *argumentum ad hominem*, appeared to be coming no nearer to a conclusion than that of their tongues, the spectators were at length obliged to interfere, and the poor deluded students were each of them conducted to their homes, where on their arrival they recovered their senses and their sight.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS PUNISHED SOME EBRIATED COUNTRYMEN, WHO MADE TOO MUCH NOISE.

ANOTHER day, as the Doctor was regaling himself at a certain publican's, where a number of peasants were assembled who were likewise making merry, he said that they amazed him, and ordered them to make less noise. So far, however, from obeying, they began to sing and shout, and hoot, and whistle louder than before. Upon this the Doctor observed to his companion: "Now mark ye; I will soon stop their whistles, in a way which they little expect." So accordingly just as the poor fellows were in the middle of a loud chorus, they came to a halt as suddenly as if they had been gagged, each staring at his companion with his jaws extended, without power to utter a word. No longer able to distinguish one

another, they rose up and separated one by one, only intent upon getting out of the place as fast as possible. And no sooner were they fairly rid of it, and proceeding upon their way, than they recovered the use of their speech and again recognized one another, happy to escape home again with no other detriment, except the fright.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS HAD AN ADVENTURE AT THE COURT OF ONE OF THE PRINCES OF ANHALT.

ONCE upon a time, in the month of January, Doctor Faustus had occasion to go to the court of the Prince of Anhalt, who shewed him all kind of hospitality and kindness. While seated at table, he remarked that the princess looked very thoughtful and melancholy. On this account as soon as the cloth was removed, the Doctor said: "My gracious lady, I have always understood that gentlewomen of your melancholy temperament, required some strange and novel sights to beguile tedious thoughts. I would entreat of your Highness to acquaint me what kind of amusement might chance to prove most acceptable to you." The Princess made answer: "My good Doctor, I will not pretend to disguise from you, that about the middle of last winter I indulged a great wish to partake of some fresh summer fruit and flowers, and

now I again begin to wish that they were mine." Doctor Faustus replied: "I can easily gratify your Highness in this respect; for in another half hour you shall be presented with as much of both as heart could wish." As he said this he threw up the window, and placing two silver dishes outside, he again resumed his seat. When the time was come he went to the window, and brought with him the silver dishes which he laid upon the table. How great was the Princess's joy! for one of them was heaped up with beautiful white and blue plums, and the other full of apples and pears; both wreathed with the most odoriferous flowers, still wet with the morning dew. Presenting them to the Princess, he said: "You see, your Highness need not be afraid to eat, they are just arrived from a warm and mellow clime, where the summer is but now upon the wane." The Princess took some and relished them extremely, though she could scarcely restrain her wonder at beholding them; while the Prince observing her curiosity, boldly asked the Doctor how he had brought it to pass? The Doctor answered him very courteously: "My gracious lord, you must know that the year is divided between two portions of the world, as in two circles, so that when it is here winter, it is summer in another part; because the heavens are round, and the sun has now arrived at his perhelion in that quarter. For the same reason

we have now only short days, and bleak winter all around. But it is not so in the east and the west, as in Zaba, where the summer is now in full glow, and where two fruit seasons load the year. Our night here is their daylight; for the great sun is gone down below this part of the earth. Yet the vast ocean lies higher in the world, and were it not obedient to the supreme command, it would in an instant engulph the earth upon which we now stand. It was to one of those far lands, my gracious Prince, that I just now dispatched my familiar demon, who to give the imp his due, is a pretty swift-footed spirit, and he can moreover assume any other form he pleases. He it was who brought your gracious consort the dish of fruit at my particular command."

Both these royal personages listened to the Doctor's words with exclamations of wonder, and were greatly delighted at his answering them so frankly a number of other curious questions.

CONCERNING ANOTHER ADVENTURE WHICH DOCTOR FAUSTUS UNDERTOOK TO PLEASE THE SAME PRINCE, FOR WHOM HE BUILT A STATELY CASTLE UPON A HEIGHT.

As Doctor Faustus was preparing to take his leave of this court, he said to the Prince: "If your Highness would grant me the honor of your company as far as the city gates, I think I could shew you a

castle which has been erected for your Highness's service during the last night." Greatly surprized at these words, the Prince consents to accompany him, attended also by the Princess and other ladies and lords of the court. When they had arrived outside the gates, they beheld upon a mountain which is called the Rombuddel, a very beautiful castle in the distance, solely the work of this great magician's hand. He then entreated that their Highnesses would allow him to conduct them thither, and exhibit it more narrowly, to which they easily consented. This castle was so wondrously wrought by power of magic, as to be quite surrounded by a deep lake, in which were all kinds of fish, and water-fowl, such as swans, wild ducks, &c. forming altogether a a most novel and enchanting spectacle.

From the surface of this beautiful lake, there rose five lofty towers, with two grand gates enclosing a vast court, wherein were found every variety of animals almost unknown to Germany, such as apes, buffaloes, bears, and other foreign species. Birds too of the most varied song and colour were seen flitting from tree to tree. When the party had beheld all these rarities, the Doctor shewed them into the castle, and invited them to sit down to a repast, consisting of all kinds of delicacies, and the most choice wines in the world. Numerous courses were served up to table on the Pope's plate, of gold and

silver, by a crowd of domestics at whose head was Wagenar; affording the richest choice alike in stewed, in boiled, and roasted, of flesh, of fish, and of game.

In particular the turbot and the venison were esteemed most exquisite, or excelled only by the flavour of the rarest wines. These last were chiefly Rhenish, Spanish, French, Russian, Malaga, &c. besides some of a more delicate kind, amounting to more than a hundred varieties. Such indeed was the abundance and splendor of this festival, as to call forth the liveliest expressions of gratitude from the Prince, whom the Doctor conducted back to his palace in the same splendid style, flattering himself that he had never before enjoyed so luxurious a banquet. But he had hardly reached his own court, when the whole castle on the hill blew up, and disappeared amidst clouds of flame.

After the conclusion of this splendid scene, Doctor Faustus waited upon the Prince to take final leave, who then presented him with several hundred dollars, and they parted.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS WITH SOME OF HIS BOON COMPANIONS BROKE INTO THE BISHOP OF SALTZBURG'S CELLAR.

HAVING thus taken his departure from court, the Doctor began to wish for more merry company with

his old college companions, and he next repaired to Wittemburg. It being fast-day eve, he resolved to disguise himself as Bacchus, and many of the students went to see him. After they had feasted together for a while, being desirous of witnessing some of his new bacchanalian tricks, he persuaded them to go with him and pay a visit to a certain wine cellar, where he would present them with something better than they ever tasted in their lives; and they should no longer envy the nectar of Homer's gods.

The collegians did not require much persuasion, and Faustus seizing a ladder that lay in his court, and exclaiming; "With this we heroes of Bacchus will scale the Bishop's cellars;" he ranged the students on either side of it, while seating himself in the middle, they bore him in triumph to the place of ambush. The same night they made their attack, and succeeding in effecting a breach, they boldly let down the ladder, and descended into the Bishop's wine vaults, where they found a collection of the choicest kinds. The Doctor presided while they filled their cups, tasting and guaging the different vats with the expertness of an exciseman. They seated themselves round a joint stool, trimmed their lamp, and were beginning to make very merry when the door opened, and the bishop's butler made his appearance. But the Doctor was prepared for him, and seizing him by the hair, he dragged him into the cellars, just as he be-

gan to cry, thieves! thieves! There they bound him hand and foot, and seating him upon one of his own vats they drank to the good Bishop's health, cruelly compelling him to witness their depredations upon some of his most favorite wines. When they had all caroused to their hearts' content they broke up, carrying the poor butler along with them; first, hoisting him up the ladder, and next binding him across it. In this way they proceeded home again, until perceiving a high tree at a little distance, for it was moonlight, the Doctor commanded the whole party to halt. Here the unhappy butler, supposing that he was going to be hanged, uttered the most piteous lamentations, which quite moved the heart of some of the collegians, who began to intercede in his behalf. "Nay," quoth the Doctor, "we must hoist him up, he must swing in the tree, howbeit, he may save his life, if he please; but mount him up there upon the ladder, and leave him among the branches to shift for himself." This being done to the unlucky butler's infinite alarm and reluctance, they pulled the ladder down again, and with shouts of bacchanalian triumph bent their course home. There the Doctor afterwards gave several treats with the Bishop's wine, which he had brought back with him in flasks.

Meanwhile the unhappy butler sat perched during the whole night in the tree, in momentary fear of a fall, and almost starved to death with the cold. When

it began to grow light, perceiving that it would be running too great a risk to attempt getting down, he kept watch for the countrymen as they went to work, whose assistance he earnestly entreated, relating his piteous adventure with many sighs and tears.

The peasants being greatly surprised at such a sight, and alarmed at hearing that it was the Bishop's butler himself, instantly despatched one of their number to the court of Salzburg, while the rest proceeded to lend all the assistance in their power. The tidings caused a great sensation at the court, numbers of people hastened to the spot, some with ropes, some with ladders; but all eager to get a sight of the bishop's butler in the tree. Who the thieves were, however, and why they had put him there, he knew as little as the bishop himself, only it was certain, he said, that he had caught them—or rather they had caught him, in his master's cellars; where they had left not a single vat of wine unbroached.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS KEPT ASH-WEDNESDAY; AND THE APPOINTED EVENING FAST.

UPON the ensuing Ash-Wednesday, appointed for the evening fast, the fore-mentioned students again went to the house of Doctor Faustus, whither they had been invited expressly for the occasion, after having feasted their friend the Doctor in their own. It was

a noble feast, and they did full justice to it, singing and dancing during great part of the night. After the bowl had frequently circled round, the Doctor enlivened the party by some of his magical exhibitions, and the most amusing kind of buffoonery. The most whimsical dialogues were heard proceeding from voices that no one could comprehend. Next a band of music struck up, sometimes an organ, sometimes a harp, a flute, a piano, or a viol; sometimes solo, and at others in concert. When this ceased, the Doctor took a number of curiously wrought cups and glasses which he arranged upon the floor, and which presently began to dance, and to strike each other, making the room ring with the sound, until they smote each other into pieces, to the great entertainment of the spectators. After this commenced a monkey dance, in which an old ape figured as the dancing master, beating time to the music, and drilling the party from time to time with his fiddle stick. At length the night being pretty far advanced with various sports, the Doctor declared that they must stay to supper, to which they would come back the better prepared, after having been at the new comedy. Accordingly on their return, the Doctor took a limed stick which he placed outside the window; and soon it was covered with a number of rare birds, and the Doctor drew it in again. This he repeated several times, until finding

himself well stocked with game, he requested the assistance of his guests to wring their necks out, after which operation he handed them to Wagenar in order to have them dressed. By a fresh stretch of his magical art, the Doctor next made his guests appear to each other, as if they had all lost their heads; insomuch that they terrified the people sadly wherever they shewed themselves. But as soon as the supper was announced, and the guests found themselves seated at table, they each of them assumed their natural features and appearance, laughing and conversing with one another as before. They had not, however, conversed long before they underwent a still more appropriate and amusing metamorphosis, for they were each of them presented with an ape's head and ears instead of their own. Still they continued the conversation as before, only in a somewhat harsher and discordant tone, questioning and replying in their new character, which produced the most solemn and singular effect in the world. At supper there was also a calf's head set before one of the collegians, and the Doctor requested him to carve it. The moment he began the operation it exclaimed "Morbio he sio! Oh! how you cut my veal!!" At which all the students jumped up in great alarm, but on finding that it was only one of the Doctor's tricks, they began to laugh, and resumed their seats. To complete the evening's amusement, he next ordered

a sledge in the shape of a huge dragon to be brought to the door, and mounting upon its neck, he invited the students to follow him, who seated themselves on its back, while behind them stood a large old ape who acted as the guard, and blew the horn. And away went the sledge at the Doctor's command, turning in every direction, obediently to the Doctor's voice. Such too was its speed, that the students imagined they were flying through the air, and could hear nothing except the sound of its vast wings as they fanned the heavy clouds.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS ON THE SUNDAY FOLLOWING CONJURED UP THE ENCHANTED HELENA.

THE next visit which the forementioned collegians paid their friend the Doctor, was to sup with him one Sunday evening. On this occasion they brought their own wine, and other delicacies along with them; an arrangement which served to make their company only the more agreeable. Their conversation happening to turn upon the most beautiful ladies who had ever appeared in the world, one of the students said, that there was no princess he could so much have wished to behold as the famous Helen of Greece, whose beauty caused the stately towers of Ilium to be levelled with the dust. Doctor Faustus spoke, and said: "It is certain she must have been very

beautiful to have been torn from the arms of one monarch, to excite the envy and animosity of so many others; and as you all seem to express a wish to know what kind of a beauty she really was, I will, if you please, summon her to appear before us in the same lovely form, as when she stood by the side of King Priam on the walls of Troy. For you are aware that I have already gratified the Emperor Charles in a similar manner, by exhibiting Alexander the Great and his Queen, not long ago." The Doctor then commanded the whole company to keep silence, and sit quite still, without attempting to approach her when she should appear; and he then left the room. On again entering he was followed by the lovely queen, whose surpassing charms seemed quite to dazzle the eyes of the young collegians, who stood lost in wonder. She was arrayed in a red purple habit; her bright auburn tresses flowed loose over her shoulders, his eyes were of a sparkling black, and her whole features irresistibly attractive. Her brow was exquisitely white and round, her full moist lips redder than the summer cherries, her neck white and elegant as the swan's, her complexion was of a warm sunny brown, and her whole expression of an enchanting kind. In person she was tall and graceful, yet withal finely rounded and somewhat full; in short she was beauty without a blemish; beauty that might well rouse a

world of princely heroes to arms. She approached as far as the middle of the room, where she stopped and gracefully saluted the noble students, whereupon they would willingly have arisen to express their profound admiration and respect. But suddenly recollecting themselves, and beholding her only as a beautiful spirit, their curiosity ceased; which the Doctor perceiving, beckoned to the fair queen, and she followed him out of the chamber.

When he returned, the whole party eagerly crowded round him, entreating that he would permit an artist to be sent for, and once more recall the beautiful Helena in order to obtain her portrait. But this Doctor Faustus refused to do, and said that he did not like to disturb her spirit in that way; but that he would procure them a likeness, which they might give to some sculptor to take models for them. This he did, and several of them were sent to different places, which were very rarely executed by the artists. But how Doctor Faustus himself first came to obtain such portrait of her, no one of his acquaintance ever knew.

Late at night when these noble young students went to rest, they were repeatedly haunted until morning with the same bright vision of the lovely Helena. And in this manner the devil often deceives the hearts of men; thus seeking to excite their evil passions by

dreams and tokens, followed by wicked and most villainous undertakings, which at length bring their souls into the snares of the Evil One.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS PUNISHED THE SURLINESS OF A BOOR, WHOSE WAGGON WHEELS HE SENT BACKWARDS THROUGH THE AIR.

Doctor Faustus came to Brunswick, whither he had been invited to the house of a marshal; and this time he went on foot. As he was yet a good distance from the city, he met a peasant with an empty waggon to whom he said: "Boor! may I ride with you?" and this he enquired in a very friendly tone. "No, you may not," replied the boor, "I have burdens enough to bring from the city; my horses will think them heavy enough without you." Now the Doctor did not want to ride, but only to try the humour of the fellow, to see what he thought of him. So being determined to reward his uncourteous conduct, Doctor Faustus said: "You base clodhopper, you ass, since you have chosen to shew this want of manners, and as I have reason to think that you behave as badly to other people, and would give nobody a ride, I will now visit your rudeness upon your own pate. As you would not let your wheels carry me, you shall carry them, as far as

from the city gates of Brunswick." Saying which, the waggoner thought he saw his wheels flying through the air back again; while at the same time his horses fell upon the ground, and the unlucky peasant began to bemoan himself bitterly. Faustus gave him to understand that it had all happened through his own rudeness and perverseness, upon which the repentant boor fell upon his knees, and with uplifted hands, besought the Doctor to pardon his wickedness, declaring at the same time that he had well-merited his fate, but that he would never treat any gentleman so disrespectfully again. Doctor Faustus at last taking compassion upon him, said: "There is no greater fault in you drivers and waggoners than want of courtesy towards us foot passengers, and you shall believe this better another time. For the present you must take some of this sand, throw it upon your horses, and they will get up." This they did, and added the Doctor, "As your fault must not go wholly unpunished, please to go as far as the four city gates of Brunswick, where you will find your waggon wheels, and when you return, you shall have the pleasure of driving me as far as I please." With a a good deal of pains the unlucky boor accomplished his task, and after parting from the Doctor, he took special care for the future, never to behave so uncivilly as he had done on this occasion.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS SENDS A PRESENT OF A BUTT OF WINE TO THE STUDENTS AT LEIPSIC.

THERE were some students from Hungary, from Poland, and Eastland, who had become acquainted with Doctor Faustus at Wittenberg, and who now besought him to travel with them as far as the Fair of Leipsic, where they were going to look about them, to make purchases, and to receive certain monies at the same. So he consented to make one of their society. Upon their arrival, they proceeded to the university and other places in the city; after which as they were wandering about the streets, they came to a wine vault, where they saw a number of persons trying to heave a large vat out of the cellars, which they could not do. Doctor Faustus seeing this began to laugh heartily and said: "How come you to stand gaping at one another there—such a number as you are? I know a man who could do it all himself, if I were to send for him." The workmen, hearing this, began to wax wroth, and retorted upon him as such persons generally do; not aware at the same time to whom they spoke. But the chapman himself here stepping forward, said to the Doctor and his workmen: "Come, as this is the cause of your dispute, it may easily be decided. Let the first man who can hoist the cask out of the cellar himself, carry it away with him for his pains; it shall be his." Doc-

tor Faustus readily accepted the offer, and setting himself astride upon the wine vat, as if it had been his horse, he forthwith mounted out of the cellar, to the great astonishment of the beholders. But the chapman was most alarmed, when he thought on the terms which he had proposed, as he conceived the thing to be quite impossible. The Doctor had taken him at his word, and he must keep it, for the great conjuror marched away with his prize, the best part of which he presented to his friends, who had many a merry bout, and drank the Doctor's health at several parties, where the wine circled quickly round.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS LECTURED UPON HOMER AT ERFURTH, AND SUMMONED THE SHADES OF THE GRECIAN HEROES TO APPEAR BEFORE HIS AUDIENCE.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS dwelt during several years at Erfurth, where he lectured at the High School, and met with many adventures; as there are now living, at the time these pages are inditing, a number of persons who can testify; who often eat and drank at his table, and witnessed many wonderful proofs of his power. There too he held classes to whom he expounded the work of the princely Greek poet Homer, which describes among other matters of the ten years' siege of Troy, (caused by the beautiful Helena) the history of the princes and heroes of Greece and Troy;

such as Menelaus, Achilles, Hector, Priam, Alexander, Ulysses, Ajax, Agamemnon, and other celebrated chieftains.

Now all the collegians and other persons to whom he thus described the persons and actions of the heroes were so greatly delighted, that they longed also to behold them, and at last beseeched their preceptor, if it were possible, that he would grant them such a proof of his friendship and good will. Doctor Faustus hearing this, gave them to understand, that at his next lecture he would have no objection to summon all such among these deceased heroes, as they more particularly desired to behold. This notice procured him a very large audience, particularly of the young students and other people of the city, who have a greater curiosity to witness this species of sorcery, than to see and to learn any thing that is good. At the appointed hour, when the Doctor appeared and commenced his lecture, he saw a much larger audience than usual, or than he could indeed have expected, which led him to observe in the middle of his lecture: "My dear students, as I perceive that you are all intent upon beholding these famous warriors of whom our poet thus speaks in his history, and desirous to learn how they lived and fared; you have only to look towards the door, and your wishes will speedily be gratified." After he had said this, in a few moments, in marched a throng of ancient heroes in all their panoply of war, advancing towards

the lecturer in regular order, but casting contemptuous glances on all sides of them, as if indignant at what they saw. They were followed by the great one-eyed giant Polyphemus, with a long flaming beard, and with a piece of a man in his mouth, a sight which made the students' hair stand on end, and such was their alarm, that they were very nearly leaping off their seats and running away. At this sight the Doctor burst into a loud laugh, and called over all their names one after another. And, after having summoned them to appear in review before him, in this manner, he commanded them to take themselves off in the same order, which they were all compelled to do, except the fierce giant Polyphemus, with his huge eye flaming out of the centre of his head, who still kept his place. He declared that he must eat two or three little men before he went, which threw all the students who sat near him, into an agony of fright, especially when they saw him shake his huge infernal beard, as thick as a weaver's beam, upon the ground, a sight which shook the whole assembly like an electric shock. But Doctor Faustus fixing his eye steadily upon him, beckoned with his finger, and the terrible giant with many threats followed him out of the room. On his return, the Doctor concluded his lecture in a manner highly gratifying to the whole audience, who were likewise not a little rejoiced at having escaped with the mere

fright and anxiety of being eaten up alive, by the most dreadful giant whom history ever commemorated.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS WISHES TO BRING THE LOST COMEDIES OF TERENCE AND OF PLATO ONCE MORE TO LIGHT.

Soon after, being farther promoted to one of the professorships in the same university, it became a question among the philosophers, how far it would be useful to make a version of the comedies of Terence from the Latin tongue, and to print the same in aid of the belles lettres, already established for the benefit of youth. For certain it is, these comedies shew us a picture of all conditions of man, and also of all good and evil characters, whose qualities are so particularly described that we seem to see into each of their hearts. In like manner their thoughts and sentiments are made as clear to us, as if the poet had read them; and what is more we find in what manner the human mind is moulded, and how it acts with respect to other minds and circumstances, all which may be gathered from patient reading. There is no less an account of their lives and actions, as we see the same in men to this day, though it was written several hundred years before the birth of Christ.

How much then is it to be lamented that these excellent comedies to the number of one hundred and eight, were so unluckily wrecked at sea; a loss at which Terentius so greatly bemoaned himself, that according to Ausonius he took to his couch and died. A similar mischance is also related of Plato, whose writings were not less than those of Terence; and were considered as good standard books for schools. Because there were at least forty-one comedies, all of which perished either by water or fire.

Now Doctor Faustus hearing so much of these conversations, and how greatly these mighty poets were regretted, while at the same time he knew more upon every subject mentioned by them, than they themselves ever did, began to make extracts from the lost comedies, which attracting the attention of the philosophers, they enquired with great surprize: "How is it possible that you come to know what was contained in those rare comedies?" To this he answered: "That they were neither drowned nor burnt;" and added, "I am now prepared to restore all those poetical productions which have long been supposed lost, in all their pristine excellence to the light." This important proposal from the learned Doctor Faustus, was submitted to the head professors and rectors of the college, who caused the following letter to be sent in answer to it.

"Sir Doctor Faustus,

"The proposal forwarded by you to us Professors, is received, but according to our college formularies we cannot make use of the same. But as soon as you can furnish us with the copy written in your own hand, we shall then first examine it; and if we find that such poetical writings contain nothing detrimental to our Holy Religion, we shall gladly send them to press, and we ourselves inspect the proofs, making the necessary corrections with our own hands."

Doctor Faustus, however, on receiving this answer, no longer thought of prosecuting his design, being quite conscious that the poetical works which he might substitute, would be no less injurious to the moral discipline of the students, than to our holy religion itself. Insomuch that in this instance, Doctor Faustus did not succeed in attaining the wicked object which he had plainly in view. The MSS. which on this occasion he had submitted to the learned professors, were copied at his instigation by certain notaries and proctors, whose clerks knew how to write the Latin tongue; and these the Doctor would have contrived to disseminate through the schools.

ANOTHER ANECDOTE, SHEWING HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS ENTERTAINED THE GUESTS AT A CERTAIN HOTEL.

At the city of Prague, is a publican's house known by the sign of the Anchor, where the Doctor one day called as he was upon a tour. Seating himself among the travellers, in a short time, he thus accosted them: "Gentlemen, would you like to partake of all kinds of foreign wines in the world?" The whole party with one accord, cried out, "yes, yes!" "Then will you first like to taste the French, Spanish, Rhenish, Malaga, or any other kind?" continued he, "whichever you most approve."

Upon this one of the guests exclaimed: "Doctor Faustus!! whatever wine you please to furnish, Doctor, we shall find some means of disposing of." Whereupon he begged them to provide him with plenty of bottles and glasses, and he would supply the rest. This being done, he bored several holes through the table, and placing a funnel in each, he held the bottles under it, and decanted as much wine as they would contain. As he laid them down one after another, the delighted guests began to laugh heartily, and heartily did they regale themselves.

While thus engaged, the host's son entered the room, and said to the Doctor: "Mr. Doctor! your horse is run rampant, and is eating yonder as if he were stark mad! I had rather feed twenty other horses than one such as he; for he has eaten almost

a manger full of corn, and he is still neighing and wincing for more." Doctor Faustus seeing the fellow's fright, burst into a loud horse laugh, in which all his companions joined. "But you ordered me," exclaimed the man, "to give him as much as he would have, so I shall e'en go on feeding him though he cost you all the oats I have in my house." Whereupon the Doctor, ceasing to laugh, replied: "Nay, do not so, for I am sure he must have eaten enough: you may go on feeding him till to-morrow before he will have done; for my demon Mephostophiles is a greedy beast." After a good deal of bantering of the same kind, in which the evening passed away, and it was now nearly midnight, the Doctor's horse was heard to neigh so sharply, that it was heard through the whole house. Then Doctor Faustus said: "Now I must be going, and so, my merry gentlemen, I wish you all a very good morning, I believe." But seeing him in so good a humour, the guests surrounded him, insisting that he would stay a short while longer, and keeping fast hold upon him, he consented to beguile another hour with them. When this, however, expired, his steed began to neigh more shrilly than before; yet still his master sung and drank away another hour at the company's request; after which hearing a still louder neighing for the third time, he would tarry no longer. So the whole party accompanied him to the door; whither Mephostophiles was led round from

the stable by the host's son, and leaping upon his back Doctor Faustus rode at speed away.

When he had gained a short distance his steed rose with him into the air, at so brisk a pace that he was very speedily out of sight. Before break of day he had arrived at the city of Erfurth, where he transacted what business he had in hand, and brought the most recent tidings from the Imperial court.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS OPENS A PUBLIC INN, ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT.

Being now on his return from Prague, and from the Austrian court towards his native place, and having likewise received a number of rich presents from different lords and princes in the Imperial service, the Doctor began to regret the merry company which he had enjoyed at Prague, and which he now wished to meet with once more. To this end he engaged a house, and soon invited them to come and take up their quarters with him for a while. They came very willingly, not only for the purpose of revelling, but in order to see, if possible, some more amusing sights, as it turned out they did. For as they entered one after another into the place, they could see neither fire, nor smoke, nor signs of eating and drinking. Still they made no remarks, but were very merry, thinking to themselves, that the Doctor knew

better than they could teach him, how it behoved him to treat his guests.

So when they had all arrived, he entreated them not to take it in ill part, but to seat themselves, which they did. He then knocked upon the table with his knife, and a person made his appearance, as if he had been his servant, and inquired: "Master, what are your commands." Dr. Faustus replied: "Can you be handy and quick?" "That can I," said the other, "quick as an arrow out of the bow." "No, no," retorted the Doctor; "get thee back to thy old post, thou wilt not suit my turn!" and the servant went.

Again he struck the board with his knife, and another made his appearance, with the same inquiry in his mouth. To him Dr. Faustus said: "Tell me now, how swift art thou a foot?" He made answer, "Swift as the wind." "That," replied his master, "is a pretty sharp pace; nevertheless it will not do for me; so away with thee back again!" The third time Dr. Faustus hit the table with his knife; and forthwith a third messenger put his head into the room, but with an ill surly look. He said: "What want you with me?" The Doctor answered: "How quick may you be?" "Quick as thought," returned the other. "Then thou art the right man for me," exclaimed Dr. Faustus, and he rose and left the room along with him. He next despatched him with orders to bring the best wine and dainties in the world, and

to return quick as thought, in order that he might feast his excellent guests.

The table being spread, the Doctor asked his friends if they pleased to wash, and then seat themselves round. This they did, and instantly the lacquey re-appeared with two assistants, who placed nine dishes, three and three upon the board, all of which had covers, as was the custom at court. Under them were found all kinds of delicate meats, and game, with fish, stuffed meats, puffs, pastry, &c. mixed with a variety of boiled and roasted in every form, and most delicately drest. There were seven and thirty different dishes, besides those brought for the dessert. The plate, and cups and spoons, were in abundance; and whenever the guests were about to fill their glasses, their host inquired what kind of wine or malt liquor they would like. The same was instantly brought to the dining room window, as fresh as if it had just been drawn from the cellar. In order to heighten the pleasures of the feast, a variety of new tricks were played off, in which one of his attendants shewed wonderful dexterity, so that it was quite impossible for any earthly conjuror to cope with him. For he could himself carry on a conversation, like a whole party, and perform a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music, such as the flute, the harp, and the viol, while no performer was to be seen besides himself. In a word, there was nothing wanting

that could serve to enliven the scene. And so amusing did it appear to the Doctor's guests, that they kept up the spirit of the feast until it was clear daylight, when each retired to his own dwelling.

HOW A CERTAIN MONK WISHED THE DOCTOR TO MAKE CONFESSION, AND TRY TO OBTAIN ABSOLUTION.

THESE wonderful adventures, and mad tricks made the Doctor famous not only throughout Erfurth, but through the whole land. On this account many noblemen, and other distinguished personages in the neighbourhood began to court his acquaintance in the hope of seeing or hearing something entertaining which they might afterwards relate by way of novelty to their friends. For the same reason, the assemblage of the people became so great, that some were anxious lest the young students might give themselves up to this dangerous kind of necromancy, as they are too apt to be led away by such seductive practices, supposing them to be more amusing than dangerous, and not aware how nearly they are connected with their final salvation. Yet about the same time, there were not wanting a few sensible men, who seeing the danger, applied for advice to a certain Doctor Eluige, belonging to the order of Nuinefreres, being a man of singular skill, and well acquainted both with Doctor Luther and Doctor Lange, who were likewise

as well known to Dr. Faustus. They declared that it was their unanimous desire that he would earnestly exhort the latter to think of abandoning, while there was yet time, that wilful levity, and diabolical practice in the black art, which might produce such direful consequences; and even to use severe threats if they could perceive that there was any well-founded hope of snatching him out of the devil's clutches, like a brand from the burning; if indeed the old tempter had not already proved too strong for him.

So this good monk undertook the task; and at first he spoke very civil and friendly to the Doctor. By degrees he changed his tone, and spoke out right hard and strong. He drew a fearful picture of the wrath of God, and the eternal damnation which hung over him; for so far he seemed, he said, to have apprenticed himself to the devil, and to have hardened himself in his infernal purposes. He farther said, that he knew he was a very learned man, who might have stood on a much better footing, both with regard to worldly honors and celestial grace; and that he ought still to abandon his wilful levity, through which he had been seduced in his youth by the devil —a liar and murderer from the first; and then fall down and confess his sins before the throne of heaven, praying incessantly for the blessing of divine grace, the doors of which stood ever open, ready to receive repentant sinners into rest.

Dr. Faustus listened most attentively to every thing that the monk said; until he had made a full end of his discourse. Then he made answer: "My very good sir! I can well believe, that you have my good at heart, and I also well know all that you have here stated to me. But I have implicated myself too deeply; I have made a conveyance to the devil, which has been ratified with my blood; that I shall be his property, soul and body in perpetuity; and how can I then absolve myself from the penalty of my oath?" The monk answered him: "So be that you pray and cry unto the Lord for grace; shew true remorse and make expiation—confess all your sins before him, in order to gain absolution—and ever afterwards refrain from all species of sorcery, and diabolical communications—you may rely on your future safety. Take heed to oppress and injure no one, and we will then assist you by offering up constant masses for you in our monasteries, insomuch that you shall soon be brought from under the dominion of the devil." "Not so," replied Dr. Faustus; "once lost and always lost! I say, sir, my engagements lay too strong a hold upon me. I have wilfully despised the mercy of the Deity, I became arrogant and atheistical, and relied more upon the devil than upon my Maker. Wherefore it is impossible for me to return to him, or that I can ever recover the grace which I held in contempt.

"Besides it would not be just nor honorable to have it said that I had forfeited my word and oath, even to the devil, especially where it had been ratified with my own blood, and while he has performed his part of the bond to me. I shall therefore give the devil his due, and behave as handsomely towards him as I can." When the good monk heard these words, he grew very indignant, and spoke: "Rush on thy own perdition, thou cursed child of the devil, since you will not even consent to let us attempt your salvation by force of fast and prayer." After this, the monk waited upon the rector of the university, and upon the magistrate, to whom he communicated the whole of the Doctor's proceedings, and Doctor Faustus, in consequence thereof, was banished from the city of Erfurth.

CONCERNING FOUR CONJURORS, WHO HAD THE ART OF BEHEADING EACH OTHER, AND RESUMING THEIR HEADS, WHICH DOCTOR FAUSTUS LIKEWISE LEARNT HOW TO PRACTISE AT THEIR OWN EXPENCE.

He next proceeded to the city of Frankfort upon the Maine, where his demon Mephostophiles informed him that at a certain hotel, near Jew's street, there were four conjurors, who brought large crowds of people to see them hew off each other's heads, and adjust them again as easily as upon a barber's block. Doctor

Faustus was very indignant at hearing this, conceiving himself to be the greatest magician of the age. So he hastened to the spot, in order to see them exhibit; and there they stood prepared to decapitate one another, while one acted as the barber to put them into joint again. Beside them was placed a vessel containing a liquor which they called the stamen of life, and into which the chief conjurer who performed the operation, threw a plant called the lily, which directly began to blow. Upon this, he seized hold of the second conjuror, and smote off his head, which he handed to the surgeon barber, who dipping it in the liquor, promptly adjusted it to the bust; when the lily suddenly disappeared.

In the same manner he operated upon the next, and upon the third, both heads being smitten off and again glued on in a very few minutes. At length it came to the turn of the head conjuror himself, who underwent the same operation, at which sight the Doctor, being jealous of his great skill, and the contemptuous arrogance which he displayed, just as the barber was in the act of fitting on the head, ran to the table where the vessel stood, and struck off the head of the lily, before any one was aware of what he was about. He then broke the knife to shivers; a sight which threw the rest of the sorcerers into the utmost consternation, and they had in vain recourse to their usual arts for the purpose of rejoining the

head of their great leader. Doctor Faustus thus cut him off in the midst of his sins, maliciously consigning him to the infernal regions, in order that he might experience the same fate as he was himself doomed to---a reward such as the devil bestows upon his disciples.

Yet his brother conjurors were at a loss to account for the disappearance of the lily, the Doctor not being visible at the time; so that they still continued fumbling with the old sorcerer's head, which would stick on in no position.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS REJECTS THE ADVICE OF AN OLD MAN WHO SOUGHT TO RECLAIM HIM FROM HIS IMPIOUS AND ABANDONED LIFE; AND HOW HE WAS TREATED BY MEPHOSTOPHILES.

THERE was a very pious neighbour of Doctor Faustus, an old man, who being concerned to see the strange bad company which was always going in and out, one day asked the Doctor to take a humble meal with him.

After this, he made him a long and earnest discourse out of Scripture; for which he thanked the old man, and took his leave, declaring that he had been much edified, and would try as far as possible to profit by it, as he began to grow more serious the

nearer his earthly term approached its expiration. Upon reaching his own house, he reflected deeply on the advice he had just heard, fully sensible how fearfully he had implicated both soul and body in the snares which had been laid for him, and wholly given himself up to the powers of darkness. Still he resolved to follow the old man's good advice, when just as he was thinking of prayer his evil demon appeared, and grasping him by the neck as if he would have strangled him, he inquired who had compelled him to sign himself over, or who had drawn the bond and delivered it, but himself? "Did you not swear," continued the demon, "to become alike the enemy of God and man; did you not sign the bond with your blood; and yet are you not now thinking of following the councils of that doting old man, and to become a good Christian; when it is to too late? Know you not that you are mine, that I may fetch you whensoever I will, and I am now come hither to make an end of you, unless forthwith you repeat your oath anew, and sign your name with your own blood. Unless you moreover swear, that you will never permit any monk or other Christian to aid and abet you in rebellion against your liege master;—swear this, or the next moment, you shall be torn into a thousand pieces." Doctor Faustus being greatly terrified, without more demurring renewed all his promises, and

gave a fresh bond signed with his blood; documents which were discovered among the Doctor's other papers in his house after his death.

After the delivery of these fresh deeds, he became the good old man's mortal enemy, and persecuted him in every way he could. But his Christianlike deportment and frequent prayer, along with his holy life, defied the power of the Evil One to injure him. On the evening however, of the second day, as he was retiring to rest, the old man heard strange noises in his house, which seemed to follow him into his chamber, and continued a long while. And this was Mephostophiles, who wanted to frighten him to death. At length the old man, not a whit afraid, began to scoff at the wicked demon, and said: "Oh, what stupid music is that you make there, for I think it is like that of a proud Angel, who has been driven out of Paradise." And with such kind of reproaches, he succeeded in driving the demon out of his abode. On his return, when the Doctor inquired how he had fared with the good old man; the disappointed demon was compelled to answer that he could not succeed with him, nor inflict even the least wound, because he found him armed (he meant with prayer); "for which reason he only ridiculed me, which enraged me exceedingly, in particular as he reproached me with my fall." And in the same manner, the Lord

will take care to protect all chaste and holy sort of men, who watch and pray, and always put their trust in Him.

CONCERNING A NOBLE LORD AND LADY WHO BY MEANS OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS WERE HAPPILY UNITED IN THE BONDS OF WEDLOCK, DURING THE SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF HIS INFERNAL BOND.

At the city of Wittemburg there resided a certain young student, of a noble and ancient family the initials of whose name were N. N. Now this young nobleman was deeply in love with a beautiful lady also of high birth, who happened to have a great number of other lovers. Among these were many lords of the land, but to none of them would that cruel lady grant any return of love. And to none did she shew herself so extremely averse, as to this same young lord, who was well acquainted with Doctor Faustus, having frequently eaten and drunk at his table. Such indeed, was the strength of his love, and so great was his disappointment, that he suddenly grew very ill, and pined himself away almost to nothing. When Doctor Faustus perceived that this noble young gentleman was so sadly sickened as to be unable to help himself, he one day asked his demon Mephostophiles, what it was that could cause it, and what he could be pining about? The demon

then related to him the whole affair, upon which the Doctor went to visit the poor young gentleman, and acquainted him with the source of all his suffering, at which the unhappy lover shewed great surprise. But Doctor Faustus consoled him, and said that he must not take it so much to heart, for that he would prove his friend in the matter. Moreover if he would trust in him, that proud lady should fall to the share of no one but him, and accept his hand with her own good will. And according as the Doctor promised, so it happened. For by force of enchantment, he softened her heart, and made her fall so desperately in love with this young nobleman, that she wished him never to be out of her sight, and would pay no attention to any body else. Doctor Faustus informed the young gentleman that he ought to decorate himself in the best stile, and go to an assembly where the lady would be present, with other young women, all eager to dance, and that he would accompany him. At the same time, he gave him a ring, which he told him he must slip upon her finger as he was dancing with her; upon feeling the touch of which, she would be sure to love and be constant to him, and no one else. But that he would have no need to make any proposal or talk of marriage, as she would be sure to introduce the subject herself. Before they set off to the ball, he sprinkled a few magical drops upon the young man's features which improved them, and his whole

appearance very surprisingly. On their arrival he contrived it exactly as the Doctor had directed him, and upon touching the ring as she was dancing with her, the young lady suddenly felt her heart transfixed with Cupid's bolts, and she could not obtain a wink of sleep during the whole of that night. Early in the morning she sent a message for him, and declared the everlasting love and attachment which she felt for him, at the same time offering her hand, if he would be her husband. He upon this revealed the passionate affection he had so long felt for her, and taking her at her word, the marriage was shortly afterwards solemnized to the infinite contentment of both parties. The young nobleman shewed great respect to the Doctor ever afterwards, and bestowed many presents upon him in consequence.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS EXHIBITED A VARIETY OF HERBS AND FRUITS, ABOUT CHRISTMAS, IN HIS GARDEN, DURING THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS BOND OR COMPACT.

DURING Christmas time there assembled at the city of Wittemburg, a number of young women; some of whom were of distinguished families, and whose sons, brothers, or nephews were students at the University.

These last being acquainted with Doctor Faustus, in order to enliven the visit of their relatives, besought him one and all, to give them his company, which

he did. In return he invited several of these young noblemen and their female relatives to feast with him at his house; and they accepted his invitation. As they approached his house they were surprised to see that though there was then a heavy snow, the Doctor's court and garden bore not the least traces of the wintry season, but were quite green and blooming, as if in the midst of summer. On all sides appeared the finest herbs and fruits, and the fresh grass was interspersed with a variety of flowers in full blow. There was also a beautiful vineyard, abounding with clusters of fine ripe grapes, figs, raspberries, and abundance of red Provence roses. They were as sweet to the smell as to the eye, and looked so fresh and sparkling with the dew, as to raise an exclamation of wonder and delight. They looked indeed, too tempting to be long resisted, but whenever the guests ventured to pluck any, that moment instead of finding a grape or a rose between their fingers, they found that they caught hold of their neighbour's nose. This always raised a great laugh at their expence, so that it was long before they could resolve to leave the Doctor's house, such was the entertainment of various kinds which they there met with.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS INCREASED THE NUMBER OF HIS INTRIGUES, DURING THE TWENTIETH YEAR OF HIS TERM.

WHEN Doctor Faustus now began to reflect that he had already reached the twentieth year of his engagement, and that it was fast approaching its termination, he sat thinking, day by day, how he could best turn the short time which he had left to the most pleasant account. With this view, besides his very luxurious mode of living, he summoned seven infernal princesses to attend upon his board and couch; each of whom he imagined looked more beautiful than the others; and he could hardly express his astonishment on beholding them. He likewise traversed a variety of countries with his familiar demon, in order to collect specimens of the most lovely women upon earth, among the choicest of whom was one Englishwoman, one Hungarian, two Swabian, one French, and two from Italy; whom he valued much more highly than the Sultan's whole collection which he had seen, or than that of any other great amateur of the age.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS IS PRESENTED WITH A RARE TREASURE IN THE TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF HIS TERM.

IN order that the devil might omit no earthly means of holding Doctor Faustus fast to his word, his

demon Mephostophiles discovered to him a vault in an old ruined chapel about half a mile from Wittemburg, in which there lay concealed a great treasure. Upon delving a little below the surface, Faustus met with an innumerable heap of gold and silver coins, besides a quantity of diamonds and other precious stones, the splendour of which shone as strongly upon the eye as a burning torch. When with some difficulty he collected them all together, on again inspecting them, he found only a vast heap of charcoal. At this sight, he swore in the most indignant terms, and questioning his demon, declared that he was not a man to be thus deceived. Mephostophiles smiling requested him only to bear them to his own house, where he found they resumed all their pristine value and splendour. His servant Wagenar proved after his master's death that this treasure exceeded in value many dozen of guineas.

CONCERNING THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS, IN WHICH HE LEAVES HIS SERVANT WAGENAR HIS HEIR.

DURING the period of his four and twenty years engagement, the Doctor hired for his page a young student whom he met with at Wittemburg. He had been witness to the whole of his master's proceedings. He was himself an idle varlet, who in-

stead of applying to his studies, thought only of begging and borrowing, but one with whom no honest people wished to have dealings.

So this said Wagenar became Dr. Faust's varlet, and conducted himself so much to his liking, that after having been some time in his service he was inclined to adopt him for a son. And as the time of the Doctor's contract was fast drawing to a close, he sent for a notary and several students of his acquaintance. He then left his house, goods, &c. to his servant. *Item*, a sum of 13,000 guilders at once. Also an estate, value 8,000. *Item*, 9,000 in ready cash. *Item*, a large golden chain, ornamented with a huge diamond, estimated at 3,000 crowns. *Item*, the whole of his gold and silver plate received in legacies from different noblemen; and in particular what he had brought with him from the Pope's and the Sultan's courts, estimated at the least at 40,000 guineas. *Item*, various moveable articles of furniture, &c. which however were not found, having been made away with at hotels and other houses, where he had been accustomed to feast the students. Other particulars of the contents of this will, will be seen in the following chapter.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS SPEAKS WITH HIS SERVANT WAGENAR CONCERNING HIS WILL.

About three days afterwards Doctor Faustus called his servant Wagenar, to whom he promised that after his decease he should have a demon to attend upon him, and that he should likewise be bound to appear in whatever form he might judge best. Whereupon his faithful servant replied; "My good sir, and father, I think I should like him to appear in the shape of a monkey, only much larger than the common ape." From this time forth, there daily appeared to him a demon exactly of this kind, who leaped with incredible celerity upon all his errands, besides playing a variety of odd tricks. Doctor Faustus said: "As you know, Wagenar, that my demon Mephostophiles will no longer be bound to me, this is his successor whom I shall leave with you, though he is not to enter your service, or perform any menial offices until after my death, when you will no longer see Mephostophiles. And as you will have to bind yourself to him by regular conveyance, as I have done to mine, on this account you shall call him the Averhaan: (by which name he was accordingly known.) I have farther to intreat that you will not make known any of my secret arts, gifts, or sorceries, before I shall have departed this world. Afterwards, however, you will be at liberty to collect, arrange, and describe the whole of them

in a regular history, an undertaking in which your demon Averhaan will assist you, and in such particulars as shall happen to escape your memory, he will take care to recal them to mind. For the world will assuredly require at your hands an account of my actions and adventures; so look well to it."

His faithful Wagenar promised to do so, and to fulfil the least of his last instructions; after which, taking him by the hand, he thanked him heartily for all the benefits which he had conferred upon him, and more especially for having so kindly provided for him in his last will and testament. And in short, he faithfully promised his excellent master to follow him in a little while, along with his demon Averhaan.

HOW DOCTOR FAUSTUS, DRAWING WITHIN ONE MONTH OF HIS DEPARTURE, BEGINS TO LAMENT OVER HIS DIABOLICAL ENGAGEMENTS, AND CAN TAKE NO REST.

Dr. Faust's term was now faster and faster drawing towards a close, for he had reached the very last month of the four and twenty years, on the expiration of which he was to deliver body and soul into the possession of Satan, as it has heretofore been stated. About this time he began to grow much more uneasy and suspicious, almost like a robber or assassin who is fast approaching the hour of his execution, and hears his sentence still ringing in his

ears as he lies in prison. At length growing more anxious, he began to sigh and moan to himself, and would frequently clasp his hands in agony, insomuch that he seemed to be quite pining away and despairing. He was rarely to be seen, and no longer even summoned his familiar demon to appear, and could no longer bear his company, whereas he had before considered him as his trusty servant, whom he frequently called into his presence. So sorely indeed was he dismayed that he no longer sought to restrain his direful lamentations and fears, hoping that they might serve as a warning to other wicked and misguided men; some of which were found written down after his death, as follows: "Ach, ach, ach! what a desperate hard fate is mine. O revenge, wrath, mercy, grace, what shall I say, what shall I do? to what a bitter destiny am I consigned! Oh gracious, how fast time flies! Yet what is the use of all my vain lamentations? nothing in all the wide world can help me. Oh, I am an unlucky man!"

HOW DOCTOR JOHANNES FAUSTUS FARTHER COMPLAINS OF BEING CUT OFF IN THE FLOWER OF HIS DAYS, AND CONDEMNED TO DIE SO VIOLENT AND DIABOLICAL A KIND OF DEATH.

"Oh, thou unhappy Faustus," he continued, "thou most deceived and miserable man! What a strange un-

safe situation, what a sad dilemma thou art in! Oh Lord, I am going, I am going soon, and what a sad death I am going to die, such as no man in the world ever died before. Alas for reason, my foolish reason, my doubts, my wilful speculations and wicked free will. Ah, blind and heedless dolt that I was! I have sold life, body and soul, to eternal dole and wretchedness. Ye worldly pleasures, into what a pitiable scrape have ye brought me! now the scales are fallen from my eyes! Alas for my misguided spirit! what has all thy speculations and vast knowledge, both of science and the world brought me to at last? Oh, luckless wretch! Oh my unsteady temper, and wilful moods! Oh, my disappointed hopes! but I must not venture to think of that. Woe, woe, above all other woe! Lamentation like no other lamentation! alas, alas, and woe! how in the name of all the saints, shall I ever get rid of this devilish anxiety? where shall I hide myself? how shall I keep out of his clutches? Nay, it is foolish to try to fly; I am already taken!" In this manner the luckless Faustus went on complaining both night and day; so that it was with great difficulty that he could even speak.

HOW THE BASE DEMON REPROACHES THE UNHAPPY FAUSTUS WITH GIBING AND MALICIOUS WORDS.

In the midst of this his woful plight and most tra-

gical lament, the demon Mephostophiles once more appeared unto his master, Faustus. He advanced towards him with a mocking air, and spoke in a most contemptuous and ironical tone, as follows: "Since you have so well studied the holy scriptures, as to know that you ought to have worshipped the Lord alone, to have served him only, and loved him with all your heart and soul, without turning either to the right hand or to the left, and without making to yourself any graven images; and since you basely turned faithless to the duties which he enjoined, falling away from him, and hardening yourself in your own evil doings, denying him, and conveying over your own soul and body into my charge; you must now therefore prepare to fulfil your bond. All that you can do, at best, is to console yourself with some such sorry song as the following, of which the devil do you good:

Hast thou remorse? be still,
Now thou hast won the will;
The fault is all thine own,
So be thy patience shewn.
You must your smart with grinning bear,
And to no man speak word of your despair.
It is too late to think of God,
Who mocks you with his wrath and rod.
Your luckless lot was your own doing,
Yet now you're lost, you will be rueing;
Pray be more patient and resign'd,
And go to hell with happier mind.

"Therefore, my dear Faustus," continued Mephostophiles, "it is not good to go feasting with great lords, and dabbling in the same dish with the devil. For you now see that they smite you upon the cheek, and it would have been far better if you had kept at a more respectable distance from them; but your arrogant evil heart carried you away, and you reap a just recompence. Yes, you despised the knowledge you obtained from scripture, and summoning the devil to your assistance, you thought it all very well during the last twenty-four years. You were simple enough to take all for granted that I said, and only smiled when the devil winked at you, until by such cajolery, he came to hang a bell about your neck, as they do round a cat's.

"The truth is, my dear Faustus, there is no trusting to the devil's promises; moreover you were bad in grain, and you are no better at last than you were at first. You are like the cat too that is fond of mice, and fond of mice it will remain. Moreover, what is it that your overweening pride and arrogance have not made you commit? In all your travels and transactions, you made boast of the devil's friendship, and rejoice to think that he will never desert you, though in fact he is less powerful than an abbot or even a monk, as the Lord is supreme over all. The labourer, you know, is worthy of his hire; and as you have sown, so you must reap; therefore be assured that

you will meet with your reward. Lay this my counsel and instruction to heart, Faustus; for it is as true as that you are lost, and may sing to that tune as much as you please.

"Yet you ought not so readily to have trusted in the devil, as you well knew that he was a liar, a deceiver, and a murderer from the first. You should have been a little more cautious in time; for a gallows repentance is but an unpleasant thing; and you cannot even pray for repentance before you swing.

"But he who will let lodgings to the devil, must make his account in having a sharper for his guest; for truly there is required more for the dance than a red pair of shoes. Had you kept the laws of Heaven before your eyes, and put your talent out to good interest, you would not have needed to dance the sort of minuet which you must now learn, and become sport for the devil. He that will deal, however, with him, has needs to drive a hard bargain, and is then even sure to come off with the worst. You have signed away your soul with your own blood; without heed of Heaven or of yourself."

After the demon, Mephostophiles, had long tormented the unhappy Doctor in this manner, he as suddenly disappeared, consigning him over to his own inexpressible wretchedness, trouble, and despair.

NOW HERE FOLLOWS THE CRUEL AND FRIGHTUL END AND DEPARTURE OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS, FROM WHICH EVERY CHRISTIAN MAY SEE HIS OWN DANGER, AND TAKE TIMELY WARNING.

THE whole twenty-four years assigned in the bond, were now quite expired. During the last week of his term, the demon, Mephostophiles, again made his appearance. In his hand he held the fatal deed of conveyance signed in the Doctor's own blood, and holding it up, he said, that his master, the devil, would himself come in the course of the next day to fetch his debtor's body, and that he must therefore hold himself in readiness. Doctor Faustus ceased not to whine and moan during the whole of the ensuing night, whereupon his demon again came to him and spoke: "Why, dear Faustus, all this complaining; what avails such pusillanimity; knew you not that your life and soul were long since forfeited, and that at all events you must die once, though you had yet an age to live. Besides, the Turks and Jews, and other unchristian kings and heathens must all die, and be condemned everlastingly as well as you. Come, take courage, it will perhaps not be quite so bad as you imagine; and the devil has promised that you shall still keep your life and soul to be held under his lease and sway." With such comfort did his demon Mephostophiles strive to cheer his master; but it was false as it was hollow, and quite at variance with the holy scriptures. And the Doctor saw clearly

enough that the only manner left of paying off the account against him, was with his own neck; for had not his demon declared that the devil himself would come to fetch him, even the next night?

For this reason he resolved to send tidings to those masters, students, and other boon companions with whom he had kept company, and intreat that they would be pleased to join him in a pleasure party, as far as the village of Himlig, about half a mile from Wittemburg, where he proposed that they should sup together. To this invitation they replied, that they would willingly assemble for that purpose; and accordingly a sumptuous feast was ordered to be in readiness, with abundance of delicacies and wines.

When they met, the Doctor seemed to welcome his friends in great good spirits, but his heart was inwardly heavy and sad. He bade them, however, to be seated, and to enjoy themselves that evening along with him, as well as remain there the whole of that night, as he had some important business on which to consult them. They promised, and sat down to feast with him; on the conclusion of which, as they were about to take a farewell glass, and Dr. Faustus had settled the score, he begged the students to retire into another room with him, as he had something rather particular to communicate to them. So he shewed them into another chamber, and then began to address them as follows.

THE LAST APPEAL OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS TO HIS STUDENTS.

"My very loving and gracious young lords and masters! hear the cause for which I have summoned you together: namely, that which during many years you are acquainted with, as to what kind of a man I have been, expert in what kind of arts and sorceries, only to be acquired under the tuition of the devil, to which devilish inclination and pursuits I have been brought by keeping bad company, and all sort of dissipation connected with such society, in which also I have acted the chief part. This, my dear young gentlemen, comes of walking according to our wicked flesh and blood, our own impious and abandoned will, and giving way to those speculating and diabolical thoughts, which at length led me to consign myself over to Satan, after the expiration of four and twenty years, both with life and soul.

"Now the said years are already arrived at an end even this very evening, so that my last sands are running quickly out before my eyes, when he will come to claim me upon the strength of my bond signed with my own blood for life and soul, which I have twice over conveyed to him. Wherefore, my dear masters, I have thus affectionately intreated of you to come and be present at my latter end, and to take St. Jan's departing glass with me, while at the

same time you will please to keep secret my departure hence. I would likewise require of you, my gracious young masters, to salute on my part my other friends and acquaintance, assuring them of my very brotherly regard for them, that they may so too regard my memory, kindly and not reproachfully, soliciting their forgiveness in every thing where I may have come short or offended them. In regard to my most wonderful adventures and performances during the space of twenty-four years, such will be found after my catastrophe accurately recorded and described in my own house. And now let my cruel approaching end, serve as a faithful mirror to you, my young gentlemen and masters all, that you may keep the commandments of the Lord in view, and love and pray to him as becomes you to do; to pray, I say, that he will please to protect you from the devil's wiles and guiles, upholding you that none may fall away from him, as I, poor impious damned man, have so sadly done, denying the cross, the sacraments of our Saviour, and even the Supreme Ruler of the world himself. Be cautious also how you are led astray by bad company as I have been, but go constantly to church, and manfully resist the devil with a firm faith in Christ, leading an upright and godly life, to the edification of all your neighbours.

"Finally, it is my earnest prayer that you will all go to bed, and try to sleep as usual. Moreover you must not alarm yourselves, whatever kind of rout and uproar you may happen to hear, as you may rest assured that you will receive no degree of injury. Do not even attempt to rise; for it can do no manner of good, and if you should find my dead body in the morning, please to inter it speedily without any ceremony inasmuch as I die a base and unchristian death. Yes, I die like a most unchristian wretch, feeling only a sort of sham repentance, and not possessing faith half sufficient to inspire me with sincere prayer; besides knowing that the devil will have my life, which indeed I would freely resign to him, if I could by any means contrive to preserve my soul. I have only once more to intreat that you will make yourselves easy, and retire to rest; therefore I wish you a very good night;—but for me, alas, a very bad and frightful one."

This explanation was made by Doctor Faustus with a free and resolute air, in order not to alarm or cast down the spirits of his friends, who however could not sufficiently express their surprize and consternation at his having carried matters to such a pitch. For they had never conceived him capable of such excessive fool-hardiness, as to venture life and soul in pursuit of his vain sorceries and speculations.

On this account, having a sincere regard for him, they began one and all to lament over his hard fate, and they said: "Alas, dear Faustus, into what a cursed dilemma you have brought yourself! and all by keeping the matter so long secret: why did you not unfold it to us? Ah, we would soon have rescued you from all his infernal snares, with the help of our learned divines and other doctors; but now it is all too late, you are too deeply inveigled, both life and soul."

Doctor Faustus made answer: "Reveal the matter, dear friends, I dared not, though believe me, I was often on the point of doing so, wishing much to consult you, and to retrace my evil steps and do penance for my sins. But I was seduced from one kind of sorcery to another, and whenever I made good resolutions to repent, that great Satan forthwith made his appearance, as he will again do this very night, and threatening me always said: I will make an end of you, I will tear you piecemeal the moment you talk of turning to heaven for help." Upon hearing this, the students replied that as there was plainly no other help for him, he ought forthwith to cry out with all his strength and heartily to the Lord, and to his dearly beloved son Jesus Christ, praying for the remission of his sins, in which good office they would gladly join him, and cry "Alas, alas, be merciful unto me, poor sinner! and bring me not unto judgment, for too well I know that I cannot stand before it.

What though the devil may come and claim this my mortal body, it is only thou who canst defend and protect the immortal soul."

Doctor Faustus admitted the wisdom of this measure, and that he ought not for an instant to cease to pray; but at the same time he could not go through with it, as it happened also to Cain who said, that his sins were too great to be forgiven; and the Doctor could not help exclaiming within himself, that he was bound by his own bonds, and had carried matters too far to retreat.

So the students were at length compelled to take leave of the unhappy master Faustus, which they did with many tears, all retiring to the same chamber and leaving the Doctor by himself. They retired to bed as they had been directed, but not one of them could close his eyes; for they lay waiting fearfully anxious for the catastrophe.

This happened between twelve and one o'clock the same night. First, there was heard a high wind which blew round all quarters of the house, as if it would have carried it from its foundations, at which the students leaped out of bed in great alarm. But they ventured not out of the chamber, striving to encourage each other, but the terrified host himself actually leaped out of his own house into one next adjoining. The students' chamber was next to that of Faustus, and they could plainly hear a grievous

piping, hissing and whining, just as if the house were full of snakes, and other poisonous reptiles. Next they heard the Doctor's room-door give way, upon which repeated cries of help, help! were uttered in a half drowned voice, which grew fainter and fainter. Soon, however, all was still and silent as before. When at length it become broad day, the students who had never closed their eyes during the whole of that fearful night, went in a body into the Doctor's chamber. But there he was no longer to be seen, though they found different parts of it sprinkled with his blood, and traces of his brains were also seen upon the walls, as if after wringing his neck round, the devil had dashed his head from one side of the room to the other. His eyes too appeared to have started from their sockets, and a solitary tooth was found lying here and there, which furnished a cruel spectacle indeed. Seeing all these symbols of his fate, the students began to weep and lament him afresh, and nothing was heard for some time but their mingled moans and sighs.

At length after a long and weary search, they found his corpse lying at a distance from the house, sadly mutilated and disfigured, in particular about the face. The foresaid students and masters who had been present at his departure, after interring his body in the same village, again returned with heavy hearts to Wittemburg. First, they went to Doctor

Faust's house, where they found his servant Wagenar, who was greatly grieved and anxious also about his master's death. There too they discovered this his own history drawn up and described, in the third person, by the Doctor's own hand, as already stated, with the exception of the account of his final departure and end; which was added by the said masters and students, though the whole work was arranged and remodelled by his servant Wagenar, so as to form a new book. On the same day, likewise, the figure of the enchanted Helena, whose beauty the Doctor had conjured up from the shades to give zest to his earthly pleasures, again vanished from the earth. And long afterwards the strange noises and disturbances which were heard at all hours in the house where he had lived, prevented any one from residing in it. Moreover Doctor Faustus himself appeared to his faithful Wagenar in the night, and then communicated a number of secret and abstruse matters, and he was seen out of the windows often reading to a late hour.

In this manner here ends the history of the famous Doctor Faust's sorceries, from which each and every good Christian may reap instruction, and more specially such as may happen to be of a like bold and arrogant mood. From him let them take example, and learn to fear the Lord their maker; to avoid all manner of sorcery and conjurations, also speculating

too deeply in matters where the devil is always eager to take advantage of the weakness and short sightedness of man. In fine, to avoid having any hand in his works, which the Lord's commandment has strictly forbidden; never to invite or entertain him as a guest, and give ear to his false flatteries, as Doctor Faustus unhappily did. Holding up his sad fate as in a mirror, let every Christian, instead of slipping his neck into the noose as he did, and thus consigning over his own soul to the false Tempter, keep his eye steadily fixed upon heaven, and honor, love and worship, its supreme Ruler, with all his mind, with all his heart, and with all his soul.

On the other hand he shall as earnestly forsake and eschew all the evil works and influence of the devil, so that through the Redeemer, he may obtain his own eternal salvation, to be secured only through his suffrage and death. Such a portion I wish may be the reward of every Christian from the very bottom of my heart.—Amen.

END OF VOL. I.

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